THE

BRITISH TOURISTS;

OR

TRAVELLER'S

POCKET COMPANION,

THROUGH

ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Comprehending the most

CELEBRATED TOURS

IN THE

British Islands.

——————My genius spreads her wing,
And flies where *Britain* courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend, that scorn *Arcadian* pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd *Hydaspis* glide.

Goldsmith's Traveller.

By WILLIAM MAVOR, LL.D.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

JOURNEY

TO THE

WESTERN ISLANDS

OF

SCOTLAND,

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 1773.

IN our preface, we have already given a general character of Dr. Johnſon's Tour in Scotland, and hinted at the beneficial effects of his publication. As it is neither prolix in detail, nor capable of material abridgment, we have determined not only to adopt the manner of the author, but to let him deliver his obſervations in his own words. To alter the language of ſuch a maſter, would expoſe us to the charge of preſumption; to obſcure or conceal his ſentiments, would be deemed, by many, little leſs than ſacrilege. Profeſſing and feeling, ourſelves, a very great degree of veneration for the labours of this great and good man, though not abſolute ſlaves to his dogmas, or inſenſible of his preju-

dices, we have merely ſhortened ſome of his digreſſions, which have little connection with the ſubject, or added a few notes, by way of illuſtration or correction. For this, we hope to meet with the approbation of the candid of either country, and of each perſuaſion.

I had deſired, ſays Dr. Johnſon, to viſit the Hebrides, or Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland, ſo long, that I ſcarcely remember how the with was originally excited; and was, in the autumn of the year 1773, induced to undertake the journey, by finding, in Mr. Boſwell, a companion, whoſe acuteneſs would help my enquiry, and whoſe gaiety of converſation and civility of manners are ſufficient to counteract the inconveniences of travel, in countries leſs hoſpitable than we have paſſed.

On the 18th of Auguſt, we left Edinburgh, a city too well known to admit deſcription, and directed our courſe northward, along the eaſtern coaſt of Scotland, accompanied the firſt day by another gentleman, who could ſtay with us only long enough to ſhew us how much we loſt at ſeparation.

As we croſſed the Frith of Forth, our curioſity was attracted by Inch Keith, a ſmall iſland, which neither of my companions had ever viſited, though, lying within their view, it had, all their lives, ſolicited their notice. Here, by climbing with ſome difficulty over ſhattered crags, we made the firſt experiment of unfrequented coaſts. Inch Keith is nothing more than a rock covered with a thin layer of earth, not wholly bare of graſs, and very fertile of thiſtles. A ſmall herd of cows grazes annually upon it in the ſummer. It ſeems never to have afforded to man or beaſt a permanent habitation.

We

We found only the ruins of a ſmall fort, not ſo injured by time, but that it might be eaſily reſtored to its former ſtate. It ſeems never to have been intended as a place of ſtrength, nor was built to endure a ſiege, but merely to afford cover to a few ſoldiers, who, perhaps, had the charge of a battery, or were ſtationed to give ſignals of approaching danger. There is, therefore, no proviſion of water within the walls, though the ſpring is ſo near, that it might have been eaſily incloſed. One of the ſtones had this inſcription:

MARIA REG. 1564.

It has probably been neglected from the time that the whole iſland had the ſame king.

We left this little iſland, with our thoughts employed a while on the different appearance that it would have made, if it had been placed at the ſame diſtance from London, with the ſame facility of approach; with what emulation of price a few rocky acres would have been purchaſed, and with what expenſive induſtry they would have been cultivated and adorned.

When we landed, we found our chaiſe ready, and paſſed through Kinghorn, Kirkaldy, and Cowpar, places not unlike the ſmall or ſtraggling market-towns in England, where commerce and manufactures have not yet produced opulence.

Though we were yet in the moſt populous part of Scotland, and at ſo ſmall a diſtance from the capital, we met few paſſengers.

The roads are neither rough nor dirty; and it affords a ſouthern ſtranger a new kind of pleaſure to travel ſo commodiouſly, without the inter-

ruption of toll-gates. Where the bottom is rocky, as it ſeems commonly to be in Scotland, a ſmooth way is made indeed with great labour, but it never wants repairs; and, in thoſe parts, where adventitious materials are neceſſary, the ground once conſolidated, is rarely broken; for the inland commerce is not great, nor are heavy commodities often tranſported otherwiſe than by water. The carriages, in common uſe, are ſmall carts, drawn each by one little horſe; and a man ſeems to derive ſome degree of dignity and importance from the reputation of poſſeſſing a two-horſe cart.

At an hour, ſomewhat late, we came to St. Andrews, a city once archiepiſcopal; where that univerſity ſtill ſubſiſts, in which philoſophy was formerly taught by Buchanan, whoſe name has as fair a claim to immortality as can be conferred by modern latinity, and perhaps a fairer than the inſtability of vernacular languages admits.

We found that, by the interpoſition of ſome inviſible friend, lodgings had been provided for us at the houſe of one of the profeſſors, whoſe eaſy civility quickly made us forget that we were ſtrangers; and, in the whole time of our ſtay we were gratified by every mode of kindneſs, and entertained with all the elegance of lettered hoſpitality.

In the morning, we roſe to perambulate a city, which only hiſtory ſhews to have once flouriſhed, and ſurveyed the ruins of ancient magnificence, of which even the ruins cannot long be viſible, unleſs ſome care be taken to preſerve them; and where is the pleaſure of preſerving ſuch mournful memorials? They have been,

been, till very lately, ſo much neglected, that every man carried away the ſtones who fancied that he wanted them.

The cathedral, of which the foundations may be ſtill traced, and a ſmall part of the wall is ſtanding, appears to have been a ſpacious and majeſtic building, not unſuitable to the primacy of the kingdom. Of the architecture, the poor remains can hardly exhibit, even to an artiſt, a ſufficient ſpecimen. It was demoliſhed, as is well known, in the tumult and violence of Knox's reformation.

Not far from the cathedral, on the margin of the water, ſtands a fragment of the caſtle, in which the archbiſhop anciently reſided. It was never very large, and was built with more attention to ſecurity than pleaſure. Cardinal Beaton is ſaid to have had workmen employed in improving its fortifications at the time when he was murdered by the ruffians of reformation, in the manner of which Knox has given what he himſelf calls a merry narrative.

The change of religion in Scotland, eager and vehement as it was, raiſed an epidemical enthuſiaſm, compounded of ſullen ſcrupulouſneſs and warlike ferocity, which, in a people whom idleneſs reſigned to their own thoughts, and who, converſing only with each other, ſuffered no delution of their zeal from the gradual influx of new opinions, was long tranſmitted, in its full ſtrength, from the old to the young; but, by trade and intercourſe with England, is now viſibly abating, and giving way, too faſt, to their laxity of practice and indifference of opinion, in which men, not ſufficiently inſtructed to find the

the middle point, too eaſily ſhelter themſelves from rigour and conſtraint*.

The city of St. Andrews, when it had loſt its archiepiſcopal pre-eminence, gradually decayed: One of its ſtreets is now loſt; and, in thoſe that remain, there is the ſilence and ſolitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation.

The univerſity, within a few years, conſiſted of three colleges, but is now reduced to two; the college of St. Leonard being lately diſſolved by the ſale of its buildings and the appropriation of its revenues to the profeſſors of the two others.

The diſſolution of this college was doubtleſs neceſſary, but of that neceſſity there is reaſon to complain. It is ſurely not without juſt reproach, that a nation, of which the commerce is hourly extending, and the wealth increaſing, denies any participation of its proſperity to its literary ſocieties; and, while its merchants or its nobles are raiſing palaces, ſuffers its univerſities to moulder into duſt.

Of the two colleges yet ſtanding, one is, by the inſtitution of its founder, appropriated to divinity. It is ſaid to be capable of containing fifty ſtudents; but more than one muſt occupy a chamber. The library, which is of late erection, is not very ſpacious, but elegant and luminous.

St. Andrews ſeems to be a place eminently adapted to ſtudy and education, being ſituated in a populous, yet a cheap country, and expoſing the minds and manners of young men neither to the levity and diſſoluteneſs of a ca-

* The juſtice of this remark is every day gaining new force from events.

pital

pital city, nor to the groſs luxury of a town of commerce, places naturally unpropitious to learning; in one, the deſire of knowledge eaſily gives way to the love of pleaſure, and in the other, is in danger of yielding to the love of money.

The ſtudents, however, are repreſented as at this time not exceeding a hundred. Perhaps it may be ſome obſtruction to their increaſe, that there is no epiſcopal chapel in the place. I ſaw no reaſon for imputing their paucity to the preſent profeſſors; nor can the expence of an academical education be very reaſonably objected. A ſtudent of the higheſt claſs may keep his annual ſeſſion; or, as the Engliſh call it, his term, which laſts ſeven months, for about fifteen pounds, and one of lower rank for leſs than ten; in which board, lodging, and inſtruction, are all included.

The chief magiſtrate, reſident in the univerſity, anſwering to our vice-chancellor, and to the *rector magnificus* on the continent, had commonly the title of Lord Rector; but being addreſſed only as Mr. Rector in an inauguratory ſpeech by the preſent chancellor, he has fallen from his former dignity of ſtyle. Lordſhip was very liberally annexed by our anceſtors to any ſtation or character of dignity.

In walking among the ruins of religious buildings, we came to two vaults, over which had formerly ſtood the houſe of the ſub-prior. One of the vaults was inhabited by an old woman, who claimed the right of abode there, as the widow of a man whoſe anceſtors had poſſeſſed the ſame gloomy manſion for no leſs than four generations. The right, however it began,

began, was conſidered as eſtabliſhed by legal preſcription, and the old woman lives undiſturbed. She thinks, however, that ſhe has a claim to ſomething more than ſufferance; for, as her huſband's name was Bruce, ſhe is allied to royalty, and told Mr. Boſwell, that, when there were perſons of quality in the place, ſhe was diſtinguiſhed by ſome notice; that indeed ſhe is now neglected, but ſhe ſpins a thread, has the company of her cat, and is troubleſome to nobody.

Having now ſeen whatever this ancient city offered to our curioſity, we left it with good wiſhes, having reaſon to be highly pleaſed with the attention that was paid us. But whoever ſurveys the world, muſt ſee many things that give him pain. The kindneſs of the profeſſors did not contribute to abate the uneaſy remembrance of an univerſity declining, a college alienated, and a church profaned and haſtening to the ground.

St. Andrews indeed has formerly ſuffered more atrocious ravages, and more extenſive deſtruction, but recent evils affect with greater force. We were reconciled to the ſight of archiepiſcopal ruins. The diſtance of a calamity from the preſent time ſeems to preclude the mind from contact or ſympathy. Events long paſt are barely known; they are not conſidered. We read with as little emotion the violence of Knox and his followers, as the irruptions of Alaric and the Goths. Had the univerſity been deſtroyed two centuries ago, we ſhould not have regretted it; but to ſee it pining in decay, and ſtruggling for life, fills the mind with mournful images and ineffectual wiſhes.

The

The roads of Scotland afford little diverſion to the traveller, who ſeldom ſees himſelf either encountered or overtaken, and who has nothing to contemplate but grounds that have no viſible boundaries, or are ſeparated by walls of looſe ſtone. From the bank of the Tweed to St. Andrews, I had never ſeen a ſingle tree, which I did not believe to have grown up far within the preſent century. Now and then about a gentleman's houſe ſtands a ſmall plantation, which in Scotch is called a *policy*, but of theſe there are few, and thoſe few all very young. The variety of ſun and ſhade is here utterly unknown. There is no tree for either ſhelter or timber. The oak and the thorn is equally a ſtranger, and the whole country is extended in uniform nakedneſs, except that in the road between Kirkaldy and Cowpar, I paſſed for a few yards between two hedges. A tree might be a ſhow in Scotland as a horſe in Venice. At St. Andrews Mr. Boſwell found only one, and recommended it to my notice; I told him that it was rough and low, or looked as if I thought ſo. This, ſaid he, is nothing to another a few miles off. I was ſtill leſs delighted to hear that another tree was not to be ſeen nearer. Nay, ſaid a gentleman that ſtood by, I know but of this and that tree in the country *.

The Lowlands of Scotland had once undoubtedly an equal of portion of woods with other

* Leſt future ages ſhould be miſled on the authority of Johnſon, and his flatterers, it may be proper to obſerve, that this remark could only apply to this particular *track*, not to the country in *general*. There is a witty ſaying, that an ancient philoſopher lighted a candle to find a *man*, and that a modern philoſopher travelled into Scotland to look for a *tree*.

countries. Foreſts are every where gradually diminiſhed, as architecture and cultivation prevail by the increaſe of people and the introduction of arts. But I believe few regions have been denuded like this, where many centuries muſt have paſſed in waſte without the leaſt thought of future ſupply. Davies obſerves in his account of Ireland, that no Iriſhman had ever planted an orchard. For that negligence ſome excuſe might be drawn from an unſettled ſtate of life, and the inſtability of property; but in Scotland poſſeſſion has long been ſecure, and inheritance regular, yet it may be doubted whether before the Union any man between Edinburgh and England had ever ſet a tree.

Our way was over the Frith of Tay, where, though the water was not wide, we paid four ſhillings for ferrying the chaiſe. In Scotland the neceſſaries of life are eaſily procured, but ſuperfluities and elegancies are of the ſame price at leaſt as in England, and therefore may be conſidered as much dearer.

We ſtopped a while at Dundee, where I remember nothing remarkable, and mounting our chaiſe again, came about the cloſe of the day to Aberbrothick.

The monaſtery of Aberbrothick is of great renown in the hiſtory of Scotland. Its ruins afford ample teſtimony of its ancient magnificence: its extent might, I ſuppoſe, eaſily be found by following the walls among the graſs and weeds, and its height is known by ſome parts yet ſtanding. The arch of one of the gates is entire, and of another only ſo far dilapidated as to diverſify the appearance. A ſquare apartment of great loftineſs is yet ſtanding, its uſe I could not conjec-

ture, as its elevation was very diſproportionate to its area. Two corner towers particularly attracted our attention. Mr. Boſwell ſcrambled in at a high window, but found the ſtairs within broken, and could not reach the top. Of the other tower we were told that the inhabitants ſometimes climbed it, but we did not immediately diſcern the entrance; and, as the night was gathering upon us, thought proper to deſiſt.

Leaving theſe fragments of magnificence, we travelled on to Montroſe, which we ſurveyed in the morning, and found it well built, airy, and clean. The town-houſe is a handſome fabric with a portico. We then went to view the Engliſh chapel, and found a ſmall church, clean to a degree unknown in any other part of Scotland, with commodious galleries, and, what was yet leſs expected, with an organ.

At our inn, we did not find a reception ſuch as we thought proportionate to the commercial opulence of the place; but Mr. Boſwell deſired me to obſerve that the inn-keeper was an Engliſhman, and I then defended him as well as I could*.

When I had proceeded thus far, I had opportunities of obſerving what I had never heard, that there are many beggars in Scotland. In Edinburgh, the proportion is, I think, not leſs than in London; and, in the ſmaller places, it is far greater than in Engliſh towns of the ſame extent. It muſt, however, be allowed, that they are not importunate nor clamorous. They ſolicit ſilently, or very modeſtly, and, therefore,

* Is not this a confeſſion of prejudice?

though their behaviour may ſtrike with more force the heart of a ſtranger, they are certainly in danger of miſſing the attention of their countrymen. Novelty has always ſome power; an unaccuſtomed mode of begging excites an unaccuſtomed degree of pity. But the force of novelty is, by its own nature, ſoon at an end; the efficacy of outcry and perſeverance is permanent and certain.

The road from Montroſe exhibited a continuation of the ſame appearances. The country is ſtill naked, the hedges are of ſtone, and the fields ſo generally plowed, that it is hard to imagine where graſs is found for the horſes that till them. The harveſt, which was almoſt ripe, appeared very plentiful.

Early in the afternoon, Mr. Boſwell obſerved that we were at no great diſtance from the houſe of Lord Monboddo. The magnetiſm of his converſation eaſily drew us out of our way, and the entertainment which we received would have been a ſufficient recompenſe for a much greater deviation.

The roads beyond Edinburgh, as they are leſs frequented, muſt be expected to grow gradually rougher; but they were hitherto by no means incommodious. We travelled on with the gentle pace of a Scotch driver, who, having no rivals in expedition, neither gives himſelf nor his horſes unneceſſary trouble. We did not affect the impatience we did not feel, but were ſatisfied with the company of each other, as well riding in the chaiſe, as ſitting at an inn. The night and the day are equally ſolitary and equally ſafe; for, where there are ſo few travellers, why ſhould there be robbers?

We

We came ſomewhat late to Aberdeen, and found the inn ſo full, that we had ſome difficulty in obtaining admiſſion, till Mr. Boſwell made himſelf known. His name overpowered all objection, and we found a very good houſe, and civil treatment.

I received, the next day, a very kind letter from Sir Alexander Gordon, whom I had formerly known in London; and, after a ceſſation of all intercourſe, for near twenty years, met here profeſſor of phyſic in the King's College. Such unexpected renewals of acquaintance may be numbered among the moſt pleaſing incidents of life.

The knowledge of one profeſſor ſoon procured me the notice of the reſt, and I did not want any token of regard, being conducted wherever there was any thing which I deſired to ſee, and entertained at once with the novelty of the place, and the kindneſs of communication.

It may be ſuperfluous to relate that, under the name of Aberdeen, are compriſed two towns, ſtanding about a mile diſtant from each other, but governed, I think, by the ſame magiſtrates.

Old Aberdeen is the ancient epiſcopal city, in which are ſtill to be ſeen the remains of the cathedral. It has the appearance of a town in decay, having been ſituated in times when commerce was yet unſtudied, with very little attention to the commodities of the harbour.

New Aberdeen has all the buſtle of proſperous trade, and all the ſhew of increaſing opulence. It is built by the water-ſide. The houſes are large and lofty, and the ſtreets ſpacious and clean. They build almoſt wholly with the granite uſed in the new pavement of the ſtreets of

London, which is well known not to want hardneſs, yet they ſhape it eaſily. It is beautiful, and muſt be very laſting.

In each of theſe towns there is a college, or, in ſtricter language, an univerſity; for, in both, there are profeſſors of the ſame parts of learning, and the colleges hold their ſeſſions and confer degrees ſeparately, with total independence, of one on the other.

In Old Aberdeen ſtands the King's College, of which the firſt preſident was Hector Boece, or Boethius, who may be juſtly reverenced as one of the revivers of elegant learning. When he ſtudied at Paris, he was acquainted with Eraſmus, who afterwards gave him a public teſtimony of his eſteem, by inſcribing to him a catalogue of his works. The ſtyle of Boethius, though perhaps not always rigorouſly pure, is formed with great diligence upon ancient models, and wholly uninfected with monaſtic barbarity. His hiſtory is written with elegance and vigour, but his fabulouſneſs and credulity are juſtly blamed. His fabulouſneſs, if he was the author of the fictions, is a fault for which no apology can be made; but his credulity my be excuſed in an age, when all men were credulous. Learning was then riſing on the world; but ages, ſo long accuſtomed to darkneſs, were too much dazzled with its light, to ſee any thing diſtinctly. The contemporaries of Boethius thought it ſufficient to know what the ancients had delivered. The examination of tenets and of facts was reſerved for another generation.

Boethius, as preſident of the univerſity, enjoyed a revenue of forty Scottiſh marks, about 2l. 4s. 6d. of ſterling money, in the preſent age of

trade and taxes, it is difficult even for the imagination ſo to raiſe the value of money, or ſo to diminiſh the demands of life, as to ſuppoſe 44s. a year, an honourable ſtipend; yet it was probably equal, not only to the needs, but to the rank of Boethius. The wealth of England was, undoubtedly, to that of Scotland, more than five to one, and it is known, that Henry VIII. among whoſe faults avarice was never reckoned, granted to Roger Aſcham, as a reward of his learning a penſion of 10l. a year.

The other, called the Mariſchal College, is in the new town. The hall is large and well lighted. One of its ornaments is the picture of Arthur Johnſton, who was principal of the college, and who holds, among the Latin poets of Scotland, the next place to the elegant Buchanan.

In the library, I was ſhewn ſome curioſities; a Hebrew manuſcript of exquiſite penmanſhip, and a Latin tranſlation of Ariſtotle's Politics, by Leonardus Aretinus, written in the Roman character, with nicety and beauty, which, as the art of printing, has made them no longer neceſſary, are not now to be found. This was one of the lateſt performances of the tranſcribers, for Aretinus died but about twenty years before typography was invented.

In both theſe colleges, the methods of inſtruction are nearly the ſame; the lectures differing only by the accidental difference of diligence or ability in the profeſſors. The ſtudents wear ſcarlet gowns, and the profeſſors black, which is, I believe, the academical dreſs in all the Scottiſh univerſities, except that of Edinburgh,

burgh, where the ſcholars are not diſtinguiſhed by any particular habit. In the King's College there is kept a public table, but the ſcholars of the Mariſchal College are boarded in town. The expence of living is, here, according to the information that I could obtain, ſomewhat more than at St. Andrews.

The courſe of education is extended to four years, at the end of which, thoſe, who take a degree, who are not many, become maſters of arts, and whoever is a maſter, may, if he pleaſes, immediately commence doctor. The title of doctor, however, was for a conſiderable time beſtowed only on phyſicians. The advocates are examined and approved by their own body; the miniſters were not ambitious of titles, or were afraid of being cenſured for ambition; and the doctrate, in every faculty, was commonly given or ſold into other countries. The miniſters are now reconciled to diſtinction; and, as it muſt always happen that ſome will excel others, have thought graduation a proper teſtimony of uncommon abilities or acquiſitions.

The Scotch univerſities hold but one term or ſeſſion in the year. That of St. Andrews continues eight months*; that of Aberdeen only five, from the firſt of November to the firſt of April.

In Aberdeen, there is an Engliſh chapel, in which the congregation was numerous and ſplendid. The form of public worſhip, uſed by the Church of England, is, in Scotland, legally practiſed in licenſed chapels, ſerved by clergymen of Engliſh or Iriſh ordination, and, by tacit con-

* Our author ſays ſeven months, when at St. Andrews.

nivance,

nivance, quietly permitted in ſeparate congregations ſupplied with miniſters by the ſucceſſors of the biſhops, who were deprived at the revolution

We came to Aberdeen on Saturday, Auguſt 21ſt. On Monday, we were invited into the town-hall, where I had the freedom of the city given me by the Lord Provoſt*. The honour conferred had all the decorations that politeneſs could add, and, what I am afraid I ſhould not have had to ſay of any city ſouth of the Tweed, I found no petty officer bowing for a fee.

The parchment containing the record of admiſſion is, with the ſeal appending, faſtened to a riband, and worn, for one day, by the new citizen, in his hat.

By a lady, who ſaw us at the chapel, the Earl of Errol was informed of our arrival, and we had the honour of an invitation to his ſeat, called Slanes Caſtle.

The road beyond Aberdeen grew more ſtony, and continued equally naked of all vegetable decoration. We travelled over a track of ground near the ſea, which, not long ago, ſuffered a very uncommon and unexpected calamity The ſand of the ſhore was raiſed by a tempeſt in ſuch quantities, and carried to ſuch a diſtance, that an eſtate was overwhelmed and loſt. Such and ſo hopeleſs was the barrenneſs ſuperinduced, that the owner, when he was required to pay the uſual tax, deſired rather to reſign the ground.

We came, in the afternoon, to Slanes Caſtle, built upon the margin of the ſea, ſo that the walls of one of the towers ſeem only a con-

* Lord is a title given only to the provoſt of Edinburgh.

tinuation

tinuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the houſe ſeemed impracticable. From the window, the eye wanders over the ſea that ſeparates Scotland from Norway, and when the winds beat with violence, muſt enjoy all the terrific grandeur of the tempeſtuous ocean.

When we were about to take our leave, our departure was prohibited by the counteſs, till we ſhould have ſeen two places upon the coaſt, which ſhe rightly conſidered as worthy of curioſity, Dun Buy, and the Buller of Buchan, to which Mr. Boyd very kindly conducted us.

Dun Buy, which, in Erſe, is ſaid to ſignify the Yellow Rock, is a double protuberance of ſtone, open to the main ſea on one ſide, and parted from the land by a very narrow channel on the other. It has its name and its colour from the dung of innumerable ſea-fowls, which, in the ſpring, chuſe this place as convenient for incubation, and have their eggs and their young taken in great abundance.

Upon theſe rocks there was nothing that could long detain attention, and we ſoon turned our eyes to the Buller, or Bouilloir, of Buchan, which no man can ſee with indifference, who has either ſenſe of danger, or delight in rarity. It is a rock perpendicularly tubulated, united on one ſide with a high ſhore, and on the other, riſing ſteep to a great height, above the main ſea. The top is open, from which may be ſeen a dark gulph of water which flows into the cavity, through a breach made in the lower part of the incloſing rock. It has the appearance of a vaſt well bordered with a wall. The edge of the Buller is not wide; and, to thoſe that walk round,

round, appears very narrow. He that ventures to look downward, ſees, that if his foot ſhould ſlip, he muſt fall from his dreadful elevation upon ſtones, on one ſide, or into the water, on the other. We, however, went round, and were glad when the circuit was completed.

When we came down to the ſea, we ſaw ſome boats and rowers, and reſolved to explore the Buller at the bottom. We entered the arch, which the water had made, and found ourſelves in a place, which, though we could not think ourſelves in danger, we could ſcarcely ſurvey without ſome recoil of the mind. The baſon in which we floated was nearly circular, perhaps thirty yards in diameter. We were incloſed by a natural wall, riſing ſteep on every ſide, to a height which produced the idea of inſurmountable confinement. The interception of all lateral light cauſed a diſmal gloom. Round us was a perpendicular rock, above us the diſtant ſky, and below, an unknown profundity of water. If I had any malice againſt a walking ſpirit, inſtead of laying him in the Red Sea, I would condemn him to reſide in the Buller of Buchan.

But terror, without danger, is only one of the ſports of fancy, a voluntary agitation of the mind, that is permitted no longer than it pleaſes. We were ſoon at leiſure to examine the place with minute inſpection, and found many cavities which, as the watermen told us, went backward to a depth which they had never explored. Their extent we had not time to try; they are ſaid to ſerve different purpoſes. Ladies come hither, ſometimes, in the ſummer, with collations; and ſmugglers make them ſtore-houſes for

for clandeſtine merchandiſe. It is hardly to be doubted, but the pirates of ancient times often uſed them as magazines of arms, or repoſitories of plunder.

Next morning, we continued our journey, pleaſed with our reception at Slanes Caſtle, of which we had now leiſure to recount the grandeur and the elegance; for our way afforded us few topics of converſation. The ground was neither uncultivated nor unfruitful; but it was ſtill all arable. Of flocks or herds there was no appearance. I had now travelled two hundred miles in Scotland, and ſeen only one tree not younger than myſelf.

We dined this day at the houſe of Mr. Frazer, of Streichen, who ſhewed us, in his grounds, ſome ſtones, yet ſtanding, of a druidical circle; and, what I began to think more worthy of notice, ſome foreſt trees of full growth.

At night, we came to Bamff, where I remember nothing that particularly claimed my attention. The ancient towns of Scotland have generally an appearance unuſual to Engliſhmen. The houſes, whether great or ſmall, are, for the moſt part, built of ſtones. Their ends are now and then next the ſtreets, and the entrance into them is very often by a flight of ſteps, which reaches up to the ſecond ſtory. The floor, which is level with the ground, being entered only by ſtairs, deſcending within the houſe.

The art of joining ſquares of glaſs with lead is little uſed in Scotland, and, in ſome places, is totally forgotten. The frames of their windows are all of wood. They are more frugal of their glaſs than the Engliſh, and will often, in houſes not otherwiſe mean, compoſe a ſquare, of two pieces,

pieces, not joining like cracked glaſs, but with one edge laid perhaps half an inch over the other. Their windows do not move upon hinges, but are puſhed up and drawn down in groves, yet they are ſeldom accommodated with weights and pullies. He that would have his window open, muſt hold it with his hand, unleſs what may be ſometimes found among good contrivers, there be a nail, which he may ſtick into a hole to keep it from falling.

Theſe diminutive obſervations ſeem to take away ſomething from the dignity of writing, and therefore are never communicated, but with heſitation, and a little fear of abaſement and contempt. But it muſt be remembered, that life conſiſts not of a ſeries of illuſtrious actions, or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time paſſes in compliance with neceſſities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of ſmall inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleaſures; and we are well or ill at eaſe, as the main ſtream of life glides on ſmoothly, or is ruffled by ſmall obſtacles and frequent interruption. The true ſtate of every nation is the ſtate of common life. The manners of a people are not to be found in the ſchools of learning, or the palaces of greatneſs, where the national character is obſcured or obliterated by travel or inſtruction, by philoſophy or vanity; nor is public happineſs to be eſtimated by the aſſemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich*. The great maſs of nations is neither

* Theſe elegant and judicious reflections reach the heart of every reader of ſenſibility, and carry irreſiſtible conviction of their truth.

rich nor gay: they whoſe aggregate conſtitutes the people, are found in the ſtreets, and the villages, in the ſhops and farms; and from them collectively conſidered, muſt the meaſure of general proſperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined, as their conveniences are multiplied, a nation, at leaſt a commercial nation, muſt be denominated wealthy.

Finding nothing to detain us at Bamff, we ſet out in the morning, and having breakfaſted at Cullen, about noon came to Elgin, where in the inn, that we ſuppoſed the beſt, a dinner was ſet before us, which we could not eat. This was the firſt time, and, except one, the laſt, that I found any reaſon to complain of a Scottiſh table; and ſuch diſappointments, I ſuppoſe, muſt be expected in every country, where there is no great frequency of travellers.

The ruins of the cathedral of Elgin afforded us another proof of the waſte of reformation. There is enough yet remaining to ſhew, that it was once magnificent. Its whole plot is eaſily traced. On the north ſide of the choir, the chapter-houſe, which is roofed with an arch of ſtone, remains entire; and on the ſouth ſide, another maſs of building, which we could not enter, is preſerved by the care of the family of Gordon; but the body of the church is a maſs of fragments.

A paper was here put into our hands, which deduced from ſufficient authorities the hiſtory of this venerable ruin. The church of Elgin had, in the inteſtine tumults of the barbarous ages, been laid waſte by the irruption of a Highland chief, whom the biſhop had offended; but it was gradually reſtored

reſtored to the ſtate, of which the traces may be now diſcerned, and was at laſt not deſtroyed by the tumultuous violence of Knox, but more ſhamefully ſuffered to dilapidate by deliberate robbery and frigid indifference. There is ſtill extant, in books of the council, an order, directing that the lead, which covers the two cathedrals of Elgin and Aberdeen, ſhall be taken away, and converted into money, for the ſupport of the army. A Scotch army was in thoſe times very cheaply kept; yet the lead of two churches muſt have borne ſo ſmall a proportion to any militay expence, that it is hard not to believe the reaſon alleged to be merely popular, and the money intended for ſome private purſe The order however was obeyed; the two churches were ſtripped, and the lead was ſhipped, to be ſold in Holland. I hope every reader will rejoice that this cargo of ſacrilege was loſt at ſea.

Elgin ſeems a place of little trade, and thinly inhabited. The epiſcopal cities of Scotland, I believe, generally fell with their churches, though ſome of them have ſince recovered by a ſituation convenient for commerce. Thus Glaſgow, though it has no longer an archbiſhop, has riſen beyond its original ſtate, by the opulence of its traders; Aberdeen, though its ancient ſtock had decayed, flouriſhes by a new ſhoot in another place.

In the chief ſtreet of Elgin, the houſes jut over the loweſt ſtory, like the old buildings of timber in London, but with great prominence; ſo that there is ſometimes a walk for a conſiderable length, under a cloiſter, or portico, which is now indeed frequently broken, becauſe the new houſes have another form, but ſeems to have been uniformly continued in the old city.

We went forwards the ſame day to Forres, the town to which Macbeth was travelling, when he met the weird ſiſters in his way. This to an Engliſhman is claſſic ground. Our imaginations were heated, and our thoughts recalled to their old amuſements.

We had now a prelude to the Highlands. We began to leave fertility and culture behind us, and ſaw, for a great length of road, nothing but heath; yet at Forchabers, a ſeat belonging to the Duke of Gordon, there is an orchard, which, in Scotland, I had never ſeen before, with ſome timber trees, and a plantation of oaks.

At Forres we found good accommodation, but nothing worthy of particular remark, and next morning entered upon the road, on which Macbeth heard the fatal prediction; but we travelled on, not interrupted by promiſes of kingdoms, and came to Nairn, a royal burgh, which, if once it flouriſhed, is now in a ſtate of miſerable decay.

At Nairn we may fix the verge of the Highlands; for here I firſt ſaw peat fires, and firſt heard the Erſe language. We had no motive to ſtay longer than to breakfaſt, and went forward to the houſe of Mr. Macaulay, the miniſter, who publiſhed an account of St. Kilda, and by his direction viſited Calder Caſtle, from which Macbeth drew his ſecond title. It has been formerly a place of ſtrength. The draw-bridge is ſtill to be ſeen, but the moat is now dry. The tower is very ancient; its walls are of great thickneſs, arched on the top with ſtone, and ſurrounded with battlements. The reſt of the houſe is later, though far from modern.

We

We were favoured by a gentleman, who lives in the caſtle, with a letter to one of the officers at Fort George, which being the moſt regular fortification in the iſland, well deſerves the notice of a traveller, who has never travelled before. We went thither next day, found a very kind reception, were led round the works by a gentleman, who explained the uſe of every part, and entertained by Sir Eyre Coote, the governor, with ſuch elegance of converſation, as left us no attention to the delicacies of his table.

Of Fort George, I ſhall not attempt to give any account. I cannot delineate it ſcientifically, and a looſe and popular deſcription is of uſe, only when the imagination is to be amuſed. There was every where an appearance of the utmoſt neatneſs and regularity. But my ſuffrage is of little value, becauſe this and Fort Auguſtus are the only garriſons that I ever ſaw.

We did not regret the time ſpent at the fort, though, in conſequence of our delay, we came ſomewhat late to Inverneſs, the town which may properly be called the capital of the Highlands. Hither the inhabitants of the inland parts come to be ſupplied with what they cannot make for themſelves: hither the young nymphs of the mountains and valleys are ſent for education, and, as far as my obſervation has reached, are not ſent in vain.

Inverneſs was the laſt place which had a regular communication by high roads, with the ſouthern counties. All the ways beyond it have, I believe, been made by the ſoldiers in this country. At Inverneſs, therefore, Cromwell, when he ſubdued Scotland, ſtationed a garriſon, as at the boundary of the Highlands.

The ſoldiers ſeem ſo have incorporated afterwards with the inhabitants, and to have peopled the place, with an Engliſh race; for the language of this town has been long conſidered as peculiarly elegant.

Here is a caſtle, called the Caſtle of Macbeth, the walls of which are yet ſtanding. It was no very capacious edifice, but ſtands upon a rock ſo high and ſteep, that I think it was once not acceſſible, but by the help of ladders, or a bridge. Over againſt it, on another hill, was a fort built by Cromwell, now totally demoliſhed; for no faction of Scotland loved the name of Cromwell, or had any deſire to continue his memory.

Yet what the Romans did to other nations was in a great degree done by Cromwell to the Scots; he civilized them by conqueſt, and introduced, by uſeful violence, the arts of peace. I was told at Aberdeen, that the people learned from Cromwell's ſoldiers to make ſhoes and to plant kail.

How they lived without kail, it is not eaſy to gueſs:- they cultivate hardly any other plant for common tables, and when they had not kail, they probably had nothing. The numbers that go barefoot are ſtill ſufficient to ſhew that ſhoes may be ſpared: they are not yet conſidered as neceſſaries of life; for tall boys, not otherwiſe meanly dreſſed, run without them in the ſtreets, and in the iſlands; the ſons of gentlemen paſs ſeveral of their firſt years with naked feet.

I know not whether it be not peculiar to the Scots to have attained the liberal, without the manual arts, to have excelled in ornamental knowledge, and to have wanted not only the elegancies, but the conveniencies of common life. Literature, ſoon after its revival, found its way

way to Scotland, and from the middle of the ſixteenth century, almoſt to the middle of the ſeventeenth, the politer ſtudies were very diligently purſued.

Yet men thus ingenious and inquiſitive were content to live in total ignorance of the trades, by which human wants are ſupplied, and to ſupply them by the groſſeſt means. Till the Union made them acquainted with Engliſh manners, the culture of their lands was unſkilful, and their domeſtic life unformed; their tables were coarſe as the feaſts of Eſkimeaux, and their houſes filthy as the cottages of Hottentots*.

Since they have known that their condition was capable of improvement, their progreſs in uſeful knowledge has been rapid and uniform. What remains to be done, they will quickly do, and then wonder, like me, why that which was ſo neceſſary, and ſo eaſy, was ſo long delayed. But they muſt be for ever content to owe to the Engliſh that elegance and culture, which, if they had been vigilant and active, perhaps the Engliſh might have owed to them.

Here the appearance of life began to alter. I had ſeen a few women with plaids at Aberdeen; but at Inverneſs the Highland manners are common. There is I think a kirk, in which only the Erſe language is uſed. There is likewiſe an Engliſh chapel, but meanly built, where on Sunday we ſaw a very decent congregation.

* We believe it is allowed, that Dr. Johnſon was little acquainted with particular hiſtory, or modes of ancient life. General reflections are eaſily made, and cenſures eaſily paſſed.

We

We were now to bid farewell to the luxury of travelling, and to enter a country in which perhaps no wheel has ever rolled.

At Inverneſs, therefore, we procured three horſes for ourſelves and a ſervant, and one more for our baggage, which was no very heavy load. We found in the courſe of journey, the convenience of having diſencumbered ourſelves, by laying aſide whatever we could ſpare; for it is not to be imagined without experience, how in climbing crags, and treading bogs, and winding through narrow and obſtructed paſſages, a little bulk will hinder, and a little weight will burden; or how often a man that has pleaſed himſelf at home with his own reſolution, will, in the hour of darkneſs and fatigue, be content to leave behind him every thing but himſelf.

We took two Highlanders to run beſide us, partly to ſhew us the way, and partly to take back from the ſea-ſide the horſes, of which they were the owners. One of them was a man of great livelineſs and activity, of whom his companion ſaid, that he would tire any horſe in Inverneſs. Both of them were civil and ready-handed. Civility ſeems part of the national character of Highlanders. Every chieftain is a monarch, and politeneſs, the natural product of royal government, is diffuſed from the laird through the whole clan. But they are not commonly dexterous: their narrowneſs of life confines them to a few operations, and they are accuſtomed to endure little wants more than to remove them.

We mounted our ſteeds on the thirteenth of Auguſt, and directed our guides to conduct us to Fort Auguſtus. It is built at the head of Lough Neſs,

Neſs, of which Inverneſs ſtands at the outlet. The way between them has been cut by the ſoldiers, and the greater part of it runs along a rock, levelled with great labour and exactneſs, near the water-ſide.

Moſt of this day's journey was very pleaſant. The day, though bright, was not hot; and the appearance of the country, if I had not ſeen the Peak, would have been wholly new. We went upon a ſurface ſo hard and level, that we had little care to hold the bridle, and were therefore at full leiſure for contemplation. On the left were high and ſteep rocks, ſhaded with birch, the hardy native of the north, and covered with fern or heath. On the right, the limpid waters of Lough Neſs were beating their bank, and waving their ſurface, by a gentle agitation. Beyond them were rocks, ſometimes covered with verdure, and ſometimes towering in horrid nakedneſs. Now and then we eſpied a little corn-field, which ſerved to impreſs more ſtrongly the general barrenneſs.

Lough Neſs is about twenty-four miles long, and from one mile to two miles broad. It is remarkable that Boethius, in his deſcription of Scotland, gives it twelve miles of breadth. But though not twelve miles broad, is a very remarkable diffuſion of water, without iſlands. It fills a large hollow, between two ridges of high rocks, being ſupplied partly by the torrents which fall into it on either ſide, and partly, as is ſuppoſed, by ſprings at the bottom. Its water is remarkably clear and pleaſant, and is imagined by the natives to be medicinal. We were told, that it is in ſome places a hundred and forty fathoms deep, a profundity ſcarcely credible,

ble, and which probably thoſe that relate it, have never ſounded. Its fiſh are ſalmon, trout, and pike.

It was ſaid at Fort Auguſtus, that Lough Neſs is open in the hardeſt winters, though a lake, not far from it, is covered. In diſcuſſing theſe exceptions from the courſe of nature, the firſt queſtion is, whether the fact be juſtly ſtated. That which is ſtrange is delightful, and a pleaſing error is not willingly detected. Accuracy of narration is not very common, and there are few ſo rigidly philoſophical, as not to repreſent as perpetual, what is only frequent, or as conſtant, what is really caſual. If it be true that Lough Neſs never freezes, it is either ſheltered by its high banks from the cold blaſts, and expoſed only to thoſe winds which have more power to agitate than congeal; or it is kept in perpetual motion, by the ruſh of ſtreams from the rocks that incloſe it.

The road on which we travelled, and which was itſelf a ſource of entertainment, is made along the rock, in the direction of the lough, ſometimes by breaking off protuberances, and ſometimes by cutting the great maſs of ſtone to a conſiderable depth. The fragments are piled in a looſe wall on either ſide, with apertures left at very ſhort ſpaces, to give a paſſage to the wintry currents. Part of it is bordered with low trees, from which our guides gathered nuts, and would have had the appearance of an Engliſh lane, except that an Engliſh lane is almoſt always dirty. It has been made with great labour, but has this advantage, that it cannot, without equal labour, be broken up.

Within

Within our ſight, there were goats feeding, or playing. The mountains have red deer, but they came not within view; and if what is ſaid of their vigilance and ſubtlety be true, they have ſome claim to that palm of wiſdom, which the eaſtern philoſopher, whom Alexander interrogated, gave to thoſe beaſts which live furtheſt from men.

Near the way, by the water ſide, we eſpied a cottage. This was the firſt Highland hut that I had ſeen; and as our buſineſs was with life and manners, we were willing to viſit it. To enter a habitation without leave, ſeems to be not conſidered here as rudeneſs or intruſion. The old laws of hoſpitality ſtill give this licence to a ſtranger.

A hut is conſtructed with looſe ſtones, ranged for the moſt part with ſome tendency to circularity. It muſt be placed where the wind cannot act upon it with violence, becauſe it has no cement; and where the water will run eaſily away, becauſe it has no floor, but the naked ground. The wall, which is commonly about ſix feet high, declines from the perpendicular a little inward. Such rafters as can be procured are then raiſed for a roof, and covered with heath, which makes a ſtrong and warm thatch, kept from flying off by ropes of twiſted heath, of which the ends, reaching from the centre of the thatch to the top of the wall, are held firm by the weight of a large ſtone. No light is admitted but at the entrance, and through a hole in the thatch, which gives vent to the ſmoke. This hole is not directly over the fire, leſt the rain ſhould extinguiſh it; and the ſmoke therefore naturally fills the place before it eſcapes. Such

is

is the general ſtructure of the houſes, in which one of the nations of this opulent and powerful iſland has been hitherto content to live. Huts, however, are not more uniform than palaces; and this which we were inſpecting, was very far from one of the meaneſt, for it was divided into ſeveral apartments; and its inhabitants poſſeſſed ſuch property as a paſtoral poet might exalt into riches.

When we entered, we found an old woman boiling goats-fleſh in a kettle. She ſpoke little Engliſh, but we had interpreters at hand; and ſhe was willing enough to diſplay her whole ſyſtem of economy. She has five children, of which none are yet gone from her. The eldeſt, a boy of thirteen, and her huſband, who is eighty years old, were at work in the wood. Her two next ſons were gone to Inverneſs to buy meal, by which oatmeal is always meant. Meal ſhe conſidered as expenſive food, and told us, that in ſpring when the goats gave milk, the children could live without it. She is miſtreſs of ſixty goats, and I ſaw many kids in an encloſure at the end of her houſe. She had alſo ſome poultry. By the lake we ſaw a potatoe-garden, and a ſmall ſpot of ground, on which ſtood four ſtucks *, containing each twelve ſheaves of barley. She has all this from the labour of their own hands, and for what is neceſſary to be bought, her kids and her chickens are ſent to market.

With the true paſtoral hoſpitality, ſhe aſked us to ſit down and drink whiſky. She is religious, and though the kirk is four miles off,

* Shocks of corn.

probably eight Engliſh miles, ſhe goes thither every Sunday. We gave her a ſhilling, and ſhe begged ſnuff; for ſnuff is the luxury of a Highland cottage.

Soon afterwards we came to the General's hut, ſo called becauſe it was the temporary abode of Wade, while he ſuperintended the works upon the road. It is now a houſe of entertainment for paſſengers, and we found it not ill-ſtocked with proviſions.

Towards evening we croſſed, by a bridge, the river which makes the celebrated Fall of Fiers. The country at the bridge ſtrikes the imagination with all the gloom and grandeur of Siberian ſolitude. The way makes a flexure, and the mountains, covered with trees, riſe at once on the left-hand and in the front. We deſired our guides to ſhew us the fall, and diſmounting, clambered over very rugged craggs, till I began to wiſh that our curioſity might have been gratified with leſs trouble and danger. We came at laſt to a place where we could overlook the river, and ſaw a channel torn, as it ſeems, through black piles of ſtone, by which the ſtream is obſtructed and broken, till it comes to a very ſteep deſcent, of ſuch dreadful depth, that we were naturally inclined to turn aſide our eyes.

But we viſited the place at an unſeaſonable time, and found it diveſted of its dignity and terror. Nature never gives every thing at once. A long continuance of dry weather, which made the reſt of the way eaſy and delightful, deprived us of the pleaſure expected from the Fall of Fiers. The river having now no water, but what the ſprings ſupply, ſhewed us only a ſwift current,

clear and ſhallow, fretting over the aſperities of the rocky bottom, and we were left to exerciſe our thoughts, by endeavouring to conceive the effect of a thouſand ſtreams, poured from the mountains into one channel, ſtruggling for expanſion in a narrow paſſage, exaſperated by rocks riſing in their way, and at laſt diſcharging all their violence of waters by a ſudden fall through the horrid chaſm.

The way now grew leſs eaſy, deſcending by an uneven declivity, but without either dirt or danger. We did not arrive at Fort Auguſtus till it was late. Mr. Boſwell ſent a ſervant before, to beg admiſſion and entertainment for that night. Mr. Trapaud, the governor, treated us with that courteſy, which is ſo cloſely connected with the military character. He came out to meet us beyond the gates, and apologized that, at ſo late an hour, the rules of a garriſon ſuffered him to give us entrance only at the poſtern.

In the morning we viewed the fort, which is much leſs than that of St. George, and is ſaid to be commanded by the neighbouring hills. It was not long ago taken by the Highlanders. But its ſituation ſeems well choſen for pleaſure, if not for ſtrength; it ſtands at the head of the lake, and, by a ſloop of ſixty tons, is ſupplied from Inverneſs, with great convenience.

We were now to croſs the Highlands towards the weſtern coaſt, and to content ourſelves with ſuch accommodations, as a way ſo little frequented could afford. The journey was not formidable, for it was but of two days, very unequally divided, becauſe the only houſe, where we could be entertained, was not further off than a third of the way. We ſoon came to a high

high hill, which we mounted by a military road, cut in traverſes, ſo that as we went upon a higher ſtage, we ſaw the baggage following us below, in a contrary direction. To make this way, the rock has been hewn to a level with labour that might have broken the perſeverance of a Roman legion.

The country is totally denuded of its wood, but the ſtumps both of oaks and firs, which are ſtill found, ſhew that it has been once a foreſt of large timber. I do not remember that we ſaw any animals, but we were told that, in the mountains, there are ſtags, roebucks, goats, and rabbits.

We did not perceive that this track was poſſeſſed by human beings, except that once we ſaw a corn field, in which a lady was walking with ſome gentlemen. Their houſe was certainly at no great diſtance, but ſo ſituated that we could not deſcry it.

Paſſing on through the drearineſs of ſolitude, we found a party of ſoldiers from the fort, working on the road, under the ſuperintendence of a ſerjeant. We told them how kindly we had been treated at the garriſon, and as we were enjoying the benefit of their labours, begged leave to ſhew our gratitude by a ſmall preſent.

Early in the afternoon we came to Anoch, a village in Glen-morriſon of three huts, one of which is diſtinguiſhed by a chimney. Here we were to dine and lodge, and were conducted through the firſt room, that had the chimney, into another, lighted by a ſmall glaſs window. The landlord attended us with great civility, and told us what he could give us to eat and drink.

I found ſome books on a ſhelf, among which were a volume or more of Prideaux's Connection.

This I mentioned as ſomething unexpected, and perceived that I did not pleaſe him. I praiſed the propriety of his language, and was anſwered that I need not wonder, for he had learned it by grammar.

By ſubſequent opportunities of obſervation, I found that my hoſt's diction had nothing peculiar. Thoſe Highlanders, that can ſpeak Engliſh, commonly ſpeak it well, with few of the words, and little of the tone, by which a Scotchman is diſtinguiſhed. Their language ſeems to have been learned in the army or the navy, or by ſome communication with thoſe who could give them good examples of accent and pronunciation. By their Lowland neighbours, they would not willingly be taught; for they have long conſidered them as a mean and degenerate race. Theſe prejudices are wearing away; but ſo much of them ſtill remains, that when I aſked a very learned miniſter in the iſlands, which they conſidered as their moſt ſavage clans? "Thoſe," ſaid he, "that live next the Lowlands."

As we came hither early in the day, we had time ſufficient to ſurvey the place. The houſe was built, like other huts, of looſe ſtones, but the part in which we dined and ſlept was lined with turf and wattled with twigs, which kept the earth from falling. Near it was a garden of turnips and a field of potatoes. It ſtands in a glen, or valley, pleaſantly watered by a winding river. But this country, however it may delight the gazer or amuſe the naturaliſt, is of no great advantage to its owners. Immenſe tracks of land

land are ſtill let for very trifling ſums, though often raiſed beyond its intrinſic value.

Some time after dinner, we were ſurpriſed by the entrance of a young woman, not inelegant either in mien or dreſs, who aſked us whether we would have tea. We found that ſhe was the daughter of our hoſt, and deſired her to make it. Her converſation, like her appearance, was gentle and pleaſing. We knew that the girls of the Highlands are all gentlewomen, and treated her with great reſpect, which ſhe received as cuſtomary and due, and was neither elated by it, nor confuſed, but repaid by civilities without embarraſſment, and told me how much I honoured her country by coming to ſurvey it.

She had been at Inverneſs to gain the common female qualifications, and had, like her father, the Engliſh pronunciation. I preſented her with a book, which I happened to have about me, and ſhould not be pleaſed to think that ſhe forgets me.

In the evening, the ſoldiers, whom we had paſſed on the road, came to ſpend, at our inn, the little money we had given them. They had the true military impatience of coin in their pockets, and had marched, at leaſt, ſix miles to find the firſt place where liquor could be bought. Having never been before in a place ſo wild and unfrequented, I was glad of their arrival, becauſe I knew that we had made them friends, and, to gain ſtill more of their good will, we went to them, where they were carouſing in the barn, and added ſomething to our former gift. All that we gave was not much, but it detained them in the barn, either merry or

quarrelling, the whole night, and, in the morning, they went back to their work, with great indignation at the bad qualities of whisky.

We had gained so much the favour of our host, that, when we left his house in the morning, he walked by us a great way, and entertained us with conversation both on his own condition, and that of the country. His life seemed to be merely pastoral, except that he differed from some of the ancient Nomades, in having a settled dwelling. His wealth consists of one hundred sheep, as many goats, twelve milch cows, and twenty-eight beeves ready for the drover.

From him we first heard of the general dissatisfaction which is now driving the Highlanders into the other hemisphere; and, when I asked him whether they would stay at home, if they were well treated, he answered with indignation, that no man willingly left his native country. Of the farm, which he himself occupied, the rent had, in twenty-five years, been advanced from five to twenty pounds, which he found himself so little able to pay, that he would be glad to try his fortune in some other place. Yet he owned the reasonableness of raising the Highland rents in a certain degree, and declared himself willing to pay ten pounds for the ground which he had formerly had for five.

Our host, having amused us for a time, resigned us to our guides. The journey of this day was long, not that the distance was great, but that the way was difficult. We were now in the bosom of the Highlands, with full leisure to contemplate the appearance and properties of mountainous regions, such as have been, in many

many countries, the laſt ſhelter of national diſtreſs, and are every where the ſcenes of adventures, ſtratagems, ſurpriſes, and eſcapes.

Of the hills, which our journey offered to the view on either ſide, we did not take the height, nor did we ſee any that aſtoniſhed us with their loftineſs. Towards the ſummit of one, there was a white ſpot, which I ſhould have called a naked rock, but the guides, who had better eyes, and were acquainted with the phenomena of the country, declared it to be ſnow. It had already laſted to the end of Auguſt, and was likely to maintain its conteſt with the ſun, till it ſhould be reinforced by winter.

We paſſed many rivers and rivulets, which commonly ran with a clear, ſhallow ſtream over a hard pebbly bottom. Theſe channels, which ſeem ſo much wider than the water that they convey would naturally require, are formed by the violence of wintry floods, produced by the accumulation of innumerable ſtreams that fall in rainy weather from the hills, and burſting away with reſiſtleſs impetuoſity, make themſelves a paſſage proportionate to their maſs.

Such capricious and temporary waters cannot be expected to produce many fiſh. The rapidity of the wintry deluge ſweeps them away, and the ſcantineſs of the ſummer ſtream would hardly ſuſtain them above the ground. This is the reaſon why, in fording the northern rivers, no fiſhes are ſeen, as in England, wandering in the water.

Of the hills, many may be called, with Homer's Ida *abundant in ſprings*; but few can deſerve the epithet, which he beſtows upon Pelion, by *waving their leaves*. They exhibit very little variety; being

being almoſt wholly covered with dark heath, and even that ſeems to be checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedneſs, a little diverſified by now and then a ſtream ruſhing down the ſteep. An eye, accuſtomed to flowery paſtures and waving harveſts, is aſtoniſhed and repelled by this wide extent of hopeleſs ſterility. The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or uſefulneſs, diſmiſſed by nature from her care, and diſinherited of her favours, left in its original elemental ſtate, or quickened only with one ſullen power of uſeleſs vegetation.

It will very readily occur, that this uniformity of barrenneſs can afford very little amuſement to the traveller; that it is eaſy to ſit at home and conceive rocks, and heath, and waterfalls; and that theſe journeys are uſeleſs labours, which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the underſtanding. It is true, that of far the greater part of things, we muſt content ourſelves with ſuch knowledge as deſcription may exhibit, or analogy ſupply; but, it is true likewiſe, that theſe ideas are always incomplete, and that at leaſt, till we have compared them with realities, we do not know them to be juſt. As we ſee more, we become poſſeſſed of more certainties, and conſequently gain more principles of reaſoning, and found a wider baſis of analogy.

Regions mountainous and wild, thinly inhabited, and little cultivated, make a great part of the earth; and he, that has never ſeen them, muſt live unacquainted with much of the face of nature, and with one of the great ſcenes of human exiſtence.

As the day advanced towards noon, we entered a narrow valley, not very flowery, but ſufficiently

ficiently verdant. Our guides told us, that the horſes could not travel all day without reſt or meat, and entreated us to ſtop here, becauſe no graſs could be found in any other place. The requeſt was reaſonable, and the argument cogent. We, therefore, willingly diſmounted, and diverted ourſelves as the place gave us opportunity.

I ſat down on a bank, ſuch a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whiſper over my head, but a clear rivulet ſtreamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air ſoft, and all was rudeneſs, ſilence, and ſolitude. Before me, and on either ſide, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itſelf. Whether I ſpent the hour well I know not; for here I firſt conceived the thought of this narration.

We were in this place at eaſe, and by choice, and had no evils to ſuffer or to fear; yet the imaginations excited by the view of an unknown and untravelled wilderneſs, are not ſuch as ariſe in the artificial ſolitude of parks and gardens, a flattering notion of ſelf-ſufficiency, a placid indulgence of voluntary deluſions, a ſecure expanſion of the fancy, or a cool concentration of the mental powers. The phantoms which haunt a deſert, are want, and miſery, and danger; the evils of dereliction ruſh upon the thoughts; man is made unwillingly acquainted with his own weakneſs, and meditation ſhews him only how little he can ſuſtain, and how little he can perform. There were no traces of inhabitants, except, perhaps, a rude pile of clods,

clods, called a ſummer hut, in which a herdſman had reſted in the favourable ſeaſons.

It was not long before we were invited to mount, and continued our journey along the ſide of a lough, kept full by many ſtreams, which, with more or leſs rapidity and noiſe, croſſed the road from the hills on the other hand. Theſe currents, in their diminiſhed ſtate, after ſeveral dry months, afford, to one who has always lived in level countries, an unuſual and delightful ſpectacle; but, in the rainy ſeaſon, ſuch as every winter may be expected to bring, muſt precipitate an impetuous and tremendous flood.

The lough at laſt ended in a river broad and ſhallow like the reſt; but, that it may be paſſed when it is deeper, there is a bridge over it. Beyond it is a valley, called Glenſheals, inhabited by the clan of Macrae. Here we found a village, called Auchnaſheals, conſiſting of many huts, perhaps twenty, built all of dry ſtone, that is, ſtones piled up without mortar

We had, by the direction of the officers at Fort Auguſtus, taken bread for ourſelves, and tobacco for thoſe Highlanders who might ſhew us any kindneſs. We were now at a place where we could obtain milk, but muſt have wanted bread, if we had not brought it. The people of this valley did not appear to know any Engliſh, and our guides now became doubly neceſſary as interpreters. A woman, whoſe hut was diſtinguiſhed by greater ſpaciouſneſs and better architecture, brought out ſome pails of milk. The villagers gathered about us in conſiderable numbers, I believe without any evil intention, but with a very ſavage wildneſs of aſpect and manner. When our meal was over,

Mr.

Mr. Boſwell ſliced the bread, and divided it amongſt them, as he ſuppoſed them never to have taſted a wheaten loaf before. He then gave them little pieces of twiſted tobacco; and, among the children, we diſtributed a ſmall handful of halfpence, which they received with great eagerneſs. Yet I have been ſince told that the people of that valley are not indigent; and when we mentioned them afterwards as needy and pitiable, a Highland lady let us know, that we might ſpare our commiſeration; for the dame, whoſe milk we drank, had more than a dozen milch cows. She ſeemed unwilling to take any price, but, being preſſed to make a demand, at laſt named a ſhilling. Honeſty is not greater where elegance is leſs. One of the by-ſtanders, as we were told afterwards, adviſed her to aſk more, but ſhe ſaid a ſhilling was enough. We gave her half a crown, and, I hope, got ſome credit by our behaviour; for the company ſaid, if our interpreters did not flatter us, that they had not ſeen ſuch a day ſince the old laird of Macleod paſſed through their country.

The Macraes, as we heard afterwards in the Hebrides, were originally an indigent and ſubordinate clan, and, having no farms nor ſtock, were, in great numbers, ſervants to the Maclellans, who, in the war of Charles I. took arms at the call of the heroic Montroſe, and were, in one of his battles, almoſt deſtroyed. The women that were left at home, being thus deprived of their huſbands, like the Scythian ladies of old, married their ſervants, and the Macraes became a conſiderable race.

As we continued our journey, we were at leiſure to extend our ſpeculations, and to inveſtigate

gate the reaſon of thoſe peculiarities, by which ſuch rugged regions as theſe before us are generally diſtinguiſhed.

Mountainous countries commonly contain the original, at leaſt the oldeſt race of inhabitants, for they are not eaſily conquered, becauſe they muſt be entered by narrow ways, expoſed to every power of miſchief from thoſe that occupy the heights; and every new ridge is a new fortreſs, where the defendants have again the ſame advantages. If the aſſailants either force the ſtreight, or ſtorm the ſummit, they gain only ſo much ground; their enemies are fled to take poſſeſſion of the next rock, and the purſuers ſtand at gaze, knowing neither where the ways of eſcape wind among the ſteeps, nor where the bog has firmneſs to ſuſtain them: beſides that, mountaineers have an agility in climbing and deſcending, diſtinct from ſtrength or courage, and attainable only by uſe.

If the war be not ſoon concluded, the invaders are diſlodged by hunger; for in thoſe anxious and toilſome marches, proviſions cannot eaſily be carried, and are never to be found. The wealth of mountains is cattle, which, while the men ſtand in the paſſes, the women drive away. Such lands at laſt cannot repay the expence of conqueſt, and therefore, perhaps have not been ſo often invaded by the mere ambition of dominion; as by reſentment of robberies and inſults, or the deſire of enjoying in ſecurity the more fruitful provinces.

As mountains are long before they are conquered, they are likewiſe long before they are civilized. Men are ſoftened by intercourſe mutually profitable, and inſtructed by comparing their

their own notions with thoſe of others. Thus Cæſar found the maritime parts of Britain made leſs barbarous by their commerce with the Gauls. Into a barren and rough tract no ſtranger is brought, either by the hope of gain or of pleaſure. The inhabitants, having neither commodities for ſale nor money for purchaſe, ſeldom viſit more poliſhed places, or if they do viſit them, ſeldom return.

It ſometimes happens that by conqueſt, intermixture, or gradual refinement, the cultivated parts of a country change their language. The mountaineers then become a diſtinct nation, cut off, by diſſimilitude of ſpeech, from converſation with their neighbours. Thus in Biſcay, the original Cantabrian, and in Dalecarlia, the old Swediſh ſtill ſubſiſts. Thus Wales and the Highlands ſpeak the tongue of the firſt inhabitants of Britain, while the other parts have received firſt the Saxon, and in ſome degree afterwards the French, and then formed a third language between them.

Such ſeems to be the diſpoſition of man, that whatever makes a diſtinction produces rivalry. England, before other cauſes of enmity were found, was diſturbed for ſome centuries by the conteſts of the northern and ſouthern counties; ſo that at Oxford, the peace of ſtudy could for a long time be preſerved only by chuſing annually one of the Proctors from each ſide of the Trent. A tract interſected by many ridges of mountains, naturally divides its inhabitants into petty nations, which are made, by a thouſand cauſes, enemies to each other. Each will exalt its own chiefs, each will boaſt the valour of its men, or the beauty of its women, and every claim of ſu-

periority irritates competition; injuries will ſometimes be done, and be more injuriouſly defended; retaliation will ſometimes be attempted, and the debt exacted with too much intereſt.

In the Highlands it was a law, that if a robber was ſheltered from juſtice, any man of the ſame clan might be taken in his place. This was a kind of irregular juſtice, which, though neceſſary in ſavage times, could hardly fail to end in a feud, and a feud once kindled among an idle people, with no variety of purſuits to divert their thoughts, burnt on for ages, either ſullenly glowing in ſecret miſchief, or openly blazing into public violence. Of the effects of this violent judicature, there are not wanting memorials. The cave is now to be ſeen to which one of the Campbells, who had injured the Macdonalds, retired with a body of his own clan. The Macdonalds required the offender, and being refuſed, made a fire at the mouth of the cave, by which he and his adherents were ſuffocated together.

Mountaineers are warlike, becauſe, by their feuds and competitions, they conſider themſelves as ſurrounded with enemies, and are always prepared to repel incurſions, or to make them. Like the Greeks, in their unpoliſhed ſtate, deſcribed by Thucydides, the Highlanders, till lately, went always armed, and carried their weapons to viſits and to church.

Mountaineers are thieviſh, becauſe they are poor, and, having neither manufactures nor commerce, can grow richer only by robbery. They regularly plunder their neighbours, for their neighbours are commonly their enemies; and having

having loſt that reverence for property, by which the order of civil life is preſerved, ſoon conſider all as enemies, whom they do not reckon as friends, and think themſelves licenſed to invade whatever they are not obliged to protect.

By a ſtrict adminiſtration of the laws, ſince the laws have been introduced into the Highlands, this diſpoſition to thievery is very much repreſt. Thirty years ago, no herd had ever been conducted through the mountains without paying tribute, in the night, to ſome of the clans; but cattle are now driven, and paſſengers travel, without danger, fear, or moleſtation.

Among a warlike people, the quality of higheſt eſteem is perſonal courage, and with the oſtentatious diſplay of courage are cloſely connected promptitude of offence and quickneſs of reſentment. The Highlanders, before they were diſarmed, were ſo addicted to quarrels, that the boys uſed to follow any public proceſſion or ceremony, however feſtive, or however ſolemn, in expectation of the battle which was ſure to happen before the company diſperſed.

Mountainous regions are ſometimes ſo remote from the ſeat of government, and ſo difficult of acceſs, that they are very little under the influence of the ſovereign, or within the reach of national juſtice. Law is nothing without power; and the ſentence of a diſtant court could not be eaſily executed, nor perhaps very ſafely promulgated, among men ignorantly proud and habitually violent, unconnected with the general ſyſtem, and unaccuſtomed to reverence only their own lords. It has, therefore, been neceſſary to erect many particular juriſdictions, and commit the puniſhment of crimes, and the deciſion of

right, to the proprietors of the country, who could enforce their own decrees. It immediately appears that ſuch judges will be often ignorant, and often partial; but, in the immaturity of political eſtabliſhments, no better expedient could be found. As government advances towards perfection, provincial judicature is perhaps in every empire gradually aboliſhed.

Thoſe who had thus the diſpenſation of law, were by conſequence themſelves lawleſs. Their vaſſals had no ſhelter from outrages and oppreſſions, but were condemned to endure, without reſiſtance, the caprices of wantonneſs, and the rage of cruelty.

In the Highlands, ſome great lords had an hereditary juriſdiction over counties; and ſome chieftains over their own lands; till the final conqueſt of the Highlands afforded an opportunity of cruſhing all the local courts, and of extending the general benefits of equal law to the low and the high, in the deepeſt receſſes and obſcureſt corners.

While the chiefs had this reſemblance of royalty, they had little inclination to appeal, on any queſtion, to ſuperior judicatures. A claim of lands, between two powerful lairds, was decided like a conteſt for dominion between ſovereign powers. They drew up their forces into the field, and right attended on the ſtrongeſt. This was, in ruder times, the common practice, which the kings of Scotland could ſeldom controul.

Even ſo lately as in the laſt years of King William, a battle was fought at Mull Roy, on a plain, a few miles to the ſouth of Inverneſs, between the clans of Mackintoſh and Macdonald of

of Keppoch. Colonel Macdonald, the head of a ſmall clan, refuſed to pay the dues demanded from him by Mackintoſh, as his ſuperior lord. They diſdained the interpoſition of judges and laws, and, calling each his followers to maintain the dignity of the clan, fought a formal battle, in which ſeveral conſiderable men fell on the ſide of Mackintoſh, without a complete victory to either. This is ſaid to have been the laſt open war made between the clans by their own authority.

The Highland lords made treaties, and formed alliances, of which ſome traces may ſtill be found, and ſome conſequences ſtill remain as laſting evidences of petty regality. The terms of one of theſe confederacies were, that each ſhould ſupport the other in the right, or in the wrong, except againſt the king.

The inhabitants of mountains form diſtinct races, and are careful to preſerve their genealogies. Men in a ſmall diſtrict neceſſarily mingle blood by intermarriages, and combine at laſt into one family, with a common intereſt in the honour and diſgrace of every individual. Then begins that union of affections, and co-operation of endeavours, that conſtitute a clan. They who conſider themſelves as ennobled by their family, will think highly of their progenitors, and they who, through ſucceſſive generations, live always together in the ſame place, will preſerve local ſtories and hereditary prejudices. Thus, every Highlander can talk of his anceſtors, and recount the outrages which they ſuffered from the wicked inhabitants of the next valley*.

* This account of the effects of a mountainous ſituation on the manners of a people, is philoſophically juſt.

Such are the effects of habitation among mountains, and ſuch were the qualities of the Highlanders, while their rocks ſecluded them from the reſt of mankind, and kept them an unaltered and diſcriminated race. They are now loſing their diſtinction, and haſtening to mingle with the general community.

We left Auchnaſheals and the Macraes in the afternoon, and in the evening came to Ratiken, a high hill, on which a road is cut, but ſo ſteep and narrow, that it is very difficult. There is now a deſign of making another way round the bottom. Upon one of the precipices, my horſe, weary with the ſteepneſs of the riſe, ſtaggered a little, and I called in haſte to the Highlander to hold him. This was the only moment of my journey in which I thought myſelf endangered.

Having ſurmounted the hill at laſt, we were told that, at Glenelg, on the ſea-ſide, we ſhould come to a houſe of lime, and ſlate, and glaſs. This image of magnificence raiſed our expectation. At laſt we came to our inn, weary and peeviſh, and began to inquire for meat and beds.

Of the proviſions, the negative catalogue was very copious. Here was no meat, no milk, no bread, no eggs, no wine. We did not expreſs much ſatisfaction. Here, however, we were to ſtay. Whiſky we might have, and I believe, at laſt, they caught a fowl and killed it. We had ſome bread, and with that we prepared ourſelves to be contented, when we had a very eminent proof of Highland hoſpitality. Along ſome miles of the way, in the evening, a gentleman's ſervant had kept us company on foot with very little notice on our part. He left us near Glen-

elg.

elg, and we thought on him no more till he came to us again, in about two hours, with a preſent from his maſter of rum and ſugar. The man had mentioned his company, and the gentleman, whoſe name, I think, is Gordon, well knowing the penury of the place, had this attention to two men, whoſe names, perhaps, he had not heard, by whom his kindneſs was not likely to be ever repaid, and who could be recommended to him only by their neceſſities.

We were now to examine our lodging. Out of one of the beds, on which we were to repoſe, ſtarted up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge. Other circumſtances of no elegant recital concurred to diſguſt us. We had been frighted by a lady at Edinburgh, with diſcouraging repreſentations of Highland lodgings. Sleep, however, was neceſſary. Our Highlanders had at laſt found ſome hay, with which the inn could not ſupply them. I directed them to bring a bundle into the room, and ſlept upon it in my riding coat. Mr. Boſwell being more delicate, laid himſelf in ſheets, with hay over and under him, and lay like a gentleman.

In the morning, September 20th, we found ourſelves on the edge of the ſea. Having procured a boat, we diſmiſſed our Highlanders, whom I would recommend to the ſervice of any future travellers, and were ferried over to the Iſle of Skie. We landed at Armidel, where we were met on the ſands by Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was at that time there with his lady, preparing to leave the iſland and reſide at Edinburgh.

Armidel is a neat houſe, built where the Macdonalds had once a ſeat, which was burnt in the

the commotions that followed the Revolution. The walled orchard, which belonged to the former houſe, ſtill remains. It is well ſhaded by tall aſh trees, of a ſpecies, as Mr. Janes the foſſiliſt informed me, uncommonly valuable. This plantation is very properly mentioned by Dr. Campell, in his new account of the ſtate of Britain, and deſerves attention; becauſe it proves that the preſent nakedneſs of the Hebrides is not wholly the fault of nature *.

As we ſat at Sir Alexander's table, we were entertained, according to the ancient uſage of the north, with the melody of the bagpipe. Every thing in thoſe countries has its hiſtory. As the bagpiper was playing, an elderly gentleman informed us that, in ſome remote time, the Macdonalds of Glengary having been injured, or offended by the inhabitants of Culloden; and, reſolving to have juſtice or vengeance, came to Culloden on a Sunday, where, finding their enemies at worſhip, they ſhut them up in the church, which they ſet on fire; "and this," ſaid he, "is the tune that the piper played while they were burning.

Narrations like this, however uncertain, deſerve the notice of a traveller, becauſe they are the only records of a nation that has no hiſtorians, and afford the moſt genuine repreſentation of the life and character of the ancient Highlanders.

Under the denomination of Highlander are comprehended in Scotland all that now ſpeak the Erſe language, or retain the primitive manners, whether they live among the mountains or

* Who ever ſuppoſed that it was, who is at all converſant with the ancient ſtate of this part of the iſland?

in

in the iſlands; and in that ſenſe I uſe the name, when there is not ſome apparent reaſon for making a diſtinction.

In Skie, I firſt obſerved the uſe of brogues, a kind of artleſs ſhoes, ſtitched with thongs, ſo looſely, that though they defend the foot from ſtones, they do not exclude water. Brogues were formerly made of raw hides, with the hair inwards, and ſuch are perhaps ſtill uſed in rude and remote parts; but they are ſaid not to laſt above two days. Where life is ſomewhat improved, they are now made of leather tanned with oak bark, as in other places, or with the bark of birch, or roots of tormentil, a ſubſtance recommended in defect of bark, about forty years ago, to the Iriſh tanners, by one to whom the parliament of that kingdom voted a reward. The leather of Skie is not completely penetrated by vegetable matter, and therefore cannot be very durable

My inquiries about brogues gave me an early ſpecimen of Highland information. One day I was told, that to make brogues was a domeſtic art, which every man practiſed for himſelf, and that a pair of brogues was the work of an hour. I ſuppoſed that the huſband made brogues as the wife made an apron, till next day it was told me, that a brogue maker was a trade, and that a pair would coſt half a crown. It will eaſily occur that theſe repreſentations may both be true, and that, in ſome places, men may buy them, and in others, make them for themſelves; but I had both the accounts in the ſame houſe within two days.

Many of my ſubſequent inquiries upon more intereſting topics ended in the like uncertainty.

He

He that travels in the Highlands may eaſily ſaturate his ſoul with intelligence, if he will acquieſce in the firſt account. The Highlander gives to every queſtion an anſwer ſo prompt and peremptory, that ſcepticiſm itſelf is dared into ſilence, and the mind ſinks before the bold reporter in unreſiſting credulity; but if a ſecond queſtion be ventured, it breaks the enchantment; for it is immediately diſcovered, that what was told ſo confidently was told at hazard, and that ſuch fearleſſneſs of aſſertion was either the ſport of negligence, or the refuge of ignorance.

Such is the laxity of Highland converſation, that the inquirer is kept in continual ſuſpenſe, and by a kind of intellectual retrogradation, knows leſs as he hears more.

In the iſlands the plaid is rarely worn. The law by which the Highlanders have been obliged to change the form of their dreſs, has, in all the places that we have viſited, been univerſally obeyed.

I have ſeen only one gentleman completely clothed in the ancient habit, and by him it was worn only occaſionally and wantonly. The common people do not think themſelves under any legal neceſſity of having coats; for they ſay that the law againſt plaids was made by Lord Hardwicke, and was in force only for his life: but the ſame poverty that made it then difficult for them to change their clothing, hinders them now from changing it again.

The fillibeg, or lower garment, is ſtill very common, and the bonnet almoſt univerſal; but their attire is ſuch as produces, in a ſufficient degree, the effect intended by the law, of aboliſhing the diſſimilitude of appearance between the

the Highlanders and the other inhabitants of Britain; and, if dreſs be ſuppoſed to have much influence, facilitates their coalition with their fellow ſubjects.

What we have long uſed we naturally like, and therefore the Highlanders were unwilling to lay aſide their plaid, which yet, to an unprejudiced ſpectator, muſt appear an incommodious and cumberſome dreſs; for, hanging looſe upon the body, it muſt flutter in a quick motion, or require one of the hands to keep it cloſe. The Romans always laid aſide the gown when they had any thing to do. It was a dreſs ſo unſuitable to war, that the ſame word which ſignified a gown ſignified peace. The chief uſe of a plaid ſeems to be this, that they could commodiouſly wrap themſelves in it when they were obliged to ſleep without a better cover.

In our paſſage from Scotland to Skie, we were wet, for the firſt time, with a ſhower. This was the beginning of the Highland winter, after which we were told that a ſucceſſion of three dry days was not to be expected for many months. The winter of the Hebrides conſiſts of little more than rain and wind. As they are ſurrounded by an ocean never frozen, the blaſts that come to them over the water are too much ſoftened to have the power of congelation. The ſalt loughs, or inlets of the ſea, which ſhoot very far into the iſland, never have any ice upon them, and the pools of freſh water will never bear the walker. The ſnow that ſometimes falls, is ſoon diſſolved by the air or the rain.

This is not the deſcription of a cruel climate, yet the dark months are here a time of great diſtreſs;

diſtreſs; becauſe the ſummer can do little more than feed itſelf, and winter comes with its cold and its ſcarcity upon families very ſlenderly provided.

The third or fourth day after our arrival at Armidel, brought us an invitation to the iſle of Raaſay, which lies eaſt of Skie. It is incredible how ſoon the account of any event is propagated in theſe narrow countries by the love of talk, which much leiſure produces, and the relief given to the mind in the penury of inſular converſation by a new topick. The arrival of ſtrangers at a place ſo rarely viſited, excites rumour, and quickens curioſity. I know not whether we touched at any corner, where Fame had not already prepared us a reception.

To gain a commodious paſſage to Raaſay, it was neceſſary to paſs over a large part of Skie. We were furniſhed therefore with horſes and a guide. In the iſlands there are no roads, nor any marks by which a ſtranger may find his way. The horſeman has always at his ſide a native of the place, who, by purſuing game, or tending cattle, or being often employed in meſſages or to conduct, has learned where the ridge of the hill has breadth ſufficient to allow a horſe and his rider a paſſage, and where the moſs or bog is hard enough to bear them. The bogs are avoided as toilſome at leaſt, if not unſafe, and, therefore, the journey is made generally from precipice to precipice; from which, if the eye ventures to look down, it ſees below a gloomy cavity, whence the ruſh of water is ſometimes heard.

But there ſeems to be in all this more alarm than danger. The Highlander walks carefully before, and the horſe, accuſtomed to the ground,

follows him with little deviation. Sometimes the hill is too ſteep for the horſeman to keep his ſeat, and ſometimes the moſs is too tremulous to bear the double weight of horſe and man. The rider then diſmounts, and all ſhift as they can.

Journies made in this manner, are rather tedious than long. A very few miles required ſeveral hours. From Armidel we came at night to Coriatachan, a houſe very pleaſantly ſituated between two brooks, with one of the higheſt hills of the iſland behind it. It is the reſidence of Mr. Mackinnon, by whom we were treated with very liberal hoſpitality, among a more numerous and elegant company than it could have been ſuppoſed eaſy to collect.

The weather was next day too violent for the continuation of our journey; but we had no reaſon to complain of the interruption. We ſaw in every place, what we chiefly deſired to know, the manners of the people. We had company, and, if we had choſen retirement, we might have had books.

I never was in any houſe of the iſlands, where I did not find books in more languages than one, if I ſtaid long enough to want them, except one, from which the family was removed. Literature is not neglected by the higher rank of the Hebridians.

It need not, I ſuppoſe, be mentioned, that in countries ſo little frequented as the iſlands, there are no houſes where travellers are entertained for money. He that wanders about theſe wilds, either procures recommendations to thoſe whoſe habitations lie near his way, or, when night and wearineſs come upon him, takes the chance of general hoſpitality. If he finds only a cottage, he

can expect little more than ſhelter, for the cottagers have little more for themſelves: but if his good fortune brings him to the reſidence of a gentleman, he will be glad of a ſtorm to prolong his ſtay. There is, however, one inn by the ſea-ſide at Sconſor, in Skie, where the poſt-office is kept.

At the tables where a ſtranger is received, neither plenty nor delicacy is wanting. A tract of land ſo thinly inhabited, muſt have much wild-fowl; and I ſcarcely remember to have ſeen a dinner without them. The moorgame is every where to be had. That the ſea abounds with fiſh, needs not be told, for it ſupplies a great part of Europe. The Iſle of Skie has ſtags and roebucks, but no hares. They ſell very numerous droves of oxen yearly to England, and therefore cannot be ſuppoſed to want beef at home. Sheep and goats are in great numbers, and they have the common domeſtic fowls.

But as here is nothing to be bought, every family muſt kill its own meat, and roaſt part of it, ſomewhat ſooner than Apicius would preſcribe. Every kind of fleſh is undoubtedly excelled, by the variety and emulation of Engliſh markets; but that which is not beſt may be yet very far from bad, and he that ſhall complain of his fare in the Hebrides, has improved his delicacy more than his manhood.

Their fowls are not like thoſe plumped for ſale by the poulterers of London, but they are as good as other places commonly afford, except that the geeſe, by feeding in the ſea, have univerſally a fiſhy rankneſs.

Theſe geeſe ſeem to be of a middle race, between the wild and domeſtic kinds. They are ſo tame

tame as to own a home, and ſo wild as ſometimes to fly quite away.

Their native bread is made of oats, or barley. Of oatmeal they ſpread very thin cakes, coarſe and hard, to which unaccuſtomed palates are not eaſily reconciled. The barley cakes are thicker and ſofter; I began to eat them without unwillingneſs; the blackneſs of their colour raiſes ſome diſlike, but the taſte is not diſagreeable. In moſt houſes there is wheat flour, with which we were ſure to be treated, if we ſtaid long enough to have it kneaded and baked. As neither yeaſt nor leaven are uſed among them, their bread of every kind is unfermented. They make only cakes, and never mould a loaf.

A man of the Hebrides, for of the women's diet I can give no account, as ſoon as he appears in the morning, ſwallows a glaſs of whiſky; yet they are not a drunken race, at leaſt I never was preſent at much intemperance; but no man is ſo abſtemious as to refuſe the morning dram, which they call a Skalk.

The word whiſky ſignifies water, and is applied by way of eminence to ſtrong water, or diſtilled liquor. The ſpirit drunk in the north, is drawn from barley. I never taſted it, except once for experiment at the inn, in Inverary, when I thought it preferable to any Engliſh malt brandy. It was ſtrong, but not pungent, and was free from the empyreumatick taſte or ſmell. What was the proceſs, I had no opportunity of inquiring, nor do I wiſh to improve the art of making poiſon pleaſant.

Not long after the dram, may be expected the breakfaſt; a meal in which the Scots, whether of the lowlands or mountains, muſt be confeſſed

to excel us, The tea and coffee are accompanied not only with butter, but with honey, conſerves, and marmalades. If an epicure could remove by a wiſh, in queſt of ſenſual gratifications, wherever he had ſupped, he would breakfaſt in Scotland.

In the iſlands, however, they do what I found it not very eaſy to endure. They pollute the tea-table by plates piled with large ſlices of Cheſhire cheeſe, which mingles its leſs grateful odours with the fragrance of the tea.

A dinner in the weſtern iſlands differs very little from a dinner in England, except that in the place of tarts, there are always ſet different preparations of milk. This part of their diet will admit ſome improvement. Though they have milk, and eggs, and ſuggar, few of them know how to compound them in a cuſtard. Their gardens afford them no great variety, but they have always ſome vegetables on the table. Potatoes at leaſt are never wanting, which, though they have not known them long, are now one of the principal parts of their food. They are not of the mealy, but the viſcous kind.

Their more elaborate cookery, or made diſhes, an Engliſhman at the firſt taſte is not likely to approve, but the culinary compoſitions of every country are often ſuch as become grateful to other nations only by degrees; though I have read a French author, who, in the elation of his heart, ſays, that French cookery pleaſes all foreigners, but foreign cookery never ſatisfies a Frenchman.

Their ſuppers are, like their dinners, various and plentiful. The table is always covered with elegant

gant linen. Their plates for common uſe, are often of that kind of manufacture which is called cream coloured, or queen's ware. They uſe ſilver on all occaſions where it is common in in England, nor did I ever find the ſpoon of horn, but in one houſe.

The knives are not often either very bright, or very ſharp. They are indeed inſtruments of which the Highlanders have not been long acquainted with the general uſe. They were not regularly laid on the table, before the prohibition of arms, and the change of dreſs. Thirty years ago, the Highlander wore his knife as a companion to his dirk, or dagger, and when the company ſat down to meat, the men who had knives, cut the fleſh into ſmall pieces for the women, who with their fingers conveyed it to their mouths.

There was perhaps never any change of national manners ſo quick, ſo great, and ſo general, as that which has operated in the Highlands, by the laſt conqueſt, and the ſubſequent laws. We came thither too late to ſee what we expected,—a people of peculiar appearance, and a ſyſtem of antiquated life. The clans retain little now of their original character; their ferocity of temper is ſoftened, their military ardour is extinguiſhed, their dignity of independence is depreſſed, their contempt of government ſubdued, and their reverence for their chiefs abated. Of what they had before the late conqueſt of their country, there remain only their language and their poverty Their language is attacked on every ſide. Schools are erected, in which Engliſh only is taught, and there were lately ſome who thought it reaſonable to refuſe them a ver-

ſion of the holy ſcriptures *, that they might have no monument of their mother-tongue.

That their poverty is gradually abated, cannot be mentioned among the unpleaſing conſequences of ſubjection. They are now acquainted with money, and the poſſibility of gain, will by degrees make them induſtrious. Such is the effect of the late regulations, that a longer journey than to the Highlands muſt be taken by him whoſe curioſity pants for ſavage virtues, and barbarous grandeur.

At the firſt intermiſſion of the ſtormy weather, we were informed, that the boat, which was to convey us to Raaſay, attended us on the coaſt. We had from this time our intelligence facilitated, and our converſation enlarged, by the company of Mr. Macqueen, miniſter of a pariſh in Skie, whoſe knowledge and politeneſs give him a title equally to kindneſs and reſpect, and who, from this time, never forſook us till we were preparing to leave Skie, and the adjacent places.

The boat was under the direction of Mr. Malcolm Macleod, a gentleman of Raaſay. The water was calm, and the rowers were vigorous; ſo that our paſſage was quick and pleaſant. When we came near the iſland, we ſaw the laird's houſe, a neat modern fabric, and found Mr. Macleod, the proprietor of the iſland, with many gentlemen, expecting us on the beach. We had, as at all other places, ſome difficulty in landing. The craggs were irregularly broken,

* If this is a fact, it certainly was unreaſonable, unleſs they underſtood Engliſh.

and

and a falſe ſtep would have been very miſchievous.

It ſeemed that the rocks might, with no great labour, have been hewn almoſt into a regular flight of ſteps; and as there are no other landing places, I conſidered this rugged aſcent as the conſequence of a form of life, inured to hardſhips, and therefore not ſtudious of nice accommodations. But I know not whether, for many ages, it was not conſidered as a part of military policy, to keep the country not eaſily acceſſible. The rocks are natural fortifications, and an enemy climbing with difficulty, was eaſily deſtroyed by thoſe who ſtood high above him.

Our reception exceeded our expectations. We found nothing but civility, elegance, and plenty. After the uſual refreſhments, and the uſual converſation, the evening came upon us. The carpet was then rolled off the floor; the muſician was called, and the whole company was invited to dance, nor did ever fairies trip with greater alacrity. The general air of feſtivity, which predominated in this place, ſo far remote from all thoſe regions, which the mind has been uſed to contemplate as the manſions of pleaſure, ſtruck the imagination with a delightful ſurpriſe, analogous to that which is felt at an unexpected emerſion from darkneſs into light.

When it was time to ſup, the dance ceaſed, and ſix and thirty perſons ſat down to two tables in the ſame room. After ſupper the ladies ſung Erſe ſongs, to which I liſtened as an Engliſh audience to an Italian opera, delighted with the ſound of words which I did not underſtand.

I inquired the ſubjects of the ſongs, and was told of one, that it was a love ſong, and of another,

ther, that it was a farewell, compoſed by one of the iſlanders that was going, in this epidemical fury of emigration, to ſeek his fortune in America. What ſentiments would riſe, on ſuch an occaſion, in the heart of one who had not been taught to lament by precedent, I ſhould gladly have known; but the lady, by whom I ſat, thought herſelf not equal to the work of tranſlating.

Mr. Macleod is the proprietor of the iſlands of Raaſay, Rona, and Fladda, and poſſeſſes an extenſive diſtrict in Skie. The eſtate has not, during four hundred years, gained or loſt a ſingle acre. He acknowledges Macleod of Dunvegan as his chief, though his anceſtors have formerly diſputed the pre-eminence.

One of the old Highland alliances has continued for two hundred years, and is ſtill ſubſiſting between Macleod of Raaſay and Macdonald of Skie, in conſequence of which, the ſurvivor always inherits the arms of the deceaſed; a natural memorial of military friendſhip. At the death of the late Sir James Macdonald, his ſword was delivered to the preſent laird of Raaſay.

The family of Raaſay conſiſts of the laird, the lady, three ſons, and ten daughters For the ſons there is a tutor in the houſe, and the lady is ſaid to be very ſkilful and diligent in the education of her girls. More gentleneſs of manners, or a more pleaſing appearance of domeſtic ſociety, is not found in the moſt poliſhed countries.

Raaſay is the only inhabited iſland in Mr. Macleod's poſſeſſion. Rona and Fladda afford only paſture for cattle, of which one hundred and ſixty winter in Rona, under the ſuperintendance of a ſolitary herdſman.

The length of Raaſay is, by computation, fifteen miles, and the breadth two. Theſe countries have never been meaſured, and the computation by miles is negligent and arbitrary. We obſerved in travelling, that the nominal and real diſtance of places had very little relation to each other. Raaſay probably contains near a hundred ſquare miles.

It affords not much ground, notwithſtanding its extent, either for tillage or paſture; for it is rough, rocky, and barren. The cattle often periſh by falling from the precipices. It is like the other iſlands, I think, generally naked of ſhade, but it is naked by neglect; for the laird has an orchard, and very large foreſt trees grow about his houſe. Like other hilly countries, it has many rivulets. One of the brooks turns a corn-mill, and at leaſt one produces trouts.

In the ſtreams or freſh lakes of the iſlands, I have never heard of any other fiſh than trouts and eels. The trouts, which I have ſeen, are not large; the colour of their fleſh is tinged as in England. Of their eels I can give no account, having never taſted them; for I believe they are not conſidered as wholeſome food *.

It is not very eaſy to fix the principles upon which mankind have agreed to eat ſome animals, and reject others; and as the principle is not evident, it is not uniform. That which is ſelected as delicate in one country, is by its neighbours abhorred as loathſome. The Neapolitans lately refuſed to eat potatoes in a fa-

* They are wholeſome, but the Hebridians diſlike them, from the ſimilarity of their form to the ſerpent race.

mine

mine *. An Engliſhman is not eaſily perſuaded to dine on ſnails with an Italian, on frogs with a Frenchman, or on horſe fleſh with a Tartar. The vulgar inhabitants of Skie, I know not whether of the other iſlands, have not only eels, but pork and bacon in abhorrence, and accordingly I never ſaw a hog in the Hebrides, except one at Dunvegan.

Raaſay has wild fowl in abundance, but neither deer, hares, nor rabbits. Why it has them not may be aſked, but that of ſuch queſtions there is no end. Why does any nation want what it might have? Life improves but by ſlow degrees, and much in every place is yet to do. Attempts have been made to raiſe roebucks in Raaſay, but without effect. The young ones it is extremely difficult to rear, and the old can very ſeldom be taken alive

Hares and rabbits might be more eaſily obtained. That they have few or none of either in Skie, they impute to the ravage of the foxes, and have therefore ſet, for ſome years paſt, a price upon their heads, which, as the number was diminiſhed, has been gradually raiſed, from three ſhillings and ſix-pence to a guinea; a ſum ſo great in this part of the world, that, in a ſhort time, Skie may be as free from foxes, as England from wolves. The fund for theſe rewards is a tax of ſix-pence in the pound, impoſed by

* The Neapolitans have ſince become ſo fond of potatoes, that when the late lamented profeſſor of Botany at Oxford, requeſted to know how he could make ſome acknowledgments to the family of rank, from whom he had experienced civilities, he was given to underſtand, that a few potatoes would be the moſt acceptable preſent he could beſtow.

the farmers on themſelves, and ſaid to be paid with great willingneſs.

The beaſts of prey in the iſlands are foxes, otters, and weaſels. The foxes are bigger than thoſe of England; but the otters exceed ours in a far greater proportion. I ſaw one at Armidel, of a ſize much beyond that which I ſuppoſed them ever to attain; and Mr. Maclean, the heir of Col, a man of middle ſtature, informed me that he once ſhot an otter, of which the tail reached the ground, when he held up the head to a level with his own. As this animal preys in the ſea, he does little viſible miſchief, and is killed only for his fur. White otters are ſometimes ſeen.

The corn of this iſland is but little. I ſaw the harveſt of a ſmall field. The women reaped the corn, and the men bound up the ſheaves. The ſtrokes of the ſickle were timed by the modulation of the harveſt ſong, in which all their voices were united. They accompany in the Highlands every action, which can be done in equal time, with an appropriated ſtrain; which has, they ſay, not much meaning, but its effects are regularity and cheerfulneſs. The ancient proceleuſmatick ſong, by which the rowers of gallies were animated, may be ſuppoſed to have been of this kind. There is now an oar-ſong uſed by the Hebridians.

The ground of Raaſay ſeems fitter for cattle than for corn, and of black cattle, I ſuppoſe the number is very great; the laird himſelf keeps a herd of four hundred, one hundred of which are annually ſold. Of an extenſive domain, which he holds in his own hands, he conſiders the ſale of cattle as repaying him the rent, and ſupports the

the plenty of a very liberal table with the remaining product.

Raaſay is ſuppoſed to have been very long inhabited. On one ſide of it they ſhow caves, into which the rude nations of the firſt ages retreated from the weather. Theſe dreary vaults might have had other uſes. There is ſtill a cavity near the houſe, called the Oar-cave, in which the ſeamen, after one of theſe piratical expeditions, which in rougher times were very frequent, uſed, as tradition tells, to hide their oars. This hollow was near the ſea, that nothing neceſſary might be far to be fetched; and it was ſecret, that enemies, if they landed, could find nothing. Yet, it is not very evident of what uſe it was to hide their oars from thoſe who, if they were maſters of the coaſt, could take away their boats.

A proof much ſtronger of the diſtance at which the poſſeſſors of this iſland lived from the preſent time, is afforded by the ſtone heads of arrows which are very frequently picked up. The people call them Elf-bolts, and believe that the fairies ſhoot them at the cattle. They nearly reſemble thoſe which Mr. Banks has lately brought from the ſavage countries in the Pacific Ocean, and muſt have been made by a nation to which the uſe of metals was unknown.

The number of this little community has never been counted by its ruler, nor have I obtained any poſitive account, conſiſtent with the reſult of political computation. Not many years ago, the late laird led out one hundred men upon a military expedition. The ſixth part of a people is ſuppoſed capable of bearing arms: Raaſay had therefore ſix hundred inhabitants.

But

But becauſe it is not likely that every man able to ſerve in the field would follow the ſummons, or that the chief would leave his lands totally defenceleſs, or take away all the hands qualified for labour, let it be ſuppoſed, that half as many might be permitted to ſtay at home. The whole number will then be nine hundred, or nine to a ſquare mile; a degree of populouſneſs greater than thoſe tracts of deſolation can often ſhow. They are content with their country, and faithful to their chiefs, and yet uninfected with the fever of migration.

Near the houſe, at Raaſay, is a chapel unroofed and ruinous, which has long been uſed only as a place of burial. About the churches, in the iſlands, are ſmall ſquares incloſed with ſtone, which belong to particular families, as repoſitories for the dead. At Raaſay there is one, I think, for the proprietor, and one for ſome collateral houſe.

It is not only in Raaſay that the chapel is unroofed and uſeleſs; through the few iſlands which we viſited, we neither ſaw nor heard of any houſe of prayer, except in Skie, that was not in ruins. The malignant influence of Calviniſm has blaſted ceremony and decency together; and if the remembrance of papal ſuperſtition is obliterated, the monuments of papal piety are likewiſe effaced.

It has been, for many years, popular to talk of the lazy devotion of the Romiſh clergy; over the ſleepy lazineſs of men that erected churches, we may indulge our ſuperiority with a new triumph, by comparing it with the fervid activity of thoſe who ſuffer them to fall.

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Of the deſtruction of churches, the decay of religion muſt in time be the conſequence; for while the public acts of the miniſtry are now performed in houſes, a very ſmall number can be preſent; and as the greater part of the iſlanders make no uſe of books, all muſt neceſſarily live in total ignorance who want the opportunity of vocal inſtruction.

From theſe remains of ancient ſanctity, which are every where to be found, it has been conjectured, that, for the laſt two centuries, the inhabitants of the iſlands have decreaſed in number. This argument, which ſuppoſes that the churches have been ſuffered to fall, only becauſe they were no longer neceſſary, would have ſome force, if the houſes of worſhip ſtill remaining were ſufficient for the people. But ſince they have now no churches at all, theſe venerable fragments do not prove the people of former times to have been more numerous, but to have been more devout. If the inhabitants were doubled with their preſent principles, it appears not that any proviſion for public worſhip would be made.

Where the religion of a country enforces conſecrated buildings, the number of thoſe buildings may be ſuppoſed to afford ſome indication, however uncertain, of the populouſneſs of the place; but where by a change of manners a nation is contented to live without them, their decay implies no diminution of inhabitants.

Some of theſe dilapidations are ſaid to be found in iſlands now inhabited; but I doubt whether we can thence infer that they were ever peopled. The religion of the middle age is well known to have placed too much hope in lonely auſterities. Voluntary ſolitude was the great art of propitiation,

tion, by which crimes were effaced, and conſcience was appeaſed; it is, therefore, not unlikely, that oratories were often built in places where retirement was ſure to have no diſturbance.

Raaſay has little that can detain a traveller, except the laird and his family; but their power wants no auxiliaries. Such a ſeat of hoſpitality, amidſt the winds and waters, fills the imagination with a delightful contrariety of images—without is the rough ocean and the rocky land, the beating billows and the howling ſtorm: within is plenty and elegance, beauty and gaiety, the ſong and the dance. In Raaſay, if I could have found an Ulyſſes, I had fancied a Phæacia.

At Raaſay, by good fortune, Macleod, ſo the chief of the clan is called, was paying a viſit, and by him we were invited to his ſeat at Dunvegan. Raaſay has a ſtout boat, built in Norway, in which, with ſix oars, he conveyed us back to Skie. We landed at Port Re, ſo called, becauſe James V. of Scotland, who had the curioſity to viſit the iſlands, came into it.

The port is made by an inlet of the ſea, deep and narrow, where a ſhip lay waiting to diſpeople Skie, by carrying the natives away to America.

In coaſting Skie, we paſſed by the cavern in which it is the cuſtom, as Martin relates, to catch birds in the night, by making a fire at the entrance. This practice is diſuſed; for the birds, as is known often to happen, have changed their haunts.

Here we dined at a public houſe, I believe the only inn of the iſland, and having mounted our horſes, travelled in the manner already deſcribed, till we came to Kingſborough, a place diſtinguiſhed by that name, becauſe the king lodged here

when he landed at Port Re. We were entertained with the uſual hoſpitality by Mr. Macdonald and his lady Flora Macdonald *, a name that will be mentioned in hiſtory, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle ſtature, ſoft features, gentle manners, and elegant preſence.

In the morning we ſent our horſes round a promontory to meet us, and ſpared ourſelves part of the day's fatigue, by croſſing an arm of the ſea. We had at laſt ſome difficulty in coming to Dunvegan: for our way led over an extenſive moor, where every ſtep was to be taken with caution, and we were often obliged to alight, becauſe the ground could not be truſted. In travelling this watery flat, I perceived that it had a viſible declivity, and might without much expence or difficulty be drained. But difficulty and expence are relative terms, which have different meanings in different places.

To Dunvegan we came, very willing to be at reſt; and found our fatigue amply recompenſed by our reception. Lady Macleod, who had lived many years in England, was newly come hither with her ſon and four daughters, who knew all the arts of ſouthern elegance, and all the modes of Engliſh economy. Here, therefore, we ſettled, and did not ſpoil the preſent hour with thoughts of departure.

Dunvegan is a rocky prominence, that juts out into a bay, on the weſt ſide of Skie. The houſe, which is the principal ſeat of Macleod, is partly old, and partly modern; it is built upon the

* The protectreſs of the infatuated Charles Stuart. To a man of Dr. Johnſon's principles, ſhe muſt have been an intereſting object.

rock,

rock, and looks upon the water. It forms two ſides of a ſmall ſquare: on the third ſide is the ſkeleton of a caſtle of unknown antiquity, ſuppoſed to have been a Norwegian fortreſs, when the Danes were maſters of the iſlands. It is ſo nearly entire, that it might have eaſily been made habitable, were there not an ominous tradition in the family, that the owner ſhall not long outlive the reparation.

The grandfather of the preſent laird, in defiance of prediction, began the work, but deſiſted in a little time, and applied his money to worſe uſes.

As the inhabitants of the Hebrides lived for many ages, in continual expectation of hoſtilities, the chief of every clan reſided in a fortreſs. This houſe was acceſſible only from the water, till the laſt poſſeſſor, opened an entrance by ſtairs upon the land.

They had formerly reaſon to be afraid, not only of declared wars and authoriſed invaders, or of roving pirates, which, in the northern ſeas, muſt have been very common; but of inroads and inſults from rival clans, who, in the plenitude of feudal independence, aſked no leave of their ſovereign to make war on one another. Skie has been ravaged by a feud between the two mighty powers of Macdonald and Macleod. Macdonald having married a Macleod, upon ſome diſcontent diſmiſſed her, perhaps becauſe ſhe had brought him no children. Before the reign of James V. a Highland laird made a trial of his wife for a certain time, and if ſhe did not pleaſe him, he was then at liberty to ſend her away. This, however, muſt always have offended, and Macleod reſenting the injury, whatever were its circumſtances, declared, that the wedding had been ſo-

lemnized without a bonfire, but that the ſeparation ſhould be better illuminated; and raiſing a little army, ſet fire to the territories of Macdonald, who returned the viſit and prevailed.

Another ſtory may ſhow the diſorderly ſtate of inſular neighbourhood. The inhabitants of the Iſle of Egg, meeting a boat manned by Macleods, tied the crew hand and foot, and ſet them a-drift. Macleod landed upon Egg, and demanded the offenders; but the inhabitants refuſing to ſurrender them, retreated to a cavern, into which they thought their enemies unlikely to follow them. Macleod choked them with ſmoke, and left them lying dead by families as they ſtood.

Here the violence of the weather confined us for ſome time, not at all to our diſcontent or inconvenience. We would indeed very willingly have viſited the iſlands which might be ſeen from the houſe ſcattered in the ſea, and I was particularly deſirous to have viewed Iſay; but the ſtorms did not permit us to launch a boat, and we were condemned to liſten in idleneſs to the wind, except when we were better engaged by liſtening to the ladies.

We had here more winds than waves, and ſuffered the ſeverity of the tempeſt, without enjoying its magnificence. The ſea being broken by the multitude of iſlands, does not roar with ſo much noiſe, nor beat the ſtorm with ſuch foamy violence, as I have remarked on the coaſt of Suſſex. Though, while I was in the Hebrides, the wind was extremely turbulent, I never ſaw very high billows. The country about Dunvegan is rough and barren. There are no trees, except in the orchard, which is a low ſheltered ſpot, ſurrounded with a wall.

When

When this houſe was intended to ſuſtain a ſiege, a well was made in the court, by boring the rock downwards, till water was found, which, though ſo near to the ſea, I have not heard mentioned as brackiſh, though it has ſome hardneſs, or other qualities, which make it leſs fit for uſe; and the family is now better ſupplied from a ſtream, which runs by the rock, from two pleaſing waterfalls.

Here we ſaw ſome traces of former manners, and heard ſome ſtanding traditions. In the houſe is kept an ox's horn, hollowed ſo as to hold perhaps two quarts, which the heir of Macleod was expected to ſwallow at one draught, as a teſt of his manhood, before he was permitted to bear arms, or could claim a ſeat among the men. It is held the return of the Laird to Dunvegan, after any conſiderable abſence, produces a plentiful capture of herrings; and that, if any woman croſſes the water to the oppoſite iſland, the herrings will deſert the coaſt. Boetius tells the ſame of ſome other place. This tradition is not uniform. Some hold that no woman may paſs, and others that none may paſs but a Macleod.

Among other gueſts which the hoſpitality of Dunvegan brought to the table, a viſit was paid by the laird and lady of a ſmall iſland ſouth of Sky, of which the proper name is Muack, which ſignifies Swine.

It is commonly called Muck, which the proprietor not liking, has endeavoured, without effect, to change to Monk. It is uſual to call gentlemen in Scotland by the name of their poſſeſſions, as Raaſay, Bernera, Loch Buy; a practice neceſſary in countries inhabited by clans, where all that live in the ſame territory have one name, and

muſt

muſt be therefore diſcriminated by ſome addition. This gentleman, whoſe name, I think, is Maclean, ſhould be regularly called Muck; but the appellation, which he thinks to be too coarſe for his iſland, he would like ſtill leſs for himſelf, and he is, therefore, addreſſed by the title of, Iſle of Muck.

This little iſland, however, it be named, is of conſiderable value. It is two Engliſh miles long, and three quarters of a mile broad, and conſequently contains only nine hundred and ſixty Engliſh acres. It is chiefly arable. Half of this little dominion, the laird retains in his own hand, and on the other half lived one hundred and ſixty perſons, who pay their rent by expoſed corn.

The laird having all his people under his immediate view, ſeems to be very attentive to their happineſs. The devaſtation of the ſmall-pox, when it viſits places where it comes ſeldom, is well known. He has diſarmed it of its terror at Muack, by inoculating eighty of its people. The expence was two ſhillings and ſixpence a-head. Many trades they cannot have among them, but upon occaſion he fetches a ſmith from the Iſle of Egg, and has a tailor from the main land, ſix times a year. This iſland well deſerved to be ſeen, but the laird's abſence left us no opportunity.

Every inhabited iſland has its appendant and ſubordinate iſlets. Muck, however ſmall, has yet other ſmall about it, one of which has only ground ſufficient to afford paſture for three wethers.

At Dunvegan I had taſted lotus, and was in danger of forgetting that I was ever to depart, till Mr. Boſwell ſagely reproached me with my ſluggiſhneſs

ſluggiſhneſs and ſoftneſs. I had no very forceable defence to make; and we agreed to purſue our journey. Macleod accompanied us to Uliniſh, where we were entertained by the ſheriff of the iſland.

Mr. Macqueen travelled with us, and directed our attention to all that was worthy of obſervation. With him we went to ſee an ancient building, called a dun or borough. It was a circular encloſure, about forty-two feet in diameter, walled round with looſe ſtones, perhaps to the height of nine feet. The walls are very thick, diminiſhing a little towards the top, and though in theſe countries ſtone is not brought far, muſt have been raiſed with much labour. Within the great circle were ſeveral ſmaller rounds of wall, which formed diſtinct apartments. Its date and its uſe are unknown. Some ſuppoſe it the original ſeat of the chiefs of the Macleods. Mr. Macqueen thought it a Daniſh fort.

The entrance is covered with flat ſtones, and is narrow, becauſe it was neceſſary that the ſtones which lie over it, ſhould reach from one wall to the other, yet, ſtraight as the paſſage is, they ſeem heavier than could have been placed where they now lie, by the naked ſtrength of as many men as might ſtand about them. They were probably raiſed by putting long pieces of wood under them, to which the action of a long line of lifters might be applied. Savages, in all countries, have patience proportionate to their unſkilfulneſs, and are content to attain their end by very tedious methods.

If it was ever roofed, it might once have been a dwelling, but as there is no proviſion for water, it could not have been a fortreſs. In Skie, as in every

every other place, there is an ambition of exalting whatever has ſurvived memory, to ſome important uſe, and referring it to very remote ages. I am inclined to ſuſpect, that in lawleſs times, when the inhabitants of every mountain ſtole the cattle of their neighbour, theſe encloſures were uſed to ſecure the herds and flocks in the night. When they were driven within the wall, they might be eaſily watched, and defended as long as could be needful; for the robbers durſt not wait till the injured clan ſhould find them in the morning.

The interior incloſures, if the whole building were once a houſe, were the chambers of the chief inhabitants. If it was a place of ſecurity for cattle, they were probably the ſhelters of the keepers.

From the Dun we were conducted to another place of ſecurity, a cave carried a great way under ground, which had been diſcovered by digging after a fox. Theſe caves, of which many have been found, and many probably remain concealed, are formed, I believe, commonly by taking advantage of a hollow, where banks or rocks riſe on either ſide. If no ſuch place can be found, the ground muſt be cut away. The walls are made by piling ſtones againſt the earth, on either ſide. It is then roofed by larger ſtones laid acroſs the cavern, which, therefore, cannot be wide. Over the roof, turfs were placed, and graſs was ſuffered to grow; and the mouth was concealed by buſhes, or ſome other cover.

Theſe caves were repreſented to us as the cabins of the firſt rude inhabitants, of which, however, I am by no means perſuaded. This was ſo low that no man could ſtand upright in it. By their conſtruction they are all ſo narrow, that

two

two can never paſs along them together, and being ſubterraneous, they muſt be always damp. They are not the work of an age much ruder than the preſent; for they are formed with as much art as the conſtruction of a common hut requires. I imagine them to have been places only of occaſional uſe, in which the iſlander, upon a ſudden alarm, hid his utenſils, or his clothes, and perhaps ſometime his wife and children.

This cave we entered, but could not proceed the whole length, and went away without knowing how far it was carried. For this omiſſion we ſhall be blamed, as we perhaps have blamed other travellers; but the day was rainy, and the ground was damp.

Edifices, either ſtanding or ruined, are the chief records of an illiterate nation. In ſome part of this journey, at no great diſtance from our way, ſtood a ſhattered fortreſs, of which the learned miniſter, to whoſe communication we are much indebted, gave us an account.

Thoſe, ſaid he, are the walls of a place of refuge, built in the time of James VI. by Hugh Macdonald, who was next heir to the dignity and fortune of his chief. Hugh, being ſo near his wiſh, was impatient of delay; and had art and influence ſufficient to engage ſeveral gentlemen in a plot againſt the laird's life. Something muſt be ſtipulated on both ſides; for they would not dip their hands in blood merely for Hugh's advancement. The compact was formally written, ſigned by the conſpirators, and placed in the hands of one Macleod.

It happened that Macleod had ſold ſome cattle to a drover, who not having ready money, gave him a bond for payment. The debt was diſcharged,

charged, and the bond re-demanded; which Macleod, who could not read, intending to put into his hands, gave him the conſpiracy. The drover, when he had read the paper, delivered it privately to Macdonald, who being thus informed of his danger, called his friends together, and provided for his ſafety. He made a public feaſt, and inviting Hugh Macdonald and his confederates, placed each of them at the table between two men of known fidelity. The compact of conſpiracy was then ſhewn, and every man confronted with his own name. Macdonald acted with great moderation. He upbraided Hugh, both with diſloyalty and ingratitude; but told the reſt, that he conſidered them as men deluded and miſinformed. Hugh was ſworn to fidelity, and diſmiſſed with his companions; but he was not generous enough to be reclaimed by lenity; and finding no longer any countenance among the gentlemen, endeavoured to execute the ſame deſign by meaner hands. In this practice he was detected, taken to Macdonald's caſtle, and impriſoned in the dungeon. When he was hungry, they let down a plentiful meal of ſalted meat; and when, after his repaſt, he called for drink, conveyed to him a covered cup, which, when he lifted the lid, he found empty. From that time they viſited him no more, but left him to periſh in ſolitude and darkneſs.

We were then told of a cavern by the ſea-ſide, remarkable for the powerful reverberation of ſounds. After dinner we took a boat, to explore this curious cavity. The boatmen, who ſeemed to be of a rank above that of common drudges, inquired who the ſtrangers were, and being told we came one from Scotland, and the other from England,

land, aſked if the Engliſhman could recount a long genealogy. What anſwer was given them, the converſation being in Erſe, I was not much inclined to examine.

They expected no good event of the voyage; for one of them declared that he heard the cry of an Engliſh ghoſt. This omen I was not told till after our return, and, therefore, cannot claim the dignity of deſpiſing it.

The ſea was ſmooth. We never left the ſhore, and came without any diſaſter to the cavern, which we found rugged and miſhapen, about one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty wide in the broadeſt part, and in the loftieſt, as we gueſſed, about thirty high. It was now dry, but at high water the ſea riſes in it near ſix feet. Here I ſaw what I had never ſeen before, limpets and muſcles in their natural ſtate. But, as a new teſtimony to the veracity of common fame, here was no echo to be heard *.

We then walked through a natural arch in the rock, which might have pleaſed us by its novelty, had the ſtones, which encumbered our feet, given us leiſure to conſider it. We were ſhown the gummy ſeed of the kelp, that faſtens itſelf to a ſtone, from which it grows into a ſtrong ſtalk.

In our return, we found a little boy upon the point of a rock, catching with his angle, a ſupper for the family. We rowed up to him, and borrowed his rod, with which Mr. Boſwell caught a cuddy.

The cuddy is not much bigger than a gud-

* Perhaps our author was diſappointed, from a vain expectation that the lady would ſpeak firſt.

geon, but is of great uſe in theſe iſlands, as it affords the lower people both food and oil for their lamps. Theſe fiſhes are ſo abundant, at ſome times of the year, that they are caught like white-bait in the Thames, only by dipping a baſket and drawing it back.

From Uliniſh, our next ſtage was to Taliſker, the houſe of Colonel Macleod, an officer in the Dutch ſervice, who in this time of univerſal peace, has for ſeveral years been permitted to be abſent from his regiment. Having been bred to phyſic, he is conſequently a ſcholar, and his lady, by accompanying him in his different places of reſidence, is become ſkilful in ſeveral languages. Taliſker is the place beyond all that I have ſeen, from which the gay and the jovial ſeem utterly excluded; and where the hermit might expect to grow old in meditation, without poſſibility of diſturbance or interruption. It is ſituated very near the ſea, but upon a coaſt where no veſſel lands but when it is driven by a tempeſt on the rocks. Towards the land are lofty hills ſtreaming with water-falls. The garden is ſheltered by firs, or pines, which grow there ſo proſperouſly, that ſome, which the preſent inhabitant planted, are very high and thick.

At this place we very happily met Mr. Donald Maclean, a young gentleman, the eldeſt ſon of the Laird of Col, heir to a very great extent of land, and ſo deſirous of improving his inheritance, that he ſpent a conſiderable time among the farmers of Hertfordſhire, and Hampſhire, to learn their practice. He worked with his own hands at the principal operations of agriculture, that he might not deceive himſelf by a falſe opinion of ſkill, which if he ſhould find it deficient at home,

home, he had no means of completing. If the world has agreed to praiſe the travels and manual labours of the Czar of Muſcovy, let Col have his ſhare of the like applauſe, in the proportion of his dominions to the empire of Ruſſia.

This young gentleman was ſporting in the mountains of Skie, and when he was weary with following his game, repaired for lodging to Taliſker. At night he miſſed one of his dogs, and when he went to ſeek him in the morning, found two eagles feeding on his carcaſe.

Col, for he muſt be named by his poſſeſſions, hearing that our intention was to viſit Jona, offered to conduct us to his chief, Sir Allan Maclean, who lived in the iſle of Inch Kenneth, and would readily find us a convenient paſſage. From this time was formed an acquaintance, which begun by kindneſs, was accidentally continued by conſtraint; we derived much pleaſure from it, and I hope have given him no reaſon to repent it.

The weather was now almoſt one continued ſtorm, and we were to ſnatch ſome happy intermiſſion to be conveyed to Mull, the third iſland of the Hebrides, lying about a degree ſouth of Sky, whence we might eaſily find our way to Inch Kenneth, where Sir Allan Maclean reſided, and afterward to Jona.

For this purpoſe, the moſt commodious ſtation that we could take was Armidel, which Sir Alexander Macdonald had now left to a gentleman, who lived there as his factor or ſteward.

In our way to Armidel, was Coriatachan, where we had already been, and to which, therefore, we were very willing to return. We ſtaid, however, ſo long at Taliſker, that a great part of our journey was performed in the gloom of the evening.

In travelling even thus almoſt without light through naked ſolitude, when there is a guide whoſe conduct may be truſted, a mind not naturally too much diſpoſed to fear, may preſerve ſome degree of cheerfulneſs; but what muſt be the ſolicitude of him who ſhould be wandering among the craggs and hollows, benighted ignorant, and alone?

To Coriatachan at laſt we came, and found ourſelves welcomed as before. Here we ſtaid two days, and made ſuch inquiries as curioſity ſuggeſted. The houſe was filled with company, among whom Mr. Macpherſon and his ſiſter diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their politeneſs and accompliſhments. By him we were invited to Oſtig, a houſe not far from Armidel, where we might eaſily hear of a boat, when the weather would ſuffer us to leave the iſland.

At Oſtig, of which Mr. Macpherſon is miniſter, we were entertained for ſome days, then removed to Armidel, where we finiſhed our obſervations on the iſland of Skie.

As this iſland lies in the fifty-ſeventh degree, the air cannot be ſuppoſed to have much warmth. The long continuance of the ſun above the horizon does indeed ſometimes produce a great heat in northern latitudes; but this can only happen in ſheltered places, where the atmoſphere is to a certain degree ſtagnant, and the ſame maſs of air continues to receive for many hours the rays of the ſun, and the vapours of the earth. Skie lies open on the weſt and north to a vaſt extent of ocean, and is cooled in the ſummer by perpetual ventilation, but by the ſame blaſts is kept warm in winter. Their weather is not pleaſing. Half the year is deluged with rain. From the autumnal

nal to the vernal equinox, a dry day is hardly known, except when the ſhowers are ſuſpended by a tempeſt. Under ſuch ſkies can be expected no great exuberance of vegetation. Their winter overtakes their ſummer, and their harveſt lies upon the ground drenched with rain. The autumn ſtruggles hard to produce ſome of our early fruits. I gathered gooſeberries in September; but they were ſmall, and the huſk was thick.

Their winter is ſeldom ſuch as puts a full ſtop to the growth of plants, or reduces the cattle to live wholly on the ſurpluſage of the ſummer. In the year ſeventy-one they had a ſevere ſeaſon, remembered by the name of the Black Spring, from which the iſland has not yet recovered. The ſnow lay upon the ground, a calamity hardly known before. Part of their cattle died for want, part were unreaſonably ſold to buy ſuſtenance for the owners. Many of the roebucks alſo periſhed.

The ſoil, as in other countries, has its diverſities. In ſome parts there is only a thin layer of earth ſpread upon a rock, which bears nothing but ſhort brown heath, and perhaps is not generally capable of any better product. There are many bogs or moſſes of great or leſs extent, where the ſoil cannot be ſuppoſed to want depth, though it is too wet for the plough. But we did not obſerve in theſe any aquatic plants. The vallies and the mountains are alike darkened with heath. Some graſs, however, grows here and there, and ſome happier ſpots of earth are capable of tillage

Their agriculture is laborious, and perhaps rather feeble than unſkilful. Their chief manure is ſea-wood, which, when they lay it to rot upon

the field, gives, them a better crop than thoſe of the Highlands. They heap ſea-ſhells upon the dunghill, which in time moulder into a fertiliſing ſubſtance. When they find a vein of earth where they cannot uſe it, they dig it up, and add it to the mould of a more commodious place.

The corn grounds often lie in ſuch intricacies among the craggs, that there is no room for the action of a team and plough. The ſoil is then turned up by manual labour, with an inſtrument called a crooked ſpade, of a form and weight which to me appeared very incommodious. It has a narrow blade of iron, fixed to a long and heavy piece of wood, which muſt have, about a foot and a half above the iron, a knee or flexure with the angle downwards.

According to the different mode of tillage, farms are diſtinguiſhed into long land and ſhort land. Long land is that which affords room for a plough, and ſhort land is turned up by the ſpade.

The grain which they commit to the furrows thus tediouſly formed, is either oats or barley. They do not ſow barley without very copious manure, and then they expect from it ten for one, an increaſe equal to that of better countries; but the culture is ſo operoſe, that they content themſelves commonly with oats; and who can relate without compaſſion, that after all their diligence they are to expect only a triple increaſe? It is in vain to hope for plenty, when a third part of the harveſt muſt be reſerved for food.

When their grain is arrived at the ſtate which they muſt conſider as ripeneſs, they do not cut, but pull the barley, to the oats they apply the ſickle. Wheel carriages they have none, but make

make a frame of timber, which is drawn by one horſe with the two points behind preſſing on the ground. On this they ſometimes drag home their ſheaves, but often convey them in a kind of open panier, or frame of ſticks upon the horſe's back.

Of that which is obtained with ſo much difficulty, nothing ſurely ought to be waſted; yet their method of clearing their oats from the huſk is by parching them in the ſtraw. Thus with the genuine improvidence of ſavages, they deſtroy that fodder, for want of which their cattle may periſh. The taſte contracted from the fire by the oats, as by every other ſcorched ſubſtance, uſe muſt long ago have made grateful. The oats that are not parched, muſt be dried in a kiln.

The barns of Skie I never ſaw. That which Macleod of Raaſay had erected near his houſe was ſo contrived, becauſe the harveſt is ſeldom brought home dry, as by perpetual perflation to prevent the mow from heating.

Of their gardens I can judge only from their tables. I did not obſerve that the common greens were wanting, and ſuppoſe, that by chooſing an advantageous expoſition, they can raiſe all the more hardy eſculent plants. Of vegetable fragrance or beauty they are not yet ſtudious. Few vows are made to Flora in the Hebrides.

They gather a little hay, but the graſs is mown late; and is ſo often almoſt dry and again very wet, before it is houſed, that it becomes a collection of withered ſtalks without taſte or fragrance; it muſt be eaten by cattle that have nothing elſe, but by moſt Engliſh farmers would be thrown away.

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In the iſlands I have not heard that any ſubterraneous treaſures have been diſcovered, though, where there are mountains, there are commonly minerals. One of the rocks in Col has a black vein, imagined to conſiſt of the ore of lead; but it was never yet opened or aſſayed. In Skie a black maſs was accidentally picked up, and brought into the houſe of the owner of the land, who found himſelf ſtrongly inclined to think it a coal, but unhappily it did not burn in the chimney. Common ores would be here of no great value; for what requires to be ſeparated by fire, muſt, if it were found, be carried away in its mineral ſtate, here being no fuel for the ſmelting-houſe or forge. Perhaps by diligent ſearch in this world of ſtone, ſome valuable ſpecies of marble might be diſcovered. But neither philoſophical curioſity, nor commercial induſtry, have yet fixed their abode here, where the importunity of immediate want ſupplied but for the day, and craving on the morrow, has left little room for excurſive knowledge or the pleaſing fancies of diſtant profit.

They have lately found a manufacture conſiderably lucrative. Their rocks abound with kelp, a ſea-plant, of which the aſhes are melted into glaſs. They burn kelp in great quantities, and then ſend it away in ſhips, which come regularly to purchaſe them. This new ſource of riches has raiſed the rents of many maritime farms; but the tenants pay, like all other tenants, the additional rent with great unwillingneſs; becauſe they conſider the profits of the kelp as the mere product of perſonal labour, to which the landlord contributes nothing.

This

This new trade has excited a long and eager litigation between Macdonald and Macleod, for a ledge of rocks, which, till the value of kelp was known, neither of them deſired the reputation of poſſeſſing.

The cattle of Skie are not ſo ſmall as is commonly believed. Since they have ſent their beeves in great numbers to ſouthern marts, they have probably taken more care of their breed. At ſtated times the annual growth of cattle is driven to a fair, by a general drover, and with the money which he returns to the farmer, the rents are paid.

The price regularly expected, is from two to three pounds a head: there was once one ſold for five pounds. They go from the iſlands very lean, and are not offered to the butcher till they have been long fatted in Engliſh paſtures.

Their horſes are, like their cows, of a moderate ſize. I had no difficulty to mount myſelf commodiouſly by the favour of the gentlemen.

The goat is the general inhabitant of the earth, complying with every difference of climate, and of ſoil. The goats of the Hebrides are like others *: nor did I hear any thing of their ſheep to be particularly remarked.

In the penury of theſe malignant regions, nothing is left that can be converted to food. The goats and ſheep are milked like cows. A ſingle meal of a goat is a quart, and of a ſheep a pint.

* It is to be lamented that Dr. Johnſon was unacquainted with every branch of natural hiſtory, a ſcience, of all others, the moſt neceſſary for a traveller. His ſagacious and penetrating mind would have thrown new lights on animated and vegetable nature, had his ſtudies been directed this way: inſtead of which, ſome of his remarks are too puerile to be retained.

Such

Such, at leaſt, was the account, which I could extract from thoſe of whom I am not ſure that they ever had inquired.

The milk of goats is much thinner than that of cows, and that of ſheep is much thicker. Sheep's milk is never eaten before it is boiled: as it is thick, it muſt be very liberal of curd, and the people of St. Kilda form it into ſmall cheeſes.

The ſtags of the mountains are leſs than thoſe of our parks, or foreſts, perhaps not bigger than our fallow deer. Their fleſh has no rankneſs, nor is inferior in flavour to our common veniſon. The roebuck, I neither ſaw nor taſted. Theſe are not countries for a regular chaſe. The deer are not driven with horn and hounds. A ſportſman, with his gun in his hand, watches the animal, and when he has wounded him, traces him by the blood.

They have a race of brinded greyhounds, larger and ſtronger than thoſe with which we courſe hares, and thoſe are the only dogs uſed by them for the chaſe.

Man is by the uſe of fire-arms made ſo much an overmatch for other animals, that in all countries, where they are in uſe, the wild part of the creation ſenſibly diminiſhes. There will probably not be long either ſtags or roebucks in the iſlands. All the beaſts of chaſe would have been loſt long ago in countries well inhabited, had they not been preſerved by laws for the pleaſure of the rich.

There are in Skie neither rats nor mice, but the weaſel is ſo frequent, that he is heard in houſes rattling behind cheſts or beds, as rats in England. They probably owe to his predominace that they have no other vermin; for ſince the

the great rat took poſſeſſion of this part of the world, ſcarce a ſhip can touch at any port, but ſome of his race are left behind. They have within theſe few years began to infeſt the iſle of Col, where, being left by ſome trading veſſel, they have increaſed for want of weaſels to oppoſe them.

The inhabitants of Skie, and of the other iſlands, which I have ſeen, are commonly of the middle ſtature, with fewer among them very tall or very ſhort, than are ſeen in England, or perhaps, as their numbers are ſmall, the chances of any deviation from the common meaſure, are neceſſarily few. The talleſt men that I ſaw among them, are of the higher rank. In regions of barrenneſs and ſcarcity, the human race is hindered in its growth, by the ſame cauſes as other animals.

The ladies have as much beauty here as in other places, but bloom and ſoftneſs are not to be expected among the lower claſſes, whoſe faces are expoſed to the rudeneſs of the climate, and whoſe features are ſometimes contracted by want, and ſometimes hardened by the blaſts. Supreme beauty is ſeldom found in cottages, or work-ſhops, even where no real hardſhips are ſuffered. To expand the human face to its full perfection, it ſeems neceſſary that the mind ſhould co-operate by placidneſs of content, or conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority.

Their ſtrength is proportionate to their ſize, but they are accuſtomed to run upon rough ground, and therefore can with great agility ſkip over the bog, or clamber the mountain. For a campaign in the waſtes of America, ſoldiers better qualified could not have been found. Having little work to do, they are not willing,

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nor perhaps able, to endure a long continuance of manual labour, and are therefore conſidered as habitually idle.

Having never been ſupplied with theſe accommodations, which life extenſively diverſified with trades affords, they ſupply their wants by very inſufficient ſhifts, and endure many inconveniencies, which a little attention would eaſily relieve. I have ſeen a horſe carrying home the harveſt on a crate. Under his tail was a ſtick for a crupper, held at the two ends by twiſts of ſtraw. Hemp will grow in their iſlands, and therefore ropes may be had. If they wanted hemp, they might make better cordage of ruſhes, or perhaps of nettles, than of ſtraw.

Their method of life neither ſecures them perpetual health, nor expoſes them to any particular diſeaſes. There are phyſicians in the iſlands, who, I believe, all practiſe chirurgery, and all compound their own medicines.

It is generally ſuppoſed that life is longer in places where there are few opportunities of luxury; but I found no inſtance here of extraordinary longevity. A cottager grows old over his oaten cakes, like a citizen at a turtle feaſt. He is indeed ſeldom incommoded by corpulence. Poverty preſerves him from ſinking under the burden of himſelf, but he eſcapes no other injury of time.

Length of life is diſtributed impartially to very different modes of life in very different climates; and the mountains have no greater examples of age and health than the low lands, where I was introduced to two ladies of high quality; one of whom, in her ninety-fourth year, preſided at her table with the full exerciſe

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of all her powers; and the other has attained her eighty-fourth, without any diminution of vivacity, and with little reaſon to accuſe time with depredations on her beauty.

In the iſlands, as in moſt other places, the inhabitants are of different rank, and one does not encroach here upon another. Where there is no commerce nor manufacture, he that is born poor can ſcarcely become rich; and if none are able to buy eſtates, he that is born to land, cannot annihilate his family by ſelling it. This was once the ſtate of theſe countries. Perhaps there is no example, till within a century and a half, of any family whoſe eſtate was alienated, otherwiſe than by violence or forfeiture. Since money has been brought amongſt them, they have found, like others, the art of ſpending more than they receive; and I ſaw with grief, the chief of a very ancient clan, whoſe iſland was condemned by law to be ſold for the ſatisfaction of his creditors.

The name of the higheſt dignity is laird, of which there are in the extenſive Iſle of Skie only three, Macdonald, Macleod, and Mackinnon. The laird is the original owner of the land, whoſe natural power muſt be very great, where no man lives but by agriculture; and where the produce of the land is not conveyed through the labyrinths of traffic, but paſſes directly from the hand that gathers it to the mouth that eats it. The laird has all thoſe in his power that can live upon his farms. Kings can, for the moſt part, only exalt or degrade. The laird at pleaſure can feed or ſtarve, can give bread, or withhold it. This inherent power was yet ſtrengthened by the kindneſs of conſanguinity, and the reverence of patriarchal authority. The laird was the father

of the clan, and his tenants commonly bore his name. And to theſe principles of original command was added, for many ages, an excluſive right of legal juriſdiction.

This multifarious, and extenſive obligation operated with force ſcarcely credible. Every duty, moral or political, was abſorbed in affection and adherence to the chief. Not many years have paſſed ſince the clans knew no law but the laird's will. He told them to whom they ſhould be friends or enemies, what king they ſhould obey, and what religion they ſhould profeſs.

When the Scots firſt roſe in arms againſt the ſucceſſion of the houſe of Hanover, Lovat, the chief of the Fraſers, was in exile for a rape. The Fraſers were very numerous, and very zealous againſt the government. A pardon was ſent to Lovat. He came to the Engliſh camp, and the clan immediately deſerted to him.

Next in dignity to the laird is the tackſman; a large taker or leaſe-holder of land, of which he keeps a part, as a domain in his own hand, and lets part to under-tenants. The tackſman is neceſſarily a man capable of ſecuring to the laird the whole rent, and is commonly a collateral relation. Theſe tacks, or ſubordinate poſſeſſions, were long conſidered as hereditary, and the occupant was diſtinguiſhed by the name of the place at which he reſided. He held a middle ſtation, by which the higheſt and the loweſt orders were connected. He paid rent and reverence to the laird, and received them from the tenants. This tenure ſtill ſubſiſts, with its original operation, but not with the primitive ſtability. Since the iſlanders, no longer content to live, have learned the deſire of growing rich,

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an ancient dependant is in danger of giving way to a higher bidder, at the expence of domeſtic dignity and hereditary power. The ſtranger, whoſe money buys him preference, conſiders himſelf as paying for all that he has, and is indifferent about the laird's honour or ſafety. The commodiouſneſs of money is indeed great; but there are ſome advantages which money cannot buy, and which therefore no wiſe man will by the love of money be tempted to forego.

I have found in the hither parts of Scotland, men not defective in judgment or general experience, who conſider the tackſmen as a uſeleſs burden on the ground, as a drone who lives upon the product of an eſtate, without the right of property, or the merit of labour, and who impoveriſhes at once the landlord and the tenant. The land, ſay they, is let to the tackſman at ſixpence an acre, and by him to the tenant at tenpence. Let the owner be the immediate landlord to all the tenants; if he ſets the ground at eight-pence, he will increaſe his revenue by a fourth part, and the tenant's burden will be diminiſhed by a fifth.

According to theſe ſchemes, univerſal plenty is to begin and end in univerſal miſery. Hope and emulation will be utterly extinguiſhed; and as all muſt obey the call of immediate neceſſity, nothing that requires extenſive views, or provides for diſtant conſequences, will ever be performed.

Nothing is leſs difficult than to procure one convenience by the forfeiture of another. A ſoldier may expedite his march by throwing away his arms. To baniſh the tackſman is eaſy, to make a country plentiful by diminiſhing the

people, is an expeditious mode of huſbandy; but that abundance, which there is nobody to enjoy, contributes little to human happineſs.

As the mind muſt govern the hands, ſo in every ſociety the man of intelligence muſt direct the man of labour. If the tackſmen be taken away, the Hebrides muſt in their preſent ſtate be given up to groſſneſs and ignorance; the tenant, for want of inſtruction, will be unſkilful; and for want of admonition, will be negligent *. The laird, in theſe wide eſtates, which often conſiſt of iſlands remote from one another, cannot extend his perſonal influence to all his tenants; and the ſteward, having no dignity annexed to his character, can have little authority among men taught to pay reverence only to birth, and who regard the tackſman as their hereditary ſuperior; nor can the ſteward have equal zeal for the proſperity of an eſtate profitable only to the laird, with the tackſman, who has the laird's income involved in his own.

Of tenants there are different orders, as they have greater or leſs ſtock. Land is ſometimes leaſed to a ſmall fellowſhip, who live in a cluſter of huts, called a Tenants Town, and are bound jointly and ſeparately for the payment of their rent. Theſe, I believe, employ in the care of their cattle, and the labour of tillage, a kind of tenants yet lower; who having a hut, with graſs for a certain number of cows and ſheep, pay their rent by a ſtipulated quantity of labour.

* We by no means ſubſcribe to the juſtice of our author's arguments reſpecting the utility of tackſmen, and the conſequences of their abolition. It would be eaſy to prove, that population and comfort would reſult from deſtroying menopolies of land.

The

The condition of domeſtic ſervants, or the price of occaſional labour, I do not know with certainty. I was told that the maids have ſheep, and are allowed to ſpin for their own clothing; perhaps they have no pecuniary wages, or none but in very wealthy families. The ſtate of life, which has hitherto been purely paſtoral, begins now to be a little variegated with commerce; but novelties enter by degrees, and till one mode has fully prevailed over the other, no ſettled notion can be formed.

Such is the ſyſtem of inſular ſubordination, which, having little variety, cannot afford much delight in the view, nor long detain the mind in contemplation. The inhabitants were for a long time perhaps not unhappy; but their content was a muddy mixture of pride and ignorance, an indifference for pleaſures which they did not know, a blind veneration for their chiefs, and a ſtrong conviction of their own importance.

Their pride has been cruſhed by the heavy hand of a vindictive conqueror, whoſe ſeverities have been followed by laws, which, though they cannot be called cruel, have produced much diſcontent, becauſe they operate upon the ſurface of life, and make every eye bear witneſs to ſubjection. To be compelled to a new dreſs has always been found painful.

Their chiefs being now deprived of their juriſdiction, have already loſt much of their influence; and as they gradually degenerate from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords, they will diveſt themſelves of the little that remains.

That dignity which they derived from an opinion of their military importance, the law, which diſarmed them, has abated. An old gentleman,

delighting himſelf with the recollection of better days, related, that forty years ago, a chieftain walked out attended by ten or twelve followers, with their arms rattling. That animating rabble has now ceaſed. The chief has loſt his formidable retinue; and the Highlander walks his heath unarmed and defenceleſs, with the peaceable ſubmiſſion of a French peaſant or Engliſh cottager.

Their ignorance grows every day leſs, but their knowledge is yet of little other uſe than to ſhew them their wants. They are now in the period of education, and feel the uneaſineſs of diſcipline, without yet perceiving the benefit of inſtruction.

The laſt law, by which the Highlanders are deprived of their arms, has operated with efficacy beyond expectation. Of former ſtatutes made with the ſame deſign, the execution had been feeble, and the effect inconſiderable. Concealment was undoubtedly practiſed, and perhaps often with connivance. There was tenderneſs or partiality on one ſide, and obſtinacy on the other. But the law, which followed the victory of Culloden, found the whole nation dejected and intimidated; informations were given without danger, and without fear, and the arms were collected with ſuch rigour, that every houſe was deſpoiled of its defence.

To diſarm part of the Highlands, could give no reaſonable occaſion of complaint. Every government muſt be allowed the power of taking away the weapon that is lifted againſt it. But the loyal clans murmured, with ſome appearance of juſtice, that after having defended the king, they were forbidden for the future to defend

ſend themſelves; and that the ſword ſhould be forfeited, which had been legally employed. Their caſe is undoubtedly hard, but in political regulations, good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.

Convinced as we are of the wiſdom and juſtice of changing the political ſtate of the Highlands and Iſlands, as well for the ſake of individuals as of the public, we omit ſome ingenious, but inconcluſive, reaſoning by our author on this occaſion, though without interrupting the chain of argument.

The abolition of the local juriſdictions, which had for ſo many ages been exerciſed by the chiefs, has likewiſe its evil and its good. The feudal conſtitution naturally diffuſed itſelf into long ramifications of ſubordinate authority. To this general temper of the government was added the peculiar form of the country, broken by mountains into many ſubdiviſions ſcarcely acceſſible but to the natives, and guarded by paſſes, or perplexed with intricacies, through which national juſtice could not find its way.

The power of deciding controverſies, and of puniſhing offences, as ſome ſuch power there muſt always be, was entruſted to the lairds of the country, to thoſe whom the people conſidered as their natural judges. It cannot be ſuppoſed that a rugged proprietor of the rocks, unprincipled and unlightened, was a nice reſolver of entangled claims, or very exact in proportioning puniſhment to offences. But the more he indulged his own will, the more he held his vaſſals in dependance. Prudence and innocence, without the favour of the chief, conferred no ſecurity;

curity; and crimes involved no danger, when the judge was reſolute to acquit.

When the chiefs were men of knowledge and virtue, the convenience of a domeſtic judicature was great. No long journies were neceſſary, nor artificial delays could be practiſed; the character, the alliances, and intereſts of the litigants were known to the court, and all falſe pretences were eaſily detected. The ſentence, when it was paſt, could not be evaded; the power of the laird's ſuperſeded formalities, and juſtice could not be defeated by intereſt or ſtratagem.

I doubt not but that ſince the regular judges have made their circuits through the whole country, right has been every where more wiſely, and more equally diſtributed; the complaint is, that litigation is grown troubleſome, and that the magiſtrates are too few, and therefore often too remote for general convenience.

Many of the ſmaller iſlands have no legal officer within them. I once aſked, if a crime ſhould be committed, by what authority the offender could be ſeized? and was told, that the laird would exert his right; a right which he muſt now uſurp, but which ſurely neceſſity muſt vindicate, and which is therefore yet exerciſed in lower degrees, by ſome of the proprietors, when legal proceſſes cannot be obtained.

In all greater queſtions, however, there is now happily an end to all fear or hope from malice or from favour. The roads are ſecure in thoſe places through which, forty years ago, no traveller could paſs without a convoy. All trials of right by the ſword are forgotten, and the mean are in as little danger from the powerful

as

as in other places. No ſcheme of policy has, in any country, yet brought the rich and poor on equal terms into courts of judicature. Perhaps experience, improving on experience, may in time effect it.

Thoſe who have long enjoyed dignity and power, ought not to loſe it without ſome equivalent. There was paid to the chiefs by the public, in exchange for their privileges, perhaps a ſum greater than moſt of them had ever poſſeſſed, which excited a thirſt for riches, of which it ſhewed them the uſe. When the power of birth and ſtation ceaſes, no hope remains but from the prevalence of money. Power and wealth ſupply the place of each other. Power confers the ability of gratifying our deſire without the conſent of others. Wealth enables us to obtain the conſent of others to our gratification. Power, ſimply conſidered, whatever it confers on one, muſt take from another. Wealth enables its owner to give to others, by taking only from himſelf. Power pleaſes the violent and proud: wealth delights the placid and the timorous. Youth therefore flies at power, and age grovels after riches *.

The chiefs, diveſted of their prerogatives, neceſſarily turn their thoughts to the improvement of their revenues, and expect more rent, as they have leſs homage. The tenant, who is far from perceiving that his condition is made better in the ſame proportion, as that of his landlord is made worſe, does not immediately ſee why his induſtry is to be taxed more heavily than before.

* This contraſt between power and wealth is eminently beautiful.

He

He refuſes to pay the demand, and is ejected; the ground is then let to a ſtranger, who perhaps brings a larger ſtock, but who, taking the land at its full price, treats with the laird upon equal terms, and conſiders him not as a chief, but as a trafficker in land. Thus the eſtate perhaps is improved, but the clan is broken.

It ſeems to be the general opinion, that the rents have been raiſed with too much eagerneſs. Some regard muſt be paid to prejudice. Thoſe who have hitherto paid but little, will not ſuddenly be perſuaded to pay much, though they can afford it. As ground is gradually improved, and the value of money decreaſes, the rent may be raiſed without any diminution of the farmer's profits: yet it is neceſſary in theſe countries, where the ejection of a tenant is a greater evil than in more populous places, to conſider not merely what the land will produce, but with what ability the inhabitant can cultivate it. A certain ſtock can allow but a certain payment; for, if the land be doubled, and the ſtock remains the ſame, the tenant becomes no richer. The proprietors of the Highlands might perhaps often increaſe their income, by ſubdividing the farms, and allotting to every occupier only ſo many acres as he can profitably employ, but that they want people.

There ſeems now, whatever be the cauſe, to be through a great part of the Highlands a general diſcontent. That adherence, which was lately profeſſed by every man to the chief of his name, has now little prevalence; and he that cannot live as he deſires at home, liſtens to the tale of fortunate iſlands, and happy regions, where every man may have land of his own, and

eat

eat the product of his labour without a ſuperior.

Thoſe who have obtained grants of American lands, have, as is well known, invited ſettlers from all quarters of the globe; and among other places, where oppreſſion might produce a wiſh for new habitations, their emiſſaries would not fail to try their perſuaſions in the iſles of Scotland, where, at the time when the clans were newly diſunited from their chiefs, and exaſperated by unprecedented exactions, it is no wonder that they prevailed.

Whether the miſchiefs of emigration were immediately perceived, may be juſtly queſtioned. They who went firſt, were probably ſuch as could beſt be ſpared; but the accounts ſent by the earlieſt adventurers, whether true or falſe, inclined many to follow them; and whole neighbourhoods formed parties for removal; ſo that departure from their native country is no longer exile. He that goes thus accompanied, carries with him all that makes life pleaſant. He ſits down in a better climate, ſurrounded by his kindred and his friends: they carry with them their language, their opinions, their popular ſongs, and hereditary merriment: they change nothing but their place of abode; and of that change they perceive the benefit.

This is the real effect of emigration, if thoſe that go away together ſettle on the ſame ſpot, and preſerve their ancient union. But ſome relate that theſe adventurous viſitants of unknown regions, after a voyage, paſſed in dreams of plenty and felicity, are diſperſed at laſt upon a ſylvan wilderneſs, where their firſt years muſt be ſpent in toil, to clear the ground which is

afterwards to be tilled, and that the whole effect of their undertaking is only more fatigue and equal ſcarcity.

Some method to ſtop this epidemic deſire of wandering, which ſpreads its contagion from valley to valley, deſerves to be ſought with great diligence. In more fruitful countries, the removal of one, only makes room for the ſucceſſion of another; but in the Hebrides, the loſs of an inhabitant leaves a laſting vacuity; for nobody born in any other parts of the world will chooſe this country for his reſidence; and an iſland once depopulated will remain a deſert, as long as the preſent facility of travel gives every one, who is diſcontented and unſettled, the choice of his abode.

Let it be inquired, whether the firſt intention of thoſe who are fluttering on the wing, and collecting a flock that they may take their flight, be to attain good, or to avoid evil. If they are diſſatisfied with that part of the globe, which their birth has allotted them, and reſolve not to live without the pleaſures of happier climates; if they long for bright ſuns, and calm ſkies, and flowery fields, and fragrant gardens, I know not by what eloquence they can be perſuaded, or by what offers they can be hired to ſtay.

But if they are driven from their native country by poſitive evils, and diſguſted by ill-treatment, real or imaginary, it were fit to remove their grievances, and quiet their reſentment; ſince, if they have been hitherto undutiful ſubjects, they will not much mend their principles by American converſation.

To hinder inſurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no

ſubjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To ſoften the obdurate, to convince the miſtaken, to mollify the reſentful, are worthy of a ſtateſman; but it affords a legiſlator little ſelf-applauſe to conſider, that where there was formerly an inſurrection, there is now a wilderneſs.

It has been a queſtion often agitated without ſolution, why thoſe northern regions are now ſo thinly peopled, which formerly overwhelmed with their armies the Roman empire. The queſtion ſuppoſes, what I believe is not true, that they had once more inhabitants than they could maintain, and overflowed only becauſe they were full.

This is to eſtimate the manners of all countries and ages by our own. Migration, while the ſtate of life was unſettled, and there was little communication of intelligence between diſtant places, was, among the wilder nations of Europe, capricious and caſual. An adventurous projector heard of a fertile coaſt unoccupied, and led out a colony: a chief of renown for bravery, called the young men together, and led them out to try what fortune would preſent. When Cæſar was in Gaul, he found the Helvetians preparing to go they knew not whither, and put a ſtop to their motions. They ſettled again in their own country, where they were ſo far from wanting room, that they had accumulated three years proviſion for their march.

The religion of the north was military; if they could not find enemies, it was their duty to make them: they travelled in queſt of danger, and willingly took the chance of empire or death. If their troops were numerous, the coun-

tries from which they were collected are of vaſt extent, and without much exuberance of people, great armies may be raiſed where every man is a ſoldier. But their true numbers were never known. Thoſe who were conquered by them are their hiſtorians, and ſhame may have excited them to ſay, that they were overwhelmed with multitudes. To count is a modern practice, the ancient method was to gueſs; and when numbers are gueſſed they are always magnified.

That Gothic ſwarms bore no great proportion to the inhabitants, in whoſe countries they ſettled, is plain from the paucity of northern words now found in the provincial languages. Their country was not deſerted for want of room, becauſe it was covered with foreſts of vaſt extent; and the firſt effect of plenitude of inhabitants is the deſtruction of wood. As the Europeans ſpread over America, the lands are gradually laid naked.

I would not be underſtood to ſay, that neceſſity had never any part in their expeditions. A nation, whoſe agriculture is ſcanty or unſkilful, may be driven out by famine. A nation of hunters may have exhauſted their game. I only affirm that the northern regions were not, when their irruptions ſubdued the Romans, overpeopled with regard to their real extent of territory, and power of fertility. In a country fully inhabited, however afterward laid waſte, evident marks will remain of its former populouſneſs. But of Scandinavia and Germany, nothing is known, but that as we trace their ſtate upwards into antiquity, their woods were greater and their cultivated ground was leſs.

That

That cauſes very different from want of room may produce a general diſpoſition to ſeek another country, is apparent from the preſent conduct of the Highlanders, who are in ſome places ready to threaten a total ſeceſſion. The numbers which have already gone, though like other numbers they may be magnified, are very great, and ſuch as if they had gone together and agreed upon any certain ſettlement, might have founded an independent government in the depths of the weſtern continent. Nor are they only the loweſt and moſt indigent; many men of conſiderable wealth have taken with them their train of labourers and dependants; and if they continue the feudal ſcheme of polity, may eſtabliſh new clans in the other hemiſphere.

That the immediate motives of their deſertion muſt be imputed to their landlords, may be reaſonably concluded, becauſe ſome lairds of more prudence and leſs rapacity have kept their vaſſals undiminiſhed*. From Raaſay only one man had been ſeduced, and at Col there was no wiſh to go away.

The traveller who comes hither from more opulent countries, to ſpeculate upon the remains of paſtoral life, will not much wonder that a common Highlander has no ſtrong adherence to his native ſoil; for, of animal enjoyments, or of phyſical good, he leaves nothing that he may not find again whereſoever he may be thrown.

The habitations of men in the Hebrides may be diſtinguiſhed into huts and houſes. By a houſe, I mean a building with one ſtory over

* This fact has been aſcertained beyond the poſſibility of a doubt. No man leaves his country, except from the preſſure of ſome ill, or the proſpect of ſome greater good.

another; by a hut, a dwelling with only one floor. The laird, who formerly lived in a caſtle, now lives in a houſe; ſometimes ſufficiently neat, but ſeldom very ſpacious or ſplendid. The tackſmen and the miniſters have commonly houſes. Wherever there is a houſe, the ſtranger finds a welcome, and to the other evils of exterminating tackſmen may be added the unavoidable ceſſation of hoſpitality, or the devolution of too heavy a burden on the miniſters.

Of the houſes little can be ſaid. They are ſmall, and by the neceſſity of accumulating ſtores, where there are ſo few opportunities of purchaſe, the rooms are very heterogeneouſly filled. With want of cleanlineſs it were ingratitude to reproach them. The ſervants having been bred upon the naked earth, think every floor clean, and the quick ſucceſſion of gueſts, perhaps not always over elegant, does not allow much time for adjuſting their apartments.

Huts are of many gradations; from murky dens, to commodious dwellings.

The wall of a common hut is always built without mortar, by a ſkilful adaptation of looſe ſtones. Sometimes perhaps a double wall of ſtones is raiſed, and the intermediate ſpace filled with earth. The air is thus completely excluded. Some walls are, I think, formed of turfs, held together by a wattle, or texture of twigs. Of the meaneſt huts, the firſt room is lighted by the entrance, and the ſecond by the ſmoke-hole. The fire is uſually made in the middle. But there are huts, or dwellings, of only one ſtory, inhabited by gentlemen, which have walls cemented with mortar, glaſs windows and boarded floors,

floors. Of theſe all have chimneys, and ſome chimneys have grates.

The houſe and the furniture are not always nicely ſuited. We were driven once, by miſſing a paſſage, to the hut of a gentleman, where, after a very liberal ſupper, when I was conducted to my chamber, I found an elegant bed of Indian cotton, ſpread with fine ſheets, The accommodation was flattering: I undreſſed myſelf, and found my feet in the mire. The bed ſtood upon the bare earth, which a long courſe of rain had ſoftened to a puddle.

In paſtoral countries, the condition of the loweſt rank of people is ſufficiently wretched. Among manufacturers, men that have no property may have art and induſtry, which make them neceſſary, and therefore valuable. But where flocks and corn are the only wealth, there are always more hands than work, and of that work there is little in which ſkill and dexterity can be much diſtinguiſhed. He therefore who is born poor never can be rich. The ſon merely occupies the place of the father, and life knows nothing of progreſſion or advancement.

The petty tenants, and labouring peaſants, live in miſerable cabins, which afford them little more than ſhelter from the ſtorms. The boor of Norway is ſaid to make all his own utenſils. In the Hebrides, whatever might be their ingenuity, the want of wood leaves them no materials. They are probably content with ſuch accommodations as ſtones of different forms and ſizes can afford them.

Their food is not better than their lodging. They ſeldom taſte the fleſh of land animals; for here are no markets. What each man eats

is from his own ſtock. The great effect of money is to break property into ſmall parts. In towns, he that has a ſhilling may have a piece of meat; but where there is no commerce, no man can eat mutton, but by killing a ſheep.

Fiſh in fair weather they need not want; but, I believe, man never lives long on fiſh, but by conſtraint; he will rather feed upon roots and berries*.

The only fuel of the iſlands is peat. Their wood is all conſumed, and coal they have not yet found. Peat is dug out of the marſhes, from the depth of one foot to that of ſix. That is accounted the beſt which is neareſt the ſurface. It appears to be a maſs of black earth held together by vegetable fibres. The peat is not very ſtrong nor laſting. The aſhes are yellowiſh, and in a large quantity. When they dig peat, they cut it into ſquare pieces, and pile it up to dry beſide the houſe. In ſome places it has an offenſive ſmell. It is like wood charked for the ſmith. The common method of making peat fires, is by heaping it on the hearth; but it burns well in grates, and in the beſt houſes is ſo uſed.

The common opinion is, that peat grows again where it has been cut; which, as it ſeems to be chiefly a vegetable ſubſtance, is not unlikely to be true, whether known or not to thoſe who relate it †.

There are water mills in Skie and Raaſay; but where they are too far diſtant, the houſe-wives

* This opinion does not appear to be well founded.

† Few are ignorant but that peat moſſes grow, and often with great rapidity.

grind

grind their oats with a quern, or hand-mill, which conſiſts of two ſtones, about a foot and a half in diameter, the lower is a little convex, to which the concavity of the upper muſt be fitted. In the middle of the upper ſtone is a round hole, and on one ſide is a long handle. The grinder ſheds the corn gradually into the hole with one hand, and works the handle round with the other. The corn ſlides down the convexity of the lower ſtone, and by the motion of the upper is ground in its paſſage. Theſe ſtones are found in Lochaber.

The iſlands afford few pleaſures, except to the hardy ſportſman, who can tread the moor and climb the mountain. The diſtance of one family from another, in a country where travelling has ſo much difficulty, makes frequent intercourſe impracticable. Viſits laſt ſeveral days, and are commonly paid by water; yet I never ſaw a boat furniſhed with benches, or made commodious by any addition to the firſt fabrick. Conveniencies are not miſſed where they never were enjoyed.

The ſolace which the bagpipe can give, they have long enjoyed; but among other changes, which the laſt revolution introduced, the uſe of the bagpipe begins to be forgotten. Some of the chief families ſtill entertain a piper, whoſe office was anciently hereditary. Macrimmon was piper to Macleod, and Rankin to Maclean of Col.

The tunes of the bagpipe are traditional. There has been in Skie, beyond all time of memory, a college of pipers, under the direction of Macrimmon, which is not quite extinct. There was another in Mull, ſuperintended by Rankin, which expired

expired about ſixteen years ago. To theſe colleges, while the pipe retained its honour, the ſtudents of muſic repaired for education. I have had my dinner exhilarated by the bagpipe, at Armidel, at Dunvegan, and in Col.

The general converſation of the iſlanders has nothing particular. I did not meet with the inquiſitiveneſs of which I have read, and ſuſpect the judgment to have been raſhly made. A ſtranger of curioſity comes into a place where a ſtranger is ſeldom ſeen: he importunes the people with queſtions, of which they cannot gueſs the motive, and gazes with ſurpriſe on things which they, having had them always before their eyes, do not ſuſpect of any thing wonderful. He appears to them like ſome being of another world, and then thinks it peculiar that they take their turn to inquire whence he comes, and whither he is going.

The iſlands were long unfurniſhed with inſtruction for youth, and none but the ſons of gentlemen could have any literature. There are now parochial ſchools, to which the lord of every manor pays a certain ſtipend. Here the children are taught to read; but by the rule of their inſtitution, they teach only Engliſh, ſo that the natives read a language which they may never uſe or underſtand. If a pariſh, which often happens, contains ſeveral iſlands, the ſchool being but in one, cannot aſſiſt the reſt. This is the ſtate of Col, which, however, is more enlightened than ſome other places; for the deficiency is ſupplied by a young gentleman, who, for his own improvement, travels every year on foot over the Highlands to the ſeſſion at Aberdeen; and at his

his return, during the vacation, teaches to read and write in his native iſland.

In Skie there are two grammar ſchools, where boarders are taken to be regularly educated. The price of board is from 3l. to 4l. 10s. a year, and that of inſtruction is 2s. 6d. a quarter. But the ſcholars are birds of paſſage, who live at ſchool only in the ſummer; for in winter proviſions cannot be made for any conſiderable number in one place. This periodical diſperſion impreſſes ſtrongly the ſcarcity of theſe countries.

Having heard of no boarding-ſchool for ladies nearer than Inverneſs, I ſuppoſe their education is generally domeſtic. The elder daughters of the higher families are ſent into the world, and may contribute by their acquiſitions to the improvement of the reſt.

Women muſt here ſtudy to be either pleaſing or uſeful. Their deficiencies are ſeldom ſupplied by very liberal fortunes. A hundred pounds is a portion beyond the hope of any but the laird's daughter. They do not indeed often give money with their daughters; the queſtion is, how many cows a young lady will bring her huſband. A rich maiden has from ten to forty; but two cows are a decent fortune for one who pretends to no diſtinction.

The religion of the iſlands is that of the kirk of Scotland. The gentlemen with whom I converſed are all inclined to the Engliſh liturgy; but they are obliged to maintain the eſtabliſhed miniſter, and the country is too poor to afford payment to another, who muſt live wholly on the contribution of his audience.

They therefore all attend the worſhip of the kirk, as often as a viſit from their miniſter, or the

the practicability of travelling gives them opportunity; nor have they any reaſon to complain of inſufficient paſtors; for I ſaw not one in the iſlands, whom I had reaſon to think either deficient in learning, or irregular in life; but found ſeveral with whom I could not converſe without wiſhing, as my reſpect increaſed, that they had not been Preſbyterians.

The ancient rigour of puritaniſm is now very much relaxed, though all are not yet equally enlightened. I ſometimes met with prejudices ſufficiently malignant, but they were prejudices of ignorance*. The miniſters in the iſlands had attained ſuch knowledge as may juſtly be admired in men, who have no motive to ſtudy, but generous curioſity, or, what is ſtill better, deſire of uſefulneſs; with ſuch politeneſs as ſo narrow a circle of converſe could not have ſupplied, but to minds naturally diſpoſed to elegance.

Reaſon and truth will prevail at laſt. The moſt learned of the Scottiſh doctors would now gladly admit a form of prayer, if the people would endure it. The zeal or rage of congregations has its different degrees. In ſome pariſhes the lord's prayer is ſuffered, in others it is ſtill rejected as a form; and he that ſhould make it part of his ſupplication would be ſuſpected of heretical pravity.

The principle upon which extemporary payer was originally introduced is no longer admitted. The miniſter formerly, in the effuſion of his prayer, expected immediate, and perhaps perceptible inſpiration, and therefore thought it is his

* Are we to aſcribe Dr. Johnſon's prejudices to malignity or ignorance? Every liberal mind will pity his bigotry.

duty

duty not to think before what he ſhould ſay. It is now univerſally confeſſed, that men pray as they ſpeak on other occaſions, according to the general meaſure of their abilities and attainments. Whatever each may think of a form preſcribed by another, he cannot but believe that he can himſelf compoſe by ſtudy and meditation a better prayer than will riſe in his mind at a ſudden call; and if he has any hope of ſupernatural help, why may he not as well receive it when he writes as when he ſpeaks?

In the variety of mental powers, ſome muſt perform extemporary prayer with much imperfection; and in the eagerneſs and raſhneſs of contradictory opinions, if public liturgy be left to the private judgment of every miniſter, the congregation may often be offended or miſled *.

The political tenets of the Iſlanders I was not curious to inveſtigate, and they were not eager to obtrude. Their converſation is decent and inoffenſive. They diſdain to drink for their principles, and there is no diſaffection at their tables. I never heard a health offered by a Highlander that might not have circulated with propriety within the precincts of the king's palace.

Legal government has yet ſomething of novelty to which they cannot perfectly conform. The ancient ſpirit that appealed only to the ſword, is yet among them. The tenant of Scalpa, an iſland belonging to Macdonald, took no care

* To ſuch as prefer extemporary to a preſcribed form of prayer, we wiſh to recommend a ſerious attention to our author's arguments in favour of the latter. The ſuperior advantages of a public liturgy are evident to every reflecting mind.

to

to bring his rent; when the landlord talked of exacting payment, he declared his reſolution to keep his ground, and drive all intruders from the iſland, and continued to feed his cattle as on his own land, till it became neceſſary for the ſheriff to diſlodge him by violence.

The various kinds of ſuperſtition which prevailed here, as in all other regions of ignorance, are by the diligence of the miniſters almoſt extirpated.

Of Browny, mentioned by Martin, nothing has been heard for many years. Browny was a ſturdy fairy; who, if he was fed, and kindly treated, would, as they ſaid, do a great deal of work. They now pay him no wages, and are content to labour for themſelves.

In Troda, within theſe three-and-thirty years, milk was put every Saturday for Greogach, or the old man with the long beard. Whether Greogach was courted as kind, or dreaded as terrible; whether they meant, by giving him the milk, to obtain good, or avert the evil, I was not informed. The miniſter is now living by whom the practice was aboliſhed.

They have ſtill among them a great number of charms for the cure of different diſeaſes; they are all invocations, perhaps tranſmitted to them from times of propery, which increaſing knowledge will bring into diſuſe.

They have opinions, which cannot be ranked with ſuperſtition, becauſe they regard only natural effects. They expect better crops of grain, by ſowing their ſeed in the moon's increaſe. The moon has great influence in vulgar philoſophy. In my memory it was a precept annually given in

in one of the Engliſh almanacks, to kill hogs when the moon was increaſing, and the bacon would prove the better in boiling.

We ſhould have had little claim to the praiſe of curioſity, if we had not endeavoured with particular attention to examine the queſtion of the ſecond ſight. Of an opinion received for centuries by a whole nation, and ſuppoſed to be confirmed through its whole deſcent, by a ſeries of ſucceſſive facts, it is deſirable that the truth ſhould be eſtabliſhed, or the fallacy detected.

The ſecond ſight is an impreſſion made either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things diſtant or future are perceived, and ſeen as if they were preſent. A man on a journey far from home falls from his horſe; another, who is perhaps at work about the houſe, ſees him bleeding on the ground, commonly with a landſcape of the place where the accident befals him. Another ſeer, driving home his cattle, or wandering in idleneſs, or muſing in the ſunſhine, is ſuddenly ſurpriſed by the appearance of a bridal ceremony, or funeral proceſſion, and counts the mourners or attendants, of whom, if he knows them, he relates the names, if he knows them not, he can deſcribe the dreſſes. Things diſtant are ſeen at the inſtant when they happen. Of things future I know not that there is any rule for determining the time between the ſight and the event.

This receptive faculty, for power it cannot be called, is neither voluntary nor conſtant. The appearances have no dependance upon choice: they cannot be ſummoned, detained, or recalled. The impreſſion is ſudden, and the effect often painful.

I do not find it to be true, as it is reported, that to the ſecond ſight nothing is preſented but phantoms of evil. Good ſeems to have the ſame proportion in thoſe viſionary ſcenes, as it obtains in real life: almoſt all remarkable events have evil for their baſis; and are either miſeries incurred, or miſeries eſcaped. Our ſenſe is ſo much ſtronger of what we ſuffer, than of what we enjoy, that the ideas of pain predominate in almoſt every mind. What is recollection but a revival of vexations, or hiſtory but a record of wars, treaſons, and calamities! Death, which is conſidered as the greateſt evil, happens to all. The greateſt good, be it what it will, is the lot but of a part.

That they ſhould often ſee death is to be expected; becauſe death is an event frequent and important. But they ſee likewiſe more pleaſing incidents. A gentleman told me, that when he had once gone far from his own iſland, one of his labouring ſervants predicted his return, and deſcribed the livery of his attendant, which he had never worn at home; and which had been, without any previous deſign, occaſionally given him.

Our deſire of information was keen, and our inquiry frequent. Mr. Boſwell's frankneſs and gaiety made every body communicative; and we heard many tales of theſe airy ſhows, with more or leſs evidence and diſtinctneſs.

It is the common talk of the Lowland Scots, that the notion of the ſecond ſight is wearing away with other ſuperſtitions; and that its reality is no longer ſuppoſed, but by the groſſeſt people. How far its prevalence ever extended, or what ground it has loſt, I know not. The iſlanders of all degrees, whether of rank or underſtanding

derſtanding, univerſally admit it; except the miniſters, who univerſally deny it, and are ſuſpected to deny it, in conſequence of a ſyſtem, againſt conviction. One of them honeſtly told me, that he came to Skie with a reſolution not to believe it.

By pretenſion to ſecond ſight, no profit was ever ſought or gained. It is an involuntary affection, in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Thoſe who profeſs to feel it, do not boaſt of it as a privilege, nor are conſidered by others as advantageouſly diſtinguiſhed. They have no temptation to feign; and their hearers have no motive to encourage the impoſture.

To talk with any of theſe ſeers is not eaſy. There is one living in Skie, with whom we would have gladly converſed; but he was very groſs and ignorant, and knew no Engliſh. The proportion in theſe countries of the poor to the rich is ſuch, that if we ſuppoſe the quality to be accidental, it can very rarely happen to a man of education; and yet on ſuch men it has ſometimes fallen. There is now a ſecond-ſighted gentleman in the Highlands, who complains of the terrors to which he is expoſed.

The foreſight of the ſeers is not always preſcience: they are impreſſed with images, of which the event only ſhews them the meaning. They tell what they have ſeen to others, who are at that time not more knowing than themſelves, but may become at laſt very adequate witneſſes, by comparing the narrative with its verification.

To collect ſufficient teſtimonies for the ſatisfaction of the public, or of ourſelves, would have required more time than we could beſtow. There is, againſt it, the ſeeming analogy of things con-

fuſedly ſeen, and little underſtood; and for it, the indiſtinct cry of national perſuaſion, which may be perhaps reſolved at laſt into prejudice and tradition. I never could advance my curioſity to conviction; but came away at laſt only willing to believe *.

As there ſubſiſts no longer in the iſlands much of that peculiar and diſcriminative form of life, of which the idea had delighted our imagination, we were willing to liſten to ſuch accounts of paſt times as would be given us. But we ſoon found what memorials were to be expected from an illiterate people, whoſe whole time is a ſeries of diſtreſs; where every morning is labouring with expedients for the evening; and where all mental pains or pleaſure aroſe from the dread of winter, the expectation of ſpring, the caprices of their chiefs, and the motions of the neighbouring clans: where there was neither ſhame from ignorance, nor pride in knowledge; neither curioſity to inquire, nor vanity to communicate.

The chiefs indeed were exempt from urgent penury, and daily difficulties; and in their houſes were preſerved what accounts remained of paſt ages. But the chiefs were ſometimes ignorant and careleſs, and ſometimes kept buſy by turbulence and contention; and one generation of ignorance effaces the whole ſeries of unwritten hiſtory. Books are faithful repoſitories, which may be a while neglected or forgotten; but when they are opened again, will again impart their inſtruction; memory once interrupted, is not to be recalled. Written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it has paſt

* A believer in the Cock-lane ghoſt could have little difficulty in believing this. Superſtition is ever credulous.

away,

away, is again bright in its proper ſtation. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if once it falls, cannot be rekindled.

It ſeems to be univerſally ſuppoſed, that much of the local hiſtory was preſerved by the bards, of whom one is ſaid to have been retained by every great family. After theſe bards were ſome of my firſt inquiries; and I received ſuch anſwers as, for a while, made me pleaſe myſelf with my increaſe of knowledge; for I had not then learned how to eſtimate the narration of a Highlander.

They ſaid that a great family had a bard and a ſenachi, who were the poet and hiſtorian of the houſe; and an old gentleman told me that he remembered one of each. Here was a dawn of intelligence. Of men that had lived within memory, ſome certain knowledge might be attained. Though the office had ceaſed, its effects might continue; the poems might be found, though there was no poet.

Another converſation indeed informed me, that the ſame man was both bard and ſenachi. This variation diſcouraged me; but as the practice might be different in different times, or at the ſame time in different families, there was yet no reaſon for ſuppoſing that I muſt neceſſarily ſit down in total ignorance.

Soon after I was told by a gentleman, who is generally acknowledged the greateſt maſter of Hebridian antiquities, that there had indeed once been both bards and ſenachies; and that ſenachi ſignified the man of talk, or of converſation; but that neither bard nor ſenachi had exiſted for ſome centuries. I have no reaſon to ſuppoſe it exactly known at what time the cuſtom ceaſed, nor did it probably ceaſe in all houſes at once. But

whenever the practice of recitation was diſuſed, the works, whether poetical or hiſtorical, periſhed with the authors; for in thoſe times nothing had been written in the Erſe language.

Whether the man of talk was a hiſtorian, whoſe office was to tell truth, or a ſtory-teller, like thoſe which were in the laſt century, and perhaps are now among the Iriſh, whoſe trade was only to amuſe, it now would be vain to inquire.

Moſt of the domeſtic offices were, I believe, hereditary; and probably the laureat of a clan was always the ſon of the laſt laureat. The hiſtory of the race could no otherwiſe be communicated, or retained; but what genius could be expected in a poet by inheritance?

The nation was wholly illiterate. Neither bards nor ſenachies could write or read *; but if they were ignorant, there was no danger of detection; they were believed by thoſe whoſe vanity they flattered.

The recital of genealogies, which has been conſidered as very efficacious to the preſervation of a true ſeries of anceſtry, was anciently made, when the heir of the family came to manly age. This practice has never ſubſiſted within time of memory, nor was much credit due to ſuch rehearſers, who might obtrude fictitious pedigrees, either to pleaſe their maſters, or to hide the deficiency of their own memories.

Where the chiefs of the Highlands have found the hiſtories of their deſcent is difficult to tell; for no Erſe genealogy was ever written. In general this only is evident, that the principal houſe

* How Dr. Johnſon obtained this knowledge, we are at a loſs to diſcern; but it is eaſy to dogmatize.

of

of a clan muſt be very ancient, and that thoſe muſt have lived long in a place, of whom it is not known when they came thither.

Thus hopeleſs are all attempts to find any traces of Highland learning. Nor are their primitive cuſtoms and ancient manner of life otherwiſe than very faintly and uncertainly remembered by the preſent race.

The peculiarities which ſtrike the native of a commercial country, proceeded in a great meaſure from the want of money. To the ſervants and dependants, that were not domeſtics, were appropriated certain portions of land for their ſupport. Macdonald has a piece of ground yet, called the bards or ſenachies field. When a beef was killed for the houſe, particular parts were claimed as fees by the ſeveral officers, or workmen. The head belonged to the ſmith, and the udder of a cow to the piper; the weaver had likewiſe his particular part; and ſo many pieces followed theſe preſcriptive claims, that the laird's was at laſt but little.

The payment of rent in kind has been ſo long diſuſed in England, that it is totally forgotten. It was practiſed very lately in the Hebrides, and probably ſtill continues, not only in St. Kilda, where money is not yet known, but in others of the ſmaller and remoter iſlands. It were perhaps to be deſired, that no change in this particular ſhould have been made. When the laird could only eat the produce of his lands, he was under the neceſſity of reſiding upon them; and when the tenant could not convert his ſtock into more portable riches, he could never be tempted away from his farm, from the only place where he could be wealthy. Money confounds ſubordination,

dination, by overpowering the diſtinctions of rank and birth, and weakens authority by ſupplying power of reſiſtance, or expedients for eſcape. The feudal ſyſtem is formed for a nation employed in agriculture, and has never long kept its hold where gold and ſilver have become common.

Their arms were anciently the claymore, or great two-handed ſword, and afterwards the two-edged ſword and target, or buckler, which was ſuſtained on the left arm. In the midſt of the target, which was made of wood, covered with leather, and ſtudded with nails, a ſlender lance, about two feet long, was ſometimes fixed; it was heavy and cumberous, and accordingly has for ſome time paſt been gradually laid aſide. The Lochaber-ax is only a ſlight alteration of the old Engliſh bill.

The Highland weapons gave opportunity for many exertions of perſonal courage, and ſometimes for ſingle combats in the field; like thoſe which occur ſo frequently in fabulous wars. At Falkirk, a gentleman now living, was, I ſuppoſe after the retreat of the king's troops, engaged at a diſtance from the reſt with an Iriſh dragoon. They were both ſkilful ſwordſmen, and the conteſt was not eaſily decided: the dragoon at laſt had the advantage, and the Highlander called for quarter; but quarter was refuſed him, and the fight continued till he was reduced to defend himſelf upon his knee. At that inſtant one of the Macleods came to his reſcue; who, as it is ſaid, offered quarter to the dragoon, but he thought himſelf obliged to reject what he had before refuſed, and, as battle gives little time to deliberate, was immediately killed.

Funerals

Funerals were formerly ſolemnized by calling multitudes together, and entertaining them at great expence. This emulation of uſeleſs coſt has been for ſome time diſcouraged, and at laſt in the Iſle of Skie is almoſt ſuppreſſed.

Of the Erſe language, as I underſtand nothing, I cannot ſay more than I have been told *. It is the rude ſpeech of a barbarous people, who had few thoughts to expreſs, and were content, as they conceived groſsly, to be groſsly underſtood. After what has been lately talked of Highland bards, and Highland genius, many will ſtartle when they are told, that the Erſe never was a written language; that there is not in the world an Erſe manuſcript a hundred years old; and that the ſounds of the Highlanders were never expreſſed by letters, till ſome little books of piety

* Being equally ignorant as our author of the Erſe language, we pretend not to enter into the diſpute reſpecting its antiquity, or the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian; but feeling neither biaſed by prejudice nor partiality, we cannot forbear remarking, that monumental inſcriptions in the ancient Iriſh character, ſtill, or lately did exiſt in Jona; that this iſland, by unanimous conſent, has been reputed the retreat of learning, when it was baniſhed from the reſt of Europe; and that it is very improbable men could not read or write what they could engrave. We believe Erſe is conſidered only as a corrupt dialect of the Iriſh; and, therefore, it was no more neceſſary to write in the former, than for a Yorkſhireman to have books printed in his native brogue. There are numerous inſtances of nations having retrograded in learning and civilization: many centuries ago, the Highlanders might be worthy of an Oſſian; and, after having, to the beſt of our judgment, impartially weighed the evidence on both ſides, we cannot allow Macpherſon the ſole merit of the exquiſite poetry he has publiſhed under the name of the firſt of the Highland bards. He may have improved, but he could not invent his ſubject.

were

were tranſlated, and a metrical verſion of the Pſalms was made by the ſynod of Argyle. Whoever, therefore, now writes in this language, ſpells according to his own perception of the ſound, and his own idea of the power of the letters. The Welſh and the Iriſh are cultivated tongues. The Welſh, two hundred years ago, inſulted their Engliſh neighbours for the inſtability of their orthography; while the Erſe merely floated in the breath of the people, and could therefore receive little improvement.

That the bards could not read more than the reſt of their countrymen, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe; becauſe, if they had read, they could probably have written; and how high their compoſitions may reaſonably be rated, an inquirer may beſt judge, by conſidering what ſtores of imagery, what principles of ratiocination, what comprehenſion of knowledge, and what delicacy of elocution he has known any man attain who cannot read. The ſtate of the bards was yet more hopeleſs. He that cannot read, may now converſe with thoſe that can; but the bard was a barbarian among barbarians, who, knowing nothing himſelf, lived with others that knew no more.

The Erſe has many dialects, and the words uſed in ſome iſlands are not always known in others. In literate nations, though the pronunciation, and ſometimes the words of common ſpeech may differ, as now in England, compared with the ſouth of Scotland, yet there is a written diction, which pervades all dialects, and is underſtood in every province. But where the whole language is colloquial, he that has only one part, never gets the reſt, as he cannot get it but by change of reſidence.

In

In an unwritten ſpeech, nothing that is not very ſhort is tranſmitted from one generation to another. Few have opportunities of hearing a long compoſition often enough to learn it, or have inclination to repeat it ſo often as is neceſſary to retain it; and what is once forgotten is loſt for ever I believe there cannot be recovered, in the whole Erſe language, five hundred lines of which there is any evidence to prove them a hundred years old. Yet, I hear, that the father of Oſſian boaſts of two cheſts more of ancient poetry, which he ſuppreſſes, becauſe they are too good for the Engliſh.

He that goes into the Highlands with a mind naturally acquieſcent, and a credulity eager for wonders, may come back with an opinion very different from mine; for the inhabitants, knowing the ignorance of all ſtrangers in their language and antiquities, perhaps are not very ſcrupulous adherents to truth; yet I do not ſay that they deliberately ſpeak ſtudied falſehood, or have a ſettled purpoſe to deceive. They have inquired and conſidered little, and do not always feel their own ignorance. They are not much accuſtomed to be interrogated by others; and ſeem never to have thought upon interrogating themſelves; ſo that if they do not know what they tell to be true, they likewiſe do not diſtinctly perceive it to be falſe.

Mr. Boſwell was very diligent in his inquiries; and the reſult of his inveſtigations was, that the anſwer to the ſecond queſtion was commonly ſuch as nullified the anſwer to the firſt.

We were awhile told, that they had an old tranſlation of the ſcriptures; and told it till it would appear obſtinacy to inquire again. Yet,

by

by continued accumulation of queſtions we found, that the tranſlation meant, if any meaning there were, was nothing more than the Iriſh bible.

We heard of manuſcripts that were, or that had been in the hands of ſomebody's father, or grandfather; but at laſt we had no reaſon to believe they were other than Iriſh. Martin mentions Iriſh, but never any Erſe manuſcripts to be found in the iſlands in his time.

I ſuppoſe my opinion of the poems of Oſſian is already diſcovered. I believe they never exiſted in any other form than that which we have ſeen. The editor, or author, never could ſhew the original; nor can it be ſhewn by any other; to revenge reaſonable incredulity, by refuſing evidence is a degree of inſolence, with which the world is not yet acquainted; and ſtubborn audacity is the laſt refuge of guilt. It would be eaſy to ſhew it if he had it; but whence could it be had? It is too long to be remembered, and the language formerly had nothing written. He has doubtleſs inſerted names that circulate in popular ſtories, and may have tranſlated ſome wandering ballads, if any can be found; and the names, and ſome of the images being recollected, make an inaccurate auditor imagine, by the help of Caledonian bigotry, that he has formerly heard the whole.

I aſked a very learned miniſter in Skie, who had uſed all the arts to make me believe the genuineneſs of the book, whether, at laſt, he believed it himſelf? but he would not anſwer. He wiſhed me to be deceived, for the honour of his country; but would not directly and formally deceive me. Yet has this man's teſtimony been publicly

publicly produced, as one that held Fingal to be the work of Oſſian.

It is ſaid, that ſome men of integrity profeſs to have heard parts of it, but they all heard them when they were boys; and it was never ſaid that any of them could recite ſix lines. They remember names, and, perhaps, ſome proverbial ſentiments; and, having no diſtinct ideas, coin a reſemblance without an original. The perſuaſion of the Scots, however, is far from univerſal; and in a queſtion ſo capable of proof, why ſhould doubt be ſuffered to continue? The editor has been heard to ſay, that part of the poem was received by him, in the Saxon character. He has then found, by ſome peculiar fortune, an unwritten language, written in a character which the natives probably never beheld.

I have yet ſuppoſed no impoſture but in the publiſher, yet I am far from certainty, that ſome tranſlations have not been lately made, that may now be obtruded as parts of the original work. Credulity on one part is a ſtrong temptation to deceit on the other, eſpecially to deceit of which no perſonal injury is the conſequence, and which flatters the author with his own ingenuity. The Scots have ſomething to plead for their eaſy reception of an improbable fiction: they are ſeduced by their fondneſs for their ſuppoſed anceſtors. A Scotchman muſt be a very ſturdy moraliſt who does not love Scotland better than truth; he will always love it better than inquiry: and if falſehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it. Neither ought the Engliſh to be much influenced by Scotch authority; for of the paſt and preſent ſtate of the whole Erſe nation, the Lowlanders are, at leaſt,

as ignorant as ourſelves. To be ignorant is painful; but it is dangerous to quiet our uneaſineſs by the deluſive opiate of haſty perſuaſion.

But this is the age in which thoſe who could not read have been ſuppoſed to write, in which the giants of antiquated romance have been exhibited as realities. If we know little of the ancient Highlanders, let us not fill the vacuity with Oſſian. If we have not ſearched the Magellanic regions, let us, however, forbear to people them with Patagons*.

Having waited ſome days at Armidel, we were flattered at laſt with a wind that promiſed to convey us to Mull. We went on board a boat that was taking in kelp, and left the Iſle of Skie behind us. We were doomed to experience, like others, the danger of truſting to the wind, which blew againſt us, in a ſhort time, with ſuch violence, that we, being no ſeaſoned ſailors, were willing to call it a tempeſt. I was ſea-ſick and lay down. Mr. Boſwell kept the deck. The maſter knew not well whither to go; and our difficulties might, perhaps, have filled a very pathetic page, had not Mr. Maclean of Col, who, with every other qualification which inſular life requires, is a very active and ſkilful mariner, piloted us ſafe into his own harbour.

In the morning, we found ourſelves under the Iſle of Col, where we landed, and paſſed the firſt day and night with Captain Maclean; a gentleman who has lived ſome time in the Eaſt Indies,

* We have retained the whole of our author's arguments on this ſubject; the correſpondence to which it led is well known.

but having dethroned no nabob, is not too rich to ſettle in his own country.

Next day the wind was fair, and we might have had an eaſy paſſage to Mull; but having, contrary to our own intention, landed upon a new iſland, we would not leave it wholly unexamined. We therefore ſuffered the veſſel to depart without us, and truſted the ſkies for another wind.

Mr. Maclean of Col, having a very numerous family, has, for ſome time paſt, reſided at Aberdeen, that he may ſuperintend their education, and leaves the young gentleman, our friend, to govern his dominions, with the full power of a Highland chief. By the abſence of the laird's family, our entertainment was made more difficult, becauſe the houſe was, in a great degree, diſfurniſhed; but young Col's kindneſs and activity ſupplied all defects, and procured us more than ſufficient accommodation.

Here I firſt mounted a little Highland ſteed; and if there had been many ſpectators, ſhould have been ſomewhat aſhamed of my figure in the march. The horſes of the iſlands, as of other barren countries, are very low: they are, indeed, muſculous and ſtrong, beyond what their ſize gives reaſon for expecting; but a bulky man upon one of their backs makes a very diſproportionate appearance.

From the habitation of Captain Maclean, we went to Griſſipol, but called by the way on Mr. Hector Maclean, the miniſter of Col, whom we found in a hut, that is, a houſe of only one floor, but with windows and chimney, and not inelegantly furniſhed. Mr. Maclean has the reputation of great learning; he is ſeventy-ſeven years old, but not infirm, with a look of venerable

dignity, excelling what I remember in any other man.

His converſation was not unſuitable to his appearance. I loſt ſome of his good will, by treating a heretical writer with more regard than, in his opinion, a heretic could deſerve *. I honoured his orthodoxy, and did not much cenſure his aſperity. A man who has ſettled his opinions, does not love to have the tranquillity of his conviction diſturbed; and at ſeventy-ſeven it is time to be in earneſt.

He has no public edifice for the exerciſe of his miniſtry; and can officiate to no greater number, than a room can contain, and the room of a hut is not very large. This is all the opportunity of worſhip that is now granted to the inhabitants of the iſland, ſome of whom muſt travel thither perhaps ten miles. Two chapels were erected by their anceſtors, of which I ſaw the ſkeletons, which now ſtand faithful witneſſes of the triumph of Reformation.

The want of churches is not the only impediment to piety: there is likewiſe a want of miniſters. A pariſh often contains more iſlands than one; and each iſland can have the miniſter only in it's own turn. At Raaſay they had, I think, a right to ſervice only every third Sunday. All the proviſion made by the preſent eccleſiaſtical conſtitution, for the inhabitants of about a hundred ſquare miles, is a prayer and ſermon in a little room, once in three weeks: and even this parſimonious diſtribution is at the mercy of the weather: and in thoſe iſlands where the miniſter

* This ſhews that Dr. Johnſon frequently contended for victory rather than truth.

does

does not reſide, it is impoſſible to tell how many weeks or months may paſs without any public exerciſe of religion.

After a ſhort converſation with Mr. Maclean, we went on to Griſſipol, a houſe and farm tenanted by Mr. Macſweyn, where I ſaw more of the ancient life of a Highlander than I had yet found. Mrs. Macſewyn could ſpeak no Engliſh, and had never ſeen any other places than the iſlands of Skie, Mull, and Col: but ſhe was hoſpitable and good-humoured, and ſpread her table with ſufficient liberality. We found tea here, as in every other place, but our ſpoons were of horn.

The houſe of Griſſipol ſtands by a brook very clear and quick; which is, I ſuppoſe, one of the moſt copious ſtreams in the iſland. This place was the ſcene of an action, much celebrated in the traditional hiſtory of Col, but which probably no two relaters will tell alike.

From Griſſipol, Mr. Maclean conducted us to his father's ſeat; a neat new houſe, erected near the old caſtle, I think, by the laſt proprietor. Here we were allowed to take our ſtation, and lived very commodiouſly, while we waited for moderate weather and a fair wind, which we did not ſo ſoon obtain, but we had time to get ſome information of the preſent ſtate of Col, partly by inquiry, and partly by occaſional excurſions.

Col is computed to be thirteen miles in length, and three in breadth. Both the ends are the property of the Duke of Argyle, but the middle belongs to Maclean, who is called Col, as the only laird.

Col is not properly rocky; it is rather one continued rock, of a ſurface much diverſified with protuberances, and covered with a thin layer of

earth, which is often broken, and diſcovers the ſtone. Such a ſoil is not for plants that ſtrike deep roots; and perhaps in the whole iſland nothing has ever yet grown to the height of a table. The uncultivated parts are clothed with heath, among which induſtry has interſperſed ſpots of graſs and corn; but no attempt has yet been made to raiſe a tree. Young Col, who has a very laudable deſire of improving his patrimony, purpoſes ſome time to plant an orchard; which, if it be ſheltered by a wall, may perhaps ſucceed. He has introduced the culture of turnips, of which he has a field, where the whole work was performed by his own hand. His intention is to provide food for his cattle in the winter. This innovation was conſidered by Mr. Macſewyn as the idle project of a young head, heated with Engliſh fancies; but he has now found that turnips will really grow, and that hungry ſheep and cows will really eat them.

By ſuch acquiſitions as theſe, the Hebrides may, in time, riſe above their annual diſtreſs. Wherever heath will grow, there is reaſon to think ſomething better may draw nouriſhment; and by trying the production of other places, plants will be found ſuitable to every ſoil.

Col has many lochs, ſome of which have trouts and eels, and others have never yet been ſtocked: another proof of the negligence of the iſlanders, who might take fiſh in the inland waters, when they cannot go to ſea.

Their quadrupeds are horſes, cows, ſheep, and goats. They have neither deer, hares, nor rabbits. They have no vermin, except rats, which have been lately brought thither by ſea, as to other

other places; and are free from ſerpents, frogs, and toads.

The harveſt in Col, and in Lewis, is ripe ſooner than in Skie, and the winter in Col is never cold, but very tempeſtuous. I know not that I ever heard the wind ſo loud in any other place.

Noiſe is not the worſt effect of the tempeſts; for they have thrown the ſand from the ſhore over a conſiderable part of the land; and it is ſaid ſtill to encroach and deſtroy more and more paſture; but I am not of opinion, that by any ſurveys or landmarks, its limits have been ever fixed, or its progreſſion aſcertained. If one man has confidence enough to ſay, that it advances, nobody can bring any proof to ſupport him in denying it. The reaſon why it is not ſpread to a greater extent, ſeems to be, that the wind and rain come almoſt together, and that it is made cloſe and heavy by the wet before the ſtorms can put it in motion. So thick is the bed, and ſo ſmall the particles, that if a traveller ſhould be caught by a ſudden guſt in dry weather, he would find it very difficult to eſcape with life.

For natural curioſities, I was ſhewn only two great maſſes of ſtone, which lie looſe upon the ground; one on the top of a hill, and the other at a ſmall diſtance from the bottom. All nations have a tradition, that their earlieſt anceſtors were giants, and theſe ſtones are ſaid to have been thrown up and down by a giant and his miſtreſs. There are ſo many more important things, of which human knowledge can give no account, that it may be forgiven us, if we ſpeculate no longer on two ſtones in Col.

This iſland is very populous. About nine-and-twenty years ago the fencible men of Col were reckoned

reckoned one hundred and forty, which is the ſixth of eight hundred and forty; and probably ſome contrived to be left out of the liſt. The miniſter told us, that a few years ago the inhabitants were eight hundred, between the ages of ſeven and of ſeventy. Round numbers are ſeldom exact. But in this caſe the authority is good, and the error likely to be little. If to the eight hundred be added what the laws of computation require, they will be increaſed to at leaſt a thouſand; and if the dimenſions of the country have been accurately related, every mile maintains more than twenty-five.

This proportion of habitation is greater than the appearance of the country ſeems to admit; for wherever the eye wanders, it ſees much waſte and little cultivation. I am more inclined to extend the land, of which no meaſure has ever been taken, than to diminiſh the people, who have been really numbered.

Here, as in Skie and other iſlands, are the laird, the tackſmen, and the under tenants.

Mr. Maclean, the laird, has very extenſive poſſeſſions, being proprietor, not only of far the greater part of Col, but of the extenſive Iſland of Rum, and a very conſiderable territory in Mull.

Rum is one of the larger iſlands, almoſt ſquare, and therefore of great capacity in proportion to its ſides. By the uſual method of eſtimating computed extent, it may contain more than a hundred and twenty ſquare miles.

It originally belonged to Clanronald, and was purchaſed by Col; who, in ſome diſpute about the bargain, made Clanronald priſoner, and kept him nine months in confinement. Its owner repreſents

preſents it as mountainous, rugged, and barren. In the hills there are red deer. The horſes are very ſmall, but of a breed eminent for beauty. Col, not long ago, bought one of them from a tenant; who told him, that as he was of a ſhape uncommonly elegant, he could not ſell him but at a high price; and that whoever had him ſhould pay a guinea and a half.

There are ſaid to be in Barra, a race of horſes yet ſmaller, of which the higheſt is not above thirty-ſix inches.

The rent of Rum is not great. Mr. Maclean declared, that he ſhould be very rich, if he could ſet his land at twopence halfpenny an acre. The inhabitants are fifty-eight families, who continued Papiſts for ſome time after the laird became a Proteſtant. Their adherence to their old religion was ſtrengthened by the countenance of the laird's ſiſter, a zealous Romaniſt, till one Sunday, as they were going to maſs under the conduct of their patroneſs, Maclean met them on the way, gave one of them a blow on the head with a yellow ſtick, I ſuppoſe a cane, for which the Erſe had no name, and drove them to the kirk, from which they have never departed. Since the uſe of this method of converſion, the inhabitants of Egg and Canna, who continue Papiſts, call the Proteſtantiſm of Rum, the religion of the yellow ſtick.

The only Popiſh iſlands are Egg and Canna. Egg is the principal iſland of a pariſh, in which, though he has no congregation, the Proteſtant miniſter reſides. I have heard of nothing curious in it, but the cave, in which a former generation of the iſlanders were ſmothered by Macleod.

If

If we had travelled with more leiſure, it had not been fit to have neglected the Popiſh iſlands. Popery is favourable to ceremony; and among ignorant nations, ceremony is the only preſervative of tradition. Since Proteſtantiſm was extended to the ſavage parts of Scotland, it has perhaps been one of the chief labours of the miniſters to aboliſh ſtated obſervances, becauſe they continued the remembrance of the former religion. We, therefore, who came to hear old traditions, and ſee antiquated manners, ſhould probably have found them amongſt the Papiſts*.

Canna, the other Popiſh iſland, belongs to Clanronald. It is ſaid to compriſe more than twelve miles of land, and yet maintains as many inhabitants as Rum.

Wherever we roved, we were pleaſed to ſee the reverence with which Col's ſubjects regarded him. He did not endeavour to dazzle them by any magnificence of dreſs: his only diſtinction was a feather in his bonnet; but as ſoon as he appeared, they forſook their work and cluſtered about him: he took them by the hand, and they ſeemed mutually delighted. He has the proper diſpoſition of a chieftain, and ſeems deſirous to continue the cuſtoms of his houſe. The bagpiper played regularly, when dinner was ſerved, whoſe perſon and dreſs made a good appearance; and he brought no diſgrace upon the family of Rankin, which has long ſupplied the lairds of Col with hereditary muſick.

* It is to be regretted, that Dr. Johnſon did not viſit the Popiſh iſlands, though other touriſts have recorded nothing remarkable in them, except their liberality of religious ſentiment.

The

The tackſmen of Col ſeem to live with leſs dignity and convenience than thoſe of Skie; where they had good houſes, and tables not only plentiful, but delicate. In Col only two houſes pay the window tax; for only two have ſix windows.

The rents have, till within ſeven years, been paid in kind, but the tenants finding that cattle and corn varied in their price, deſired for the future to give their landlord money; which, not having yet arrived at the philoſophy of commerce, they conſider as being every year of the ſame value.

We were told of a particular mode of undertenure. The tackſman admits ſome of his inferior neighbours to the cultivation of his grounds, on condition, that performing all the work, and giving a third part of the ſeed, they ſhall keep a certain number of cows, ſheep, and goats, and reap a third part of the harveſt. Thus by leſs than the tillage of two acres they pay the rent of one.

There are tenants below the rank of tackſmen, that have got ſmaller tenants under them; for in every place, where money is not the general equivalent, there muſt be ſome whoſe labour is immediately paid by daily food.

A country that has no money, is by no means convenient for beggars, both becauſe ſuch countries are commonly poor, and becauſe charity requires ſome trouble and ſome thought. Yet beggars there ſometimes are, who wander from iſland to iſland. We had, in our paſſage to Mull, the company of a woman and her child, who had exhauſted the charity of Col. The arrival of a beggar on an iſland is accounted a ſiniſtrous event,

event. Every body conſiders that he ſhall have the leſs for what he gives away. Their alms, I believe, is generally oatmeal.

Near to Col is another iſland, called Tireye, eminent for its fertility. Though it has but half the extent of Rum, it is ſo well peopled, that there have appeared, not long ago, nine hundred and fourteen at a funeral. The plenty of this iſland enticed beggars to it, who ſeemed ſo burdenſome to the inhabitants, that a formal compact was drawn up, by which they obliged themſelves to grant no more relief to caſual wanderers, becauſe they had among them an indigent woman of high birth, whom they conſidered as entitled to all they could ſpare. I have read the ſtipulation, which was indited with juridical formality, but was never made valid by regular ſubſcription.

If the inhabitants of Col have nothing to give, it is not that they are oppreſſed by their landlord: their leaſes ſeem to be very profitable. One farmer, who pays only ſeven pounds a year, has maintained ſeven daughters and three ſons, of whom the eldeſt is educated at Aberdeen for the miniſtry; and now, at every vacation, opens a ſchool in Col.

Life is here, in ſome reſpects, improved beyond the condition of ſome other iſlands. In Skie, what is wanted can only be bought, as the arrival of ſome wandering pedlar may afford an opportunity; but in Col there is a ſtanding ſhop, and in Mull there are two. A ſhop in the iſlands, as in other places of little frequentation, is a repoſitory of every thing requiſite for common uſe. To a man that ranges the ſtreets of London, where he is tempted to contrive wants for the

pleaſure of ſupplying them, a ſhop affords no image worthy of attention: but in an iſland, it turns the balance of exiſtence between good and evil. To live in perpetual want of little things, is a ſtate not indeed of torture, but of conſtant vexation. I have, in Skie, had ſome difficulty to find ink for a letter; and if a woman breaks her needle, the work is at a ſtop.

As it is, the iſlanders are obliged to content themſelves with ſuccedaneous means for many common purpoſes. I have ſeen the chief man of a very wide diſtrict riding with a halter for a bridle, and governing his hobby with a wooden curb.

The people of Col, however, do not want dexterity to ſupply ſome of their neceſſities. Several arts which make trades, and demand apprenticeſhips in great cities, are here the practices of daily economy. In every houſe, candles are made, both moulded and dipped. Their wicks are ſmall ſhreds of linen cloth. They all know how to extract from the cuddy, oil for their lamps. They all tan ſkins, and make brogues.

As we travelled through Skie, we ſaw many cottages, but they very frequently ſtood ſingle on the naked ground. In Col, where the hills opened a place convenient for habitation, we found a petty village, of which every hut had a little garden adjoining; thus they made an appearance of ſocial commerce and mutual offices, and of ſome attention to convenience and future ſupply. There is not in the weſtern iſlands any collection of buildings that can make pretenſions to be called a town, except in the Iſle of Lewis, which I have not ſeen.

If Lewis is diſtinguiſhed by a town, Col has alſo ſomething peculiar. The young laird has

attempted what no iſlander perhaps ever thought on. He has begun a road capable of a wheel-carriage. He has carried it about a mile, and will continue it by annual elongation from his houſe to the harbour.

Of taxes here is no reaſon for complaining; they are paid by a very eaſy compoſition. The malt-tax for Col is twenty ſhillings. Whiſky is very plentiful: there are ſeveral ſtills in the iſland, and more is made than the inhabitants conſume.

The great buſineſs of inſular policy is now to keep the people in their own country. As the world has been let in upon them, they have heard of happier climates, and leſs arbitrary government; and if they are diſguſted, have emiſſaries among them ready to offer them land and houſes, as a reward for deſerting their chief and clan. Many have departed both from the main of Scotland, and from the iſlands; and all that go may be conſidered as ſubjects loſt to the Britiſh crown; for a nation ſcattered in the boundleſs regions of America, reſembles rays diverging from a focus. All the rays remain, but the heat is gone. Their power conſiſted in their concentration: when they are diſperſed, they have no effect.

It may be thought that they are happier by the change; but they are not happy as a nation, for they are a nation no longer. As they contribute not to the proſperity of any community, they muſt want that ſecurity, that dignity, that happineſs, whatever it be, which a proſperous community throws back upon individuals.

The inhabitants of Col have not yet learned to be weary of their heath and rocks, but attend their

their agriculture and their dairies, without liſtening to American ſeducements.

Of antiquity there is not more knowledge in Col than in other places; but every where ſomething may be gleaned.

How ladies were portioned, when there was no money, it would be difficult for an Engliſhman to gueſs. In 1649, Maclean of Dronart in Mull, married his ſiſter Fingala to Maclean of Col, with a hundred and eighty kine; and ſtipulated, that if ſhe became a widow, her jointure ſhould be three hundred and ſixty. I ſuppoſe ſome proportionate tract of land was appropriated to their paſturage.

The diſpoſition to pompous and expenſive funerals, which has at one time or other prevailed in moſt parts of the civilized world, is not yet ſuppreſſed in the iſlands, though ſome of the ancient ſolemnities are worn away, and fingers are no longer hired to attend the proceſſion. Nineteen years ago, at the burial of the laird of Col, were killed thirty cows, and about fifty ſheep. The number of the cows is poſitively told, and we muſt ſuppoſe other victuals in like proportion.

Mr. Maclean informed us of an odd game, of which he did not tell the original, but which may perhaps be uſed in other places, where the reaſon of it is not yet forgot. At New-year's eve, in the hall or caſtle of the laird, where, at feſtal ſeaſons, there may be ſuppoſed a very numerous company, one man dreſſes himſelf in a cow's hide, upon which other men beat with ſticks. He runs with all this noiſe round the houſe, which all the company quits in a counterfeited

fright: the door is then ſhut. At New-year's eve there is no great pleaſure to be had out of doors in the Hebrides. They are ſure ſoon to recover from their terror enough to ſolicit for re-admiſſion; which, for the honour of poetry, is not to be obtained but by repeating a verſe, with which thoſe that are knowing and provident take care to be furniſhed.

Very near the houſe of Maclean ſtands the caſtle of Col, which was the manſion of the laird, till the houſe was built. It is built upon a rock, and having been not long uninhabited, is yet in repair. On the wall was, not long ago, a ſtone with an inſcription, importing, that "if "any man of the clan of Maclonich ſhall ap- "pear before this caſtle, though he come at mid- "night, with a man's head in his hand, he ſhall "there find ſafety and protection againſt all but "the king."

This is an old Highland treaty made upon a very memorable occaſion. Maclean, the ſon of John Gerves, who recovered Col, and conquered Barra, had obtained, it is ſaid, from James II. a grant of the lands of Lochiel, forfeited, I ſuppoſe, by ſome offence againſt the eſtate.

Forfeited eſtates were not in thoſe days quietly reſigned; Maclean, therefore, went with an armed force to ſeize his new poſſeſſions, and I know not for what reaſon, took his wife with him. The Camerons roſe in defence of their chief, and a battle was fought at the head of Loch Neſs, near the place where Fort Auguſtus now ſtands, in which Lochiel obtained the victory, and Maclean, with his followers, was defeated and deſtroyed.

The

The lady fell into the hands of the conquerors, and being found pregnant, was placed in the cuſtody of Maclonich, one of a tribe or family branched from Cameron, with orders, if ſhe brought a boy, to deſtroy him; if a girl, to ſpare her.

Maclonich's wife, who was with child likewiſe, had a girl about the ſame time at which lady Maclean brought a boy, and Maclonich, with more generoſity to his captive, than fidelity to his truſt, contrived that the children ſhould be changed.

Maclean being thus preſerved from death, in time recovered his original patrimony; and in gratitude to his friend, made his caſtle a place of refuge to any of the clan that ſhould think himſelf in danger; and as a proof of reciprocal confidence, Maclean took upon himſelf and his poſterity the care of educating the heir of Maclonich.

This ſtory, like all other traditions of the Highlands, is variouſly related; but though ſome circumſtances are uncertain, the principal fact is true. Maclean undoubtedly owed his preſervation to Maclonich; for the treaty between the two families has been ſtrictly obſerved: it did not ſink into diſuſe and oblivion, but continued in its full force while the chieftains retained their power. I have read a demand of protection, made not more than thirty-ſeven years ago, for one of the Maclonichs, named Ewen Cameron, who had been acceſſory to the death of Macmartin, and had been baniſhed by Lochiel, his lord, for a certain term; at the expiration of which he returned married from France, but the Macmartins, not ſatisfied with the puniſhment,

when he attempted to ſettle, ſtill threatened him with vengeance. He therefore aſked, and obtained ſhelter in the Iſle of Col.

The power of protection ſubſiſts no longer, but what the law permits is yet continued, and Maclean of Col now educates the heir of Maclonich.

There ſtill remains in the iſlands, though it is paſſing faſt away, the cuſtom of foſterage. A laird, a man of wealth and eminence, ſends his child, either male or female, to a tackſman, or tenant, to be foſtered. It is not always his own tenant, but ſome diſtant friend that obtains this honour; for an honour ſuch a truſt is reaſonably thought. The terms of foſterage ſeem to vary in different iſlands. In Mull the father ſends with his child a certain number of cows, to which the ſame number is added by the foſterer. The father appropriates a proportionable extent of ground, without rent, for their paſturage. If every cow brings a calf, half belongs to the foſterer, and half to the child; but if there be only one calf between two cows, it is the child's, and when the child returns to the parents, it is accompanied by all the cows given, both by the father and by the foſterer, with half of the increaſe of the ſtock by propagation. Theſe beaſts are conſidered as a portion, and called Macalive cattle, of which the father has the produce, but is ſuppoſed not to have the full property, but to owe the ſame number to the child, as a portion to the daughter, or a ſtock for the ſon.

Foſterage is, I believe, ſometimes performed upon more liberal terms. Our friend, the young laird of Col, was foſtered by Macſweyn of Griſſipol. Macſweyn then lived a tenant to Sir James Macdonald

Macdonald in the Iſle of Skie; and therefore Col, whether he ſent him cattle or not, could grant him no land. The Dalt, however, at his return, brought back a conſiderable number of Macalive cattle, and of the friendſhip ſo formed there have been good effects. When Macdonald raiſed his rents, Macſweyn was, like other tenants, diſcontented, and, reſigning his farm, removed from Skie to Col, and was eſtabliſhed at Griſſipol.

Theſe obſervations we made by favour of the contrary wind that drove us to Col, an iſland not often viſited; for there is not much to amuſe curioſity, or to attract avarice.

The ground has been hitherto, I believe, uſed chiefly for paſturage. In a diſtrict, ſuch as the eye can command, there is a general herdſman, who knows all the cattle of the neighbourhood, and whoſe ſtation is upon a hill, from which he ſurveys the lower grounds; and if one man's cattle invade another's graſs, drives them back to their own borders. But other means of profit begin to be found; kelp is gathered and burnt, and ſloops are loaded with the concreted aſhes. Cultivation is likely to be improved by the ſkill and encouragement of the preſent heir, and the inhabitants of thoſe obſcure vallies will partake of the general progreſs of life.

The rents of the parts which belong to the Duke of Argyle, have been raiſed from fifty-five to one hundred and five pounds, whether from the land or the ſea I cannot tell. The bounties of the ſea have lately been ſo great, that a farm in South-Uiſt has riſen in ten years from a rent of thirty pounds to one hundred and eighty.

After

After having liſtened for ſome days to the tempeſt, and wandered about the iſland till our curioſity was ſatisfied, we began to think of our departure. To leave Col in October was not very eaſy. We, however, found a ſloop which lay on the coaſt to carry kelp; and for a price which we thought levied upon our neceſſities, the maſter agreed to carry us to Mull, whence we might readily paſs back to Scotland.

As we were to catch the firſt favourable breath, we ſpent the night not very elegantly, nor pleaſantly in the veſſel, and were landed next day at Tabor Morar, a port in Mull, which appears to an unexperienced eye formed for the ſecurity of ſhips; for its mouth is cloſed by a ſmall iſland, which admits them through narrow channels into a baſon ſufficiently capacious. They are indeed ſafe from the ſea, but there is a hollow between the mountains through which the wind iſſues from the land with very miſchievous violence.

There was no danger while we were there, and we found ſeveral other veſſels at anchor; ſo that the port had a very commercial appearance.

The young laird of Col, who had determined not to let us loſe his company, while there was any difficulty remaining, came over with us. His influence ſoon appeared; for he procured us horſes, and conducted us to the houſe of Dr. Maclean, where we found very kind entertainment, and very pleaſing converſation. Miſs Maclean, who was born, and had been bred at Glaſgow, having removed with her father to Mull, added to the other qualifications, a great knowledge of the Erſe language, which ſhe had not learned in her childhood, but gained by ſtudy,

ſtudy, and was the only interpreter of the Erſe poetry that I could ever find.

The Iſle of Mull is perhaps in extent the third of the Hebrides. It is not broken by waters, nor ſhot into promontories, but is a ſolid and compact maſs, of breadth nearly equal to its length. Of the dimenſions of the larger iſlands, there is no knowledge approaching to exactneſs. I am willing to eſtimate it as containing about three hundred ſquare miles.

Mull had ſuffered like Skie by the black winter of ſeventy-one, in which, contrary to all experience, a continued froſt detained the ſnow for eight weeks upon the ground. Againſt a calamity never known, no proviſion had been made, and the people could only pine in helpleſs miſery. One tenant was mentioned, whoſe cattle periſhed to the value of three hundred pounds; a loſs which probably more than the life of man is neceſſary to repair. In countries like theſe, the deſcriptions of famine become intelligible. Where by vigorous and artful cultivation of a ſoil naturally fertile, there is commonly a ſuperfluous growth both of grain and graſs; where the fields are crowded with cattle; and where every hand is able to attract wealth from a diſtance, by making ſomething that promotes eaſe, or gratifies vanity, a dear year produces only a comparative want, which is rather ſeen than felt, and which terminates commonly in no worſe effect, than that of condemning the lower orders of the community to ſacrifice a little luxury to convenience, or at moſt, a little convenience to neceſſity.

But where the climate is unkind, and the ground penurious, ſo that the moſt fruitful years produce

produce only enough to maintain themſelves; where life unimproved and unadorned, fades into ſomething little more than naked exiſtence, and every one is buſy for himſelf, without any arts by which the pleaſure of others may be increaſed; if to the daily burden of diſtreſs any additional weight be added, nothing remains but to deſpair and die. In Mull the diſappointment of harveſt, or a murrain among the cattle, cuts off the regular proviſion; and they who have no manufactures can purchaſe no part of the ſuperfluities of other countries. The conſequence of a bad ſeaſon is here not ſcarcity, but emptineſs; and they whoſe plenty was barely a ſupply of natural and preſent need, when that ſlender ſtock fails, muſt periſh with hunger.

All travel has its advantages. If the paſſenger viſits better countries, he may learn to improve his own, and if fortune carries him to worſe, he may learn to enjoy it*.

Mr. Boſwell's curioſity ſtrongly impelled him to ſurvey Iona, or Icolmkill, which was to the early ages the great ſchool of theology, and is ſuppoſed to have been the place of ſepulture for the ancient kings. I, though leſs eager, did not oppoſe him.

That we might perform this expedition, it was neceſſary to traverſe a great part of Mull. We paſſed a day at Dr. Maclean's, and could have been well contented to ſtay longer. But Col provided us horſes, and we purſued our journey. This was a day of inconvenience, for the country is very rough, and my horſe was but little. We travelled many hours through a tract,

* We wiſh to impreſs this juſt and elegant ſentiment on our readers' minds.

black

black and barren, in which, however, there were the relics of humanity; for we found a ruined chapel in our way.

It is natural, in traverſing this gloom of deſolation, to inquire, whether ſomething may not be done to give nature a more cheerful face, and whether thoſe hills and moors, that afford heath, cannot with a little care and labour bear ſomething better. The firſt thought that occurs, is to cover them with trees, for that in many of theſe naked regions trees will grow, is evident, becauſe ſtumps and roots are yet remaining; and the ſpeculatiſt haſtily proceeds to cenſure that negligence and lazineſs that has omitted for ſo long a time ſo eaſy an improvement.

To drop ſeeds into the ground, and attend their growth, requires little labour and no ſkill. He who remembers that all the woods by which the wants of man have been ſupplied from the deluge till now, were ſelf-ſown, will not eaſily be perſuaded to think all the art and preparation neceſſary, which the Georgick writers preſcribe to planters. Trees certainly have covered the earth with very little culture. They wave their tops among the rocks of Norway, and might thrive as well in the Highlands and Hebrides.

But there is a frightful interval between the ſeed and timber. He that calculates the growth of trees, has the unwelcome remembrance of the ſhortneſs of life driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himſelf; and when he rejoices to ſee the ſtem riſe, is diſpoſed to repine that another ſhall cut it down.

Plantation is naturally the employment of a mind unburdened with care, and vacant to futurity

turity, ſaturated with preſent good, and at leiſure to derive gratification from the proſpect of poſterity. He that pines with hunger, is in little care how others ſhall be fed. The poor man is ſeldom ſtudious to make his grandſon rich. It may be ſoon diſcovered, why in a place, which hardly ſupplies the cravings of neceſſity, there has been little attention to the delights of fancy; and why diſtant convenience is unregarded, where the thoughts are turned with inceſſant ſolicitude upon every poſſibility of immediate advantage.

Neither is it quite ſo eaſy to raiſe large woods, as may be conceived. Trees intended to produce timber muſt be kept uſeleſs for a long time, incloſed at an expence from which many will be diſcouraged by the remoteneſs of the profit, and watched with that attention, which, in places where it is moſt needed, will neither be given nor bought.

Sir James Macdonald, in part of the waſtes of his territory, ſet or ſowed trees, to the number, as I have been told, of ſeveral millions, expecting, doubtleſs, that they would grow up into future navies and cities; but for want of incloſure, and of that care which is always neceſſary, and will hardly ever be taken, all his coſt and labour have been loſt, and the ground is likely to continue an uſeleſs heath.

Having not any experience of a journey in Mull, we had no doubt of reaching the ſea by day-light, and therefore had not left Dr. Maclean's very early. We travelled diligently enough, but found the country, for road there was none, very difficult to paſs. We were always ſtruggling with ſome obſtruction or other, and our vexation

vexation was not balanced by any gratification of the eye or mind. We were however ſure under Col's protection, of eſcaping all real evils. There was no houſe in Mull to which he could not introduce us. He had intended to lodge us, for that night, with a gentleman that lived upon the coaſt, but diſcovered on the way, that he then lay in bed without hope of life.

We reſolved not to embarraſs a family, in a time of ſo much ſorrow, if any other expedient could be found; and as the iſland of Ulva was over againſt us, it was determined that we ſhould paſs the ſtrait. We expected to find a ferry-boat, but when at laſt we came to the water, the boat was gone.

While we ſtood deliberating, we were happily eſpied from an Iriſh ſhip, that lay at anchor in the ſtrait. The maſter ſaw that we wanted a paſſage, and with great civility ſent us a boat, which quickly conveyed us to Ulva, where we were very liberally entertained by Mr. Macquarry.

To Ulva we came in the dark, and left it before noon the next day. A very exact deſcription therefore will not be expected. We were told, that it is an iſland of no great extent, rough and barren, inhabited by the Macquarrys; a clan not powerful nor numerous, but of antiquity, which moſt other families are content to reverence. The name is ſuppoſed to be a depravation of ſome other; for the Erſe language does not afford it any etymology. Macquarry is proprietor both of Ulva and ſome adjacent iſlands, among which is Staffa, ſo lately raiſed to renown by Mr. Banks.

When the iſlanders were reproached with their ignorance, or inſenſibility of the wonders of Staffa, they had not much to reply. They had indeed conſidered it little, becauſe they had always ſeen it; and none but philoſophers, nor they always, are ſtruck with wonder, otherwiſe than by novelty. How would it ſurpriſe an unenlightened ploughman, to hear a company of ſober men, inquiring by what power the hand toſſes a ſtone, or why the ſtone, when it is toſſed, falls to the ground.

Inquiring after the relics of former manners, I found that in Ulva, and, I think, no where elſe, is continued the payment of the Mercheta Mulierum; a fine in old times due to the laird at the marriage of a virgin. The original of this claim, as of our tenure of Borough Engliſh, is variouſly delivered. It is pleaſant to find ancient cuſtoms in old families. This payment, like others, was, for want of money, made anciently in the produce of the land. Macquarry was uſed to demand a ſheep, for which he now takes a crown, by that inattention to the uncertain proportion between the value and the denomination of money, which has brought much diſorder into Europe. A ſheep has always the ſame power of ſupplying human wants, but a crown will bring at one time more, at another leſs.

Ulva was not neglected by the piety of ancient times: it has ſtill to ſhow what was once a church.

In the morning we went again into the boat, and were landed on Inch Kenneth, an iſland about a mile long, and perhaps half a mile broad, remarkable for pleaſantneſs and fertility. It is verdant

verdant and grafſy, and fit both for paſture and tillage; but it has no trees*. Its only inhabitants were Sir Allan Maclean, and two young ladies, his daughters, with their ſervants.

Sir Allan is the chieftain of the great clan of Maclean, which is ſaid to claim the ſecond place among the Highland families, yielding only to Macdonald. Though by the miſconduct of his anceſtors, moſt of the extenſive territory, which would have deſcended to him, has been alienated, he ſtill retains much of the dignity and authority of his birth. When ſoldiers were lately wanting for the American war, application was made to Sir Allan, and he nominated a hundred men for the ſervice, who obeyed the ſummons, and bore arms under his command.

He had then, for ſome time, reſided with the young ladies in Inch Kenneth, where he lives not only with plenty, but with elegance, having conveyed to his cottage a collection of books, and what elſe is neceſſary to make his hours pleaſant.

When we landed, we were met by Sir Allan and the ladies, accompanied by Miſs Macquarry, who had paſſed ſome time with them, and now returned to Ulva with her father.

We all walked together to the manſion, where we found one cottage for Sir Allan, and I think two more for the domeſtics and the offices. We entered, and wanted little that palaces afford. Our room was neatly floored, and well lighted;

* Our author ſighs inceſſantly for trees, where they were not to be found; but neglects to notice them, where they were. However, Scotland appears to be obliged to him even for his moſt illiberal ſtrictures. It has profited by them.

and our dinner, which was dreſſed in one of the huts, was plentiful and delicate.

In the afternoon Sir Allan reminded us, that the day was Sunday, which he never ſuffered to paſs without ſome religious diſtinction, and invited us to partake in his acts of domeſtic worſhip; which I hope neither Mr. Boſwell nor myſelf will be ſuſpected of a diſpoſition to refuſe. The elder of the ladies read the Engliſh ſervice.

Inch Kenneth was once a ſeminary of eccleſiaſtics, ſubordinate, I ſuppoſe, to Icolmkill. Sir Allan had a mind to trace the foundations of the college, but we were not able to perceive them.

Our attention, however, was ſufficiently engaged by a venerable chapel, which ſtands yet entire, except that the roof is gone. It is about ſixty feet in length, and thirty in breadth. On one ſide of the altar is a bas relief of the bleſſed Virgin, and by it lies a little bell; which, though cracked, and without a clapper, has remained there for ages, guarded only by the venerableneſs of the place. The ground round the chapel is covered with grave-ſtones of chiefs and ladies; and ſtill continues to be a place of ſepulture.

Inch Kenneth is a proper prelude to Icolmkill. It was not without ſome mournful emotion that we contemplated the ruins of religious ſtructures, and the monuments of the dead.

On the next day, we took a more diſtinct view of the place, and went with the boat to ſee oyſters in the bed, out of which the boatmen forced up as many as were wanted. Even Inch Kenneth has a ſubordinate iſland, named Sandiland, I ſuppoſe

I ſuppoſe in contempt, where we landed, and found a rock, with a ſurface of perhaps four acres, of which one is naked ſtone, another ſpread with ſand and ſhells, ſome of which I picked up for their gloſſy beauty, and two covered with a little earth and graſs, on which Sir Allan has a few ſheep.

We told Sir Allan our deſire of viſiting Icolmkill, and entreated him to give us his protection, and his company. He thought proper to heſitate a little, but the ladies hinted, that as they knew he would not finally refuſe, he would do better if he preſerved the grace of ready compliance. He took their advice, and promiſed to carry us on the morrow in his boat.

We paſſed the remaining part of the day in ſuch amuſements as were in our power. Sir Allan related the American campaign, and at evening one of the ladies played on her harpſichord, while Col and Mr. Boſwell danced a Scottiſh reel with the other.

In the morning our boat was ready: it was high and ſtrong. Sir Allan victualled it for the day, and provided able rowers. We now parted from the young laird of Col, who had treated us with ſo much kindneſs, and concluded his favours by conſigning us to Sir Allan. Here we had the laſt embrace of this amiable man, who, while theſe pages were preparing to atteſt his virtues, periſhed in the paſſage between Ulva and Inch Kenneth*.

* This ſhort memorial, to the fame of a friend, does credit to Dr. Johnſon's heart. One trait of feeling is more eſtimable than a thouſand cold unimpaſſioned reflections on ordinary topics.

Sir Allan, to whom the whole region was well known, told us of a very remarkable cave, to which he would ſhow us the way. We had been diſappointed already by one cave, and were not much elevated by the expectation of another.

It was yet better to ſee it, and we ſtopped at ſome rocks on the coaſt of Mull. The mouth is fortified by vaſt fragments of ſtone, over which we made our way, neither very nimbly, nor very ſecurely. The place, however well repaid our trouble. The bottom, as far as the flood ruſhes in, was encumbered with large pebbles, but, as we advanced, was ſpread over with ſmooth ſand. The breadth is about forty-five feet: the roof riſes in an arch, almoſt regular, to a height which we could not meaſure; but I think it about thirty feet.

Having paſſed inward from the ſea to a great depth, we found on the right hand a narrow paſſage, perhaps not more than ſix feet wide, obſtructed by great ſtones, over which we climbed and came into a ſecond cave, in breadth twenty-five feet. The air in this apartment was very warm, but not oppreſſive, nor loaded with vapours. Our light ſhowed no tokens of a feculent or corrupted atmoſphere. Here was a ſquare ſtone, called, as we are told, Fingal's Table.

If we had been provided with torches, we ſhould have proceeded in our ſearch, though we had already gone as far as any former adventurer, except ſome who are reported never to have returned; and meaſuring our way back, we found it more than a hundred and ſixty yards, the eleventh part of a mile.

Our meaſures were not critically exact, having been made with a walking pole, ſuch as it is convenient

venient to carry in theſe rocky countries, of which I gueſſed the length by ſtanding againſt it. In this there could be no great error, nor do I much doubt but the Highlander, whom we employed, reported the number right. More nicety however is better, and no man ſhould travel unprovided with inſtruments for taking heights and diſtances.

There is yet another cauſe of error not always eaſily ſurmounted, though more dangerous to the veracity of itinerary narratives, than imperfect menſuration. An obſerver, deeply impreſſed by any remarkable ſpectacle, does not ſuppoſe that the traces will ſoon vaniſh from his mind; and, having commonly no great convenience for writing, defers the deſcription to a time of more leiſure, and better accommodation.

To this dilatory notation muſt be imputed the falſe relations of travellers, where there is no imaginable motive to deceive. They truſted to memory, what cannot be truſted ſafely but to the eye, and told by gueſs what a few hours before they had known with certainty.

When we had ſatisfied our curioſity in the cave, ſo far as our penury of light permitted us, we clambered again to our boats, and proceeded along the coaſt of Mull to a headland, called Atun, remarkable for the columnar form of the rocks, which riſe in a ſeries of pilaſters, with a degree of regularity, which Sir Allan thinks not leſs worthy of curioſity than the ſhore of Staffa.

Not long after we came to another range of black rocks, which had the appearance of broken pilaſters, ſet one behind another to a great depth. This place was choſen by Sir Allan for our dinner.

ner. We were eaſily accommodated with ſeats, for the ſtones were of all heights, and refreſhed ourſelves and our boatmen, who could have no other reſt till we were at Icolmkill.

The evening was now approaching, and we were yet a conſiderable diſtance from the end of our expedition. We could, therefore, ſtop no more to make remarks in the way, but ſet forward with ſome degree of eagerneſs. The day ſoon failed us, and the moon preſented a very ſolemn and pleaſing ſcene. The ſky was clear, ſo that the eye commanded a wide circle: the ſea was neither ſtill nor turbulent; the wind neither ſilent nor loud. We were never far from one coaſt or another, on which, if the weather had become violent, we could have found ſhelter, and therefore contemplated at eaſe the region through which we glided in the tranquillity of the night, and ſaw now a rock and now an iſland grow gradually conſpicuous and gradually obſcure.

At laſt we came to Icolmkill, but found no convenience for landing. Our boat could not be forced very near the dry ground, and our Highlanders carried us over the water.

We were now treading that illuſtrious iſland, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence ſavage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the bleſſings of religion. To abſtract the mind from all local emotion would be impoſſible, if it were endeavoured, and would be fooliſh, if it were poſſible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our ſenſes; whatever makes the paſt, the diſtant, or the future, predominate over the preſent, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.

Far

Far from me and my friends be ſuch frigid philoſophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wiſdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whoſe patriotiſm would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whoſe piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona!

We came too late to viſit monuments: ſome care was neceſſary for ourſelves. Whatever was in the iſland, Sir Allan could command, for the inhabitants were Macleans; but, having little, they could not give us much. He went to the headman of the iſland, whom fame, but fame delights in amplifying, repreſents as worth no leſs than fifty pounds. He was perhaps proud enough of his gueſts, but ill prepared for our entertainment; however, he ſoon produced more proviſion than men not luxurious require. Our lodging was next to be provided. We found a barn well ſtocked with hay, and made our beds as ſoft as we could.

In the morning we roſe and ſurveyed the place. The churches of the two convents are both ſtanding, though unroofed. They were built of unhewn ſtone, but ſolid, and not inelegant. I brought away rude meaſures of the buildings, ſuch as I cannot much truſt myſelf, inaccurately taken, and obſcurely noted. Mr. Pennant's delineations, which are doubtleſs exact, have made my unſkilful deſcription leſs neceſſary.

The epiſcopal church conſiſts of two parts ſeparated by the belfry, and built at different times. The original church had, like others, the altar at one end, and tower at the other; but as it grew

grew too ſmall, another building of equal dimenſion was added, and the tower then was neceſſarily in the middle.

That theſe edifices are of different ages is evident. The arch of the firſt church is Roman, being part of a circle; that of the additional building is pointed, and therefore Gothic, or Saracenical; the tower is firm, and wants only to be floored and covered.

Of the chambers or cells belonging to the monks, there are ſome walls remaining, but nothing approaching to a complete apartment.

The bottom of the church is ſo encumbered with mud and rubbiſh, that we could make no diſcoveries of curious inſcriptions, and what there are have been already publiſhed. The place is ſaid to be known where the black ſtones lie concealed, on which the old Highland chiefs, when they made contracts and alliances, uſed to take the oath, which was conſidered more ſacred than any other obligation, and which could not be violated without the blackeſt infamy. In thoſe days of violence and rapine, it was of great importance to impreſs upon ſavage minds the ſanctity of an oath, by ſome particular and extraordinary circumſtances. They would not have recourſe to the black ſtones, upon ſmall or common occaſions, and when they had eſtabliſhed their faith by this tremendous ſanction, inconſtancy and treachery were no longer feared.

The chapel of the nunnery is now uſed by the inhabitants as a general cow-houſe, and the bottom is conſequently too miry for examination. Some of the ſtones which covered the latter abbeſſes have inſcriptions, which might yet be read, if the chapel were cleanſed. The roof of this,

this, as of all the other buildings, is totally deſtroyed, not only becauſe timber quickly decays when it is neglected; but becauſe in an iſland utterly deſtitute of wood, it was wanted for uſe, and was conſequently the firſt plunder for needy rapacity.

The chancel of the nun's chapel is covered with an arch of ſtone, to which time has done no injury; and a ſmall apartment, communicating with the choir, on the north ſide, like the chapter-houſe in cathedrals, roofed with ſtone in the ſame manner, is likewiſe entire.

In one of the churches was a marble altar, which the ſuperſtition of the inhabitants has deſtroyed. Their opinion was, that a fragment of this ſtone was a defence againſt ſhipwrecks, fire, and miſcarriages. In one corner of the church the baſon for holy water is yet unbroken.

The cemetery of the nunnery was, till very lately, regarded with ſuch reverence, that only women were buried in it. Theſe relics of veneration always produce ſome mournful pleaſure. I could have forgiven a great injury more eaſily than the violation of this imaginary ſanctity.

South of the chapel ſtand the walls of a large room, which was probably the hall, or refectory of the nunnery. This apartment is capable of repair. Of the reſt of the convent there are only fragments.

Beſides the two principal churches, there are, I think, five chapels yet ſtanding, and three more remembered. There are alſo croſſes, of which two bear the names of St. John and St. Matthew.

A large ſpace of ground about theſe conſecrated edifices is covered with grave-ſtones, few of

of which have any inſcription. He that ſurveys it, attended by an inſular antiquary, may be told where the kings of many nations are buried; and if he loves to ſoothe his imagination with the thoughts that naturally riſe in places, where the great and the powerful lie mingled with the duſt, let them liſten in ſubmiſſive ſilence; for, if he aſks any queſtions, his delight is at an end.

Iona has long enjoyed, without any very credible atteſtation, the honour of being reputed the cemetery of the Scottiſh kings. It is not unlikely, that, when the opinion of local ſanctity was prevalent, the chieftains of the iſles, and perhaps ſome of the Norwegian or Iriſh princes were repoſited in this venerable incloſure. But by whom the ſubterraneous vaults are peopled, is now utterly unknown. The graves are very numerous, and ſome of them undoubtedly contain the remains of men, who did not expect to be ſo ſoon forgotten.

Not far from this awful ground, may be traced the garden of the monaſtery: the fiſh-ponds are yet diſcernible; and the aqueduct, which ſupplied them, is ſtill in uſe.

There remains a broken building, which is called the biſhop's houſe, I know not by what authority. It was once the reſidence of ſome man above the common rank, for it has two ſtories and a chimney.

There is in the iſland one houſe more, and only one, that has a chimney: we entered it, and found it neither wanting repair nor inhabitants; but to the farmers, who now poſſeſs it, the chimney is of no great value; for their fire was made on the floor, in the middle of the room;

room; and, notwithſtanding the dignity of their manſion, they rejoiced, like their neighbours, in the comforts of ſmoke.

It is obſerved, that eccleſiaſtical colleges are always in the moſt pleaſant and fruitful places. While the world allowed the monks their choice, it is ſurely no diſhonour that they choſe well. This iſland is remarkably fruitful. The village near the churches is ſaid to contain ſeventy families, which, at five in a family, is more than a hundred inhabitants to a mile. There are perhaps other villages; yet both corn and cattle are annually exported.

But the fruitfulneſs of Iona is now its whole proſperity. The inhabitants are remarkably groſs, and remarkably neglected: I know not if they are viſited by any miniſter. The iſland, which was once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no ſchool for education, nor temple for worſhip; only two inhabitants that can ſpeak Engliſh, and not one that can write or read.

The people are of the clan of Maclean; and though Sir Allan had not been in the place for many years, he was received with all the reverence due to their chieftain. One of them being ſharply reprehended by him, for not ſending him ſome rum, declared, after his departure, that he had no deſign of diſappointing him; "for," ſaid he, "I would cut my bones for him; and, if he had ſent his dog for it, he ſhould have had it."

When we were to depart, our boat was left by the ebb at a great diſtance from the water; but no ſooner did we wiſh it afloat, than the iſlanders gathered round it, and, by the union of many hands, puſhed it down the beach; every man

who could contribute his help ſeemed to think himſelf happy in the opportunity of being, for a moment, uſeful to his chief.

We now left thoſe illuſtrious ruins, by which Mr. Boſwell was much affected, nor would I willingly be thought to have looked upon them without ſome emotion. Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world, Iona may be ſometime again the inſtructreſs of the weſtern regions.

It was no long voyage to Mull, where, under Sir Allan's protection, we landed in the evening, and were entertained for the night by Mr. Maclean, a miniſter that lives upon the coaſt, whoſe elegance of converſation, and ſtrength of judgement, would make him conſpicuous in places of greater celebrity. Next day we dined with Dr. Maclean, another phyſician, and then travelled on to the houſe of a very powerful laird, Maclean of Lochbuy; for, in this country, every man's name is Maclean.

Where races are thus numerous, and thus combined, none but the chief of a clan is addreſſed by his name. The laird of Dunvegan is called Macleod, but other gentlemen of the ſame family are denominated by the places where they reſide, as Raaſay, or Talliſker. The diſtinction of the meaner people is made by their chriſtian names.

Our afternoon journey was through a country of ſuch gloomy deſolation, that Mr. Boſwell thought no part of the Highlands equally terrific, yet we came without any difficulty, at evening, to Lochbuy, where we found a true Highland laird, rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity; who, hearing my name, inquired whether

ther I was of the Johnſtons of Glencoe, or of Ardnamurchan.

Lochbuy has, like the other inſular chieftains, quitted the caſtle that ſheltered his anceſtors, and lives near it, in a manſion not very ſpacious or ſplendid. I have ſeen no houſes in the iſlands much to be envied for convenience or magnificence, yet they bear teſtimony to the progreſs of arts and civility, as they ſhow that rapine and ſurpriſe are no longer dreaded, and are much more commodious than the ancient fortreſſes.

The caſtles of the Hebrides, many of which are ſtanding, and many ruined, were always built upon points of land, on the margin of the ſea. For the choice of this ſituation, there muſt have been ſome general reaſon, which the change of manners has left in obſcurity.

If they be conſidered merely as places of retreat, the ſituation ſeems not well choſen; for the laird of an iſland is ſafeſt from foreign enemies in the centre. On the coaſt he might be more ſuddenly ſurpriſed than in the inland parts; and the invaders, if their enterpriſe miſcarried, might more eaſily retreat. Some convenience, however, whatever it was, their poſition on the ſhore afforded; for uniformity of practice ſeldom continues long without good reaſon*.

A caſtle in the iſlands is only a ſingle tower of three or four ſtories, of which the walls are ſometimes eight or nine feet thick, with narrow windows, and cloſe winding ſtairs of ſtone. The top riſes in a cone, or pyramid of ſtone, encompaſſed by battlements. The intermediate floors

* Uniformity of practice, we conceive, is more frequently the reſult of cuſtom, or faſhion, than of reaſon.

are ſometimes frames of timber, as in common houſes, and ſometimes arches of ſtone, or alternately ſtone and timber; ſo that there was very little danger from fire. In the centre of every floor, from top to bottom, is the chief room, of no great extent, round which there are narrow cavities, or receſſes, formed by ſmall vacuities, or by a double wall. I know not whether there be ever more than one fire-place. They had not capacity to contain many people, or much proviſion; but their enemies could ſeldom blockade them; for, if they failed in the firſt attack, their next care was to eſcape.

The walls were always too ſtrong to be ſhaken by ſuch deſultory hoſtilities; the windows were too narrow to be entered, and the battlements too high to be ſcaled. The only danger was at the gates, over which the wall was built with a ſquare cavity, not unlike a chimney, continued to the top. Through this hollow, the defendants let fall ſtones upon thoſe who attempted to break the gate, and poured down water, perhaps ſcalding water, if the attack was made with fire. The caſtle of Lochbuy was ſecured by double doors, of which the outer was an iron gate.

In every caſtle is a well and a dungeon. The dungeon is a deep ſubterraneous cavity, walled on the ſides, and arched on the top, into which the deſcent is through a narrow door, by a ladder or a rope, ſo that it ſeems impoſſible to eſcape, when the rope or ladder is drawn up. The dungeon was, I ſuppoſe, in war, a priſon for ſuch captives as were treated with ſeverity; and, in peace, for ſuch delinquents as had committed crimes within the laird's juriſdiction.

As

As theſe fortifications were the productions of mere neceſſity, they are built only for ſafety, with little regard to convenience, and with none to elegance or pleaſure. It was ſufficient for a laird of the Hebrides, if he had a ſtrong houſe, in which he could hide his wife and children from the next clan. That they are not large nor ſplendid is no wonder. It is not eaſy to find how they were raiſed, ſuch as they are, by men who had no money, in countries where the labourers and artificers could ſcarcely be fed. The buildings in different parts of the iſlands ſhew their degrees of wealth and power.

Theſe caſtles afford another evidence that the fictions of romantic chivalry had for their baſis the real manners of the feudal times, when every lord of a ſeignory lived in his hold, lawleſs and unaccountable, with all the licentiouſneſs and inſolence of uncontested ſuperiority and unprincipled power. The traveller, whoever he might be, coming to the fortified habitation of a chieftain, would, probably, have been interrogated from the battlements, admitted with caution to the gate, introduced to a petty monarch, fierce with habitual hoſtility, and vigilant with ignorant ſuſpicion; who, according to his general temper, or accidental humour, would have ſeated a ſtranger as his gueſt at the table, or as a ſpy confined him in the dungeon.

We were now to leave the Hebrides, where we had ſpent ſome weeks with ſufficient amuſement, and where we had amplified our thoughts with new ſcenes of nature, and new modes of life.

Of theſe iſlands it muſt be confeſſed, that they have not many allurements, but to the mere lover of naked nature. The inhabitants are thin, pro-

viſions are ſcarce, and deſolation and penury give little pleaſure.

The people collectively conſidered are not few, though their numbers are ſmall in proportion to the ſpace which they occupy. Mull is ſaid to contain ſix thouſand, and Skie fifteen thouſand. Of the computation reſpecting Mull, I can give no account; but when I doubted the truth of the numbers attributed to Skie, one of the miniſters exhibited ſuch facts as conquered my incredulity.

Of the proportion, which the product of any regions bears to the people, an eſtimate is commonly made according to the pecuniary price of the neceſſaries of life; a principle of judgment which is never certain, becauſe it ſuppoſes what is far from truth, that the value of money is always the ſame, and ſo meaſures an unknown quantity by an uncertain ſtandard. It is competent enough when the markets of the ſame country, at different times, and thoſe times not too diſtant, are to be compared; but of very little uſe for the purpoſe of making one nation acquainted with the ſtate of another. Proviſions, though plentiful, are ſold in places of great pecuniary opulence for nominal prices, to which, however ſcarce, where gold and ſilver are yet ſcarcer, they can never be raiſed.

In the Weſtern Iſlands there is ſo little internal commerce, that hardly any thing has a known or ſettled rate. The price of things brought in, or carried out, is to be conſidered as that of a foreign market; and even this there is ſome difficulty in diſcovering, becauſe their denominations of quantity are different from ours; and when there

there is ignorance on both ſides, no appeal can be made to a common meaſure.

From Lochbuy we rode a very few miles to the ſide of Mull, which faces Scotland, where, having taken leave of our kind protector, Sir Allan, we embarked in a boat, in which the ſeat provided for our accommodation was a heap of rough bruſhwood; and on the twenty-ſecond of October repoſed at a tolerable inn on the main land.

On the next day we began our journey ſouthwards. The weather was tempeſtuous. For half the day the ground was rough, and our horſes were ſtill ſmall. Had they required much reſtraint, we might have been reduced to difficulties; for I think we had amongſt us but one bridle. We fed the poor animals liberally, and they performed their journey well. In the latter part of the day, we came to a firm and ſmooth road, made by the ſoldiers, on which we travelled with great ſecurity, buſied with contemplating the ſcene about us. The night came on while we had yet a great part of the way to go, though not ſo dark, but that we could diſcern the cataracts which poured down the hills, on one ſide, and fell into one general channel, that ran with great violence on the other. The wind was loud, the rain was heavy, and the whiſtling of the blaſt, the fall of the ſhower, the ruſh of the cataracts, and the roar of the torrent, made a nobler chorus of the rough muſic of nature than it had ever been my chance to hear before. The ſtreams, which ran acroſs the way from the hills to the main current, were ſo frequent, that, after a while, I began to count them; and, in ten miles

miles, reckoned fifty-five, probably miſſing ſome, and having let ſome paſs before they forced themſelves upon my notice. At laſt we came to Inverary, where we found an inn, not only commodious, but magnificent.

The difficulties of peregrination were now at an end Mr. Boſwell had the honour of being known to the Duke of Argyle, by whom we were very kindly entertained at his ſplendid ſeat, and ſupplied with conveniences for ſurveying his ſpacious park and riſing foreſts.

After two days ſtay at Inverary, we proceeded ſouthward over Glencroe, a black and dreary region, now made eaſily paſſable by a military road, which riſes from either end of the glen by an acclivity not dangerouſly ſteep, but ſufficiently laborious. In the middle, at the top of the hill, is a ſeat, with this inſcription, "Reſt, and be thankful." Stones were placed to mark the diſtances, which the inhabitants have taken away, reſolved, they ſaid, "to have no new miles."

In this rainy ſeaſon the hills ſtreamed with waterfalls, which, croſſing the way, formed currents on the other ſide, that ran in contrary directions as they fell to the north or ſouth of the ſummit. Being, by the favour of the duke, well mounted, I went up and down the hill with great convenience.

From Glencroe we paſſed through a pleaſant country to the banks of Loch Lomond, and were received at the houſe of Sir James Colquhoun, who is owner of almoſt all the thirty iſlands of the loch, which we went in a boat next morning to ſurvey. The heavineſs of the rain ſhortened our voyage, but we landed on one iſland planted with yew, and ſtocked with deer, and on another, containing

taining perhaps not more than half an acre, remarkable for the ruins of an old caſtle, on which the oſprey builds her annual neſt. Had Loch Lomond been in a happier climate, it would have been the boaſt of wealth and vanity to own one of the little ſpots which it incloſes, and to have employed upon it all the arts of embelliſhment. But as it is, the iſlets, which court the gazer at a diſtance, diſguſt him at his approach, when he finds, inſtead of ſoft lawns and ſhady thickets, nothing more than uncultivated ruggedneſs*.

Where the loch diſcharges itſelf into a river, called the Leven, we paſſed a night with Mr. Smollet, a relation of Dr. Smollet, to whoſe memory he has raiſed an obeliſk on the bank, near the houſe in which he was born. The civility and reſpect which we found at every place, it is ungrateful to omit, and tedious to repeat. Here we were met by a poſt-chaiſe, that conveyed us to Glaſgow.

To deſcribe a city ſo much frequented as Glaſgow, is unneceſſary. The proſperity of its commerce appears by the greatneſs of many private houſes, and a general appearance of wealth. It is the only epiſcopal city whoſe cathedral was left ſtanding in the rage of reformation. It is now divided into many ſeparate places of worſhip, which, taken all together, compoſe a great pile, that had been ſome centuries in building, but was never finiſhed; for the change of religion intercepted its progreſs, before the croſs iſle was added, which ſeems eſſential to a Gothic cathedral.

* Dr. Johnſon ſet out on his tour too late in the ſeaſon to behold the romantic ſcenery of Loch Lomond to advantage.

The

The college has not had a ſufficient ſhare of the increaſing magnificence of the place. The ſeſſion was begun; for it commences on the 10th of October, and continues to the 10th of June, but the ſtudents appeared not numerous, being, I ſuppoſe, not yet returned from their ſeveral homes. The diviſion of the academical year into one ſeſſion, and one receſs, ſeems to me better accommodated to the preſent ſtate of life, than that variegation of time by terms and vacations, derived from diſtant centuries, in which it was probably convenient, and ſtill continued in the Engliſh univerſities. So many ſolid months as the Scotch ſcheme of education joins together, allow and encourage a plan for each part of the year; but with us, he that has ſettled himſelf to ſtudy in the college is ſoon tempted into the country, and he that has adjuſted his life in the country, is ſummoned back to his college.

Yet, when I have allowed to the univerſities of Scotland a more rational diſtribution of time, I have given them, ſo far as my inquiries have informed me, all that they can claim. The ſtudents, for the moſt part, go thither boys, and depart before they are men; they carry with them little fundamental knowledge, and therefore the ſuperſtructure cannot be lofty. The grammar ſchools are not generally well ſupplied; for the character of a ſchoolmaſter being there leſs honourable than in England, is ſeldom accepted by men who are capable to adorn it; and where the ſchool has been deficient, the college can effect little*.

* It could neither be at the grammar-ſchool or univerſity that Dr. Johnſon acquired his really ſtupendous learning. Without native genius and diligent application, the moſt favourable opportunities of ſtudy are loſt.

Men

Men bred in the univerſities of Scotland cannot be expected to be often decorated with the ſplendours of ornamental erudition, but they obtain a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purpoſes of common life, which is, I believe, very widely diffuſed among them, and which, countenanced in general by a national combination ſo invidious, that their friends cannot defend it, and actuated in particulars by a ſpirit of enterpriſe, ſo vigorous, that their enemies are conſtrained to praiſe it, enables them to find, or to make their way to employment, riches, and diſtinction.

From Glaſgow we directed our courſe to Auchinleck, an eſtate devolved, through a long ſeries of anceſtors, to Mr. Boſwell's father, the preſent poſſeſſor. In our way, we found ſeveral places remarkable enough in themſelves, but already deſcribed by thoſe who viewed them at more leiſure, or with much more ſkill; and ſtopped two days at Mr Campbell's, a gentleman married to Mr. Boſwell's ſiſter.

Auchinleck, which ſignifies a ſtony field, ſeems not now to have any particular claim to its denomination. It is a diſtrict generally level, and ſufficiently fertile, but like all the weſtern ſide of Scotland, incommoded by very frequent rain. It was, with the reſt of the country, generally naked, till the preſent poſſeſſor, finding, by the growth of ſome ſtately trees near his old caſtle, that the ground was favourable enough to timber, adorned it very diligently with annual plantations.

Lord Auchinleck, who is one of the judges of Scotland, and therefore not wholly at leiſure for domeſtic buſineſs or pleaſure, has yet found time

to

to make improvements in his patrimony. He has built a houſe of hewn ſtone, very ſtately and durable, and has advanced the value of his lands with great tenderneſs to his tenants.

I was, however, leſs delighted with the elegance of the modern manſion, than with the ſullen dignity of the old caſtle. I clambered with Mr. Boſwell among the ruins, which afford ſtriking images of ancient life. It is, like other caſtles, built upon a point of rock, and was, I believe, anciently ſurrounded with a moat. There is another rock near it, to which the drawbridge, when it was let down, is ſaid to have reached. Here, in the ages of tumult and rapine, the laird was ſurpriſed and killed by the neighbouring chief, who, perhaps, might have extinguiſhed the family, had he not, in a few days, been ſeized and hanged, together with his ſons, by Douglas, who came with his forces to the relief of Auchinleck.

At no great diſtance from the houſe runs a pleaſing brook, by a red rock, out of which has been hewn a very agreeable and commodious ſummer-houſe, at leſs expence, as Lord Auchinleck told me, than would have been required to build a room of the ſame dimenſions. The rock ſeems to have no more dampneſs than any other wall. Such opportunities of variety it is judicious not to neglect.

We now returned to Edinburgh, where I paſſed ſome days with men of learning, whoſe names want no advancement from my commemoration, or with women of elegance, which perhaps diſclaims a pedant's praiſe.

The converſation of the Scots grows every day leſs unpleaſing to the Engliſh; their peculiarities wear

wear faſt away; their dialect is likely to become, in half a century, provincial and ruſtic, even to themſelves. The great, the learned, the ambitious, and the vain, all cultivate the Engliſh phraſe, and the Engliſh pronunciation, and in ſplendid companies Scotch is not much heard, except now and then from an old lady.

There is one ſubject of philoſophical curioſity to be found in Edinburgh, which no other city has to ſhow; a college of the deaf and dumb, who are taught to ſpeak, to read, to write, and to practice arithmetic, by a gentleman, whoſe name is Braidwood. The number which attends him is, I think, about twelve, which he brings together into a little ſchool, and inſtructs according to their ſeveral degrees of proficiency.

I do not mean to mention the inſtruction of the deaf as new. Having been firſt practiſed upon the ſon of a conſtable of Spain, it was afterwards cultivated, with much emulation, in England, by Wallis and Holder, and was lately profeſſed by Mr. Baker, who once flattered me with hopes of ſeeing his method publiſhed. How far any former teachers have ſucceeded it is not eaſy to know: the improvement of Mr. Braidwood's pupils is wonderful. They not only ſpeak, write, and underſtand what is written, but if he that ſpeaks looks toward them, and modifies his organs by diſtinct and full utterance, they know ſo well what is ſpoken, that it is an expreſſion only figurative to ſay, they hear with the eye. That any have attained to the power mentioned by Burnet, of feeling ſounds, by laying a hand on the ſpeaker's mouth, I know not; but I have ſeen ſo much, that I can believe more; a ſingle

word, or a ſhort ſentence, I think may poſſibly be ſo diſtinguiſhed.

It will readily be ſuppoſed by thoſe that conſider this ſubject, that Mr. Braidwood's ſcholars ſpell accurately. Orthography is vitiated among ſuch as learn firſt to ſpeak, and then to write, by imperfect notions of the relation between letters and vocal utterance; but to thoſe ſtudents every character is of equal importance; for letters are to them not ſymbols of names, but of things; when they write, they do not repreſent a ſound, but delineate a form.

This ſchool I viſited, and found ſome of the ſcholars waiting for their maſter, whom they are ſaid to receive at his entrance with ſmiling countenances and ſparkling eyes, delighted with the hope of new ideas. One of the young ladies had her ſlate before her, on which I wrote a queſtion conſiſting of three figures, to be multiplied by two figures. She looked upon it, and quivering her fingers in a manner which I thought very pretty, but of which I know not whether it was art or play, multiplied the ſum regularly in two lines, obſerving the decimal place; but did not add the two lines together, probably diſdaining ſo eaſy an operation. I pointed at the place where the ſum total ſhould ſtand, and ſhe noted it with ſuch expedition as ſeemed to ſhew, that ſhe had it only to write.

It was pleaſing to ſee one of the moſt deſperate of human calamities capable of ſo much help: whatever enlarges hope will exalt courage; after having ſeen the deaf taught arithmetick, who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrides?

Such are the things which this journey has given me an opportunity of ſeeing, and ſuch are

the reflections which that ſight has raiſed. Having paſſed my time almoſt wholly in cities, I may have been ſurpriſed by modes of life and appearances of nature, that are familiar to men of wider ſurvey and more varied converſation. Novelty and ignorance muſt always be reciprocal, and I cannot but be conſcious that my thoughts on national manners are the thoughts of one who has ſeen but little.

TOUR

IN IRELAND,

BY

RICHARD TWISS, Esq.

PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 1775.

WHILE the romantic ſcenery of Scotland has attracted numerous travellers, who have favoured the public with their tours, Ireland has been ſeldom viſited, or at leaſt been ſeldom deſcribed. Mr. Twiſs indeed was an experienced traveller, and capable of gratifying our curioſity to the full; but his taſte was peculiar, and Ireland was but little calculated for its indulgence. Painting, muſic, and architecture, were the principal objects of his attention, while men, manners, agriculture, and commerce were only ſlightly, or incidentally, noticed.

Ireland certainly poſſeſſes beauties that would recompence a more frequent and minute ſurvey, than has yet been taken by ſcientific travellers, and we truſt the period is ſpeedily approaching, when a tour through that country will be reckoned both pleaſant and inſtructive. As the

great maſs of the people advance in thoſe arts that tend to poliſh life, and become emancipated from the dangerous and deluſive influence of demagogues and prieſts *, that iſland will deſerve to hold a more diſtinguiſhed rank in the ſcale of nations, and will feel and enjoy its native advantages.

But to have done with ſpeculation, we now attend to Mr. Twiſs.

That gentleman, after having travelled over the greateſt part of Europe, had long formed the deſign, he tells us, of viſiting Ireland. Accordingly in May 1775, he ſet out from London, and after a ſhort ſtay in Bath, proceeded to Briſtol, where he was entertained with a ſight of the rib of a remarkable dun cow, killed by Sir William Penn. "Both the knight and his *rib*," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "are depoſited in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe."

Being ferried over the Severn at Auſt, he proceeded to Chepſtow, where he ſpent a very agreeable day in viewing the gardens of Piercefield, and Tintern Abbey.

Continuing his journey about thirteen miles beyond Cardiff, Mr. Twiſs croſſed the celebrated Pont-y-Pûdd, a ſingular inſtance of architectural ingenuity, which attracts the notice of every traveller.

At Margum, near Neath, he ſaw the fine orangerie of Mr. Talbot. Some of the trees were nine inches in diameter, and will bear an expoſure to the air about one quarter of the year.

Receiving information at Aberyſtwith, that a ſmall veſſel was ready to ſail for Caernarvon, our

* In this view we are friends to "Catholic emancipation."

touriſt

tourist finding the wind favourable and the weather fine, prevailed on the master, by the promise of half a dozen guineas, to carry him directly to Dublin. Accordingly he embarked, and after a pleasant passage of forty-three hours, landed at the metropolis of Ireland

The entrance into the harbour of Dublin is one of the most beautiful in Europe; but it is beautiful only; "whereas that of Naples," observes Mr. Twiss, "not only possessed of features of extraordinary beauty, but derives a terrific grandeur from the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius.

"I landed," says Mr. Twiss, "with an opinion that the inhabitants were addicted to drinking, given to hospitality, and apt to blunder, in which I found myself mistaken. "Hospitality and drinking, indeed went formerly hand in hand; but neither are now carried to excess;" and as for *bull* making, our author thinks it is by no means endemial, since the English language began to be generally used and understood.

Gaming and duelling have also been imputed to the Irish, but probably with little foundation. The former may prevail in Dublin, as it does in every great city; but with regard to duelling, Mr. Twiss thinks a prudent traveller may as easily avoid such disagreeable encounters in that country, as in any other.

> Long from a country, ever hardly used,
> At random censur'd, and by most abus'd,
> Have Britons drawn their sport, with no kind view,
> And judg'd the many, by the rascal few.'

So says Churchill, and we join in the truth of his verse, and feel how illiberal and unjust national reflections generally are.

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It muſt, however, be confeſſed that, in regard to the fine arts, Ireland is conſiderably behind hand with the reſt of Europe. This may fairly be aſcribed to the civil wars and commotions, which have long agitated and deformed the iſland; and it is rather a matter of ſurpriſe that the natives, under all the circumſtances of their ſituation, ſhould have made ſo much progreſs. "Except in Dublin, and its environs," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "there is ſcarcely a ſingle capital picture, ſtatue, or building, to be found in the whole iſland; neither is muſic carried to any degree of perfection beyond thoſe limits. The beauties of nature, therefore, a few modern antiquities, and the ignorance and poverty of the lower ranks, are all that can be expected to be ſeen in making the tour of Ireland.

Dublin, the capital, is nearly circular, and is about eight miles in circumference. It is ſituated in latitude 53 degrees 20 minutes north; longitude 70 degrees 30 minutes weſt; and is divided into two parts, by the river Liffy, over which are five bridges. Eſſex Bridge is a fine pile of five arches, two hundred and fifty feet long, and coſt 20,000 guineas. Queen's Bridge, rebuilt in 1764, conſiſts of three elegant arches; but the other erections of this kind, are merely conveyances to croſs the river, and defy every order of architecture.

St. Stephen's Green is probably the largeſt ſquare in Europe, each ſide being nearly a quarter of a mile long. The outer walks are gravelled and planted with trees on each ſide, and guarded from the carriage way by a low wall. The area is a lawn, in the centre of which ſtands an equeſtrain

trian ſtatue of George II. in braſs, erected in 1758.

Though the plan and dimenſions of this ſquare are celebrated for beauty, the houſes are ſo extremely irregular in ſtyle, height, and materials, that all ſymmetry is deſtroyed: ſcarcely two correſpond in any reſpect.

There are two cathedrals, eighteen pariſh churches, beſides ſeveral chapels and meeting-houſes for perſons of different perſuaſions. Neither of the cathedrals are remarkable for their architecture. In that of the Trinity or Chriſt Church, are ſome monuments which merit notice, particularly one erected in 1570, to the memory of Richard Strongbow, who died in 1177. "It is ſpoilt," obſerves our touriſt, "by having lately been painted white."

The monument of Thomas Prior, in this edifice, is white marble, and is executed by J. Van Noſt. It repreſents the buſt of the deceaſed between two boys, one of whom is weeping, and the other extending a ſcroll.

The monument of the Earl of Kildare, who died in 1743, is quite an original. It conſiſts of four figures, of their natural ſize, in white marble, carved by H. Cheer, whoſe name deſerves to be preſerved for his taſte in drapery. He has extended the earl as a dead man ought to be, placed his lady weeping over him, a maid ſervant behind, and near her a man wringing his hands, all in their appropriate dreſſes.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, which contains the duſt of Dean Swift, is an elegant monument to the memory of Dr. Smith, archbiſhop of Dublin. Near the altar is an enormous pile of wooden images,

images, twenty in number, as large as the life, and painted in their proper colours, repreſenting Boyle, earl of Cork, and his family.

A few of the pariſh churches are adorned with modern ſtone fronts, in a chaſte ſtyle; but they are deſtitute of ſpires or ſteeples.

The univerſity conſiſts of a ſingle college, dedicated to the Trinity. Its edifice is of white ſtone, four ſtories high, and has twenty-three windows in front. It was begun in 1591. The library is a large and handſome apartment, decorated with a conſiderable number of buſts of eminent perſons.

Trinity College has the advantage of lying in the vicinity of the park, where the ſtudents can unbend their minds, after ſtudious application. The ſenior members have an elegant garden for their own excluſive uſe. The provoſt's houſe is a ſuperb building of free-ſtone, and the income of his office is adequate to it.

The parliament houſe, begun in 1729, and finiſhed in ten years, is built of ſtone, and conſtitutes one of the principal ornaments of the city*. It coſt 40,000l.

In College Green is an equeſtrian ſtatue of William III. and in the garden behind the lord mayor's manſion, ſtands one of George I.

There are two theatres, one in Crow-ſtreet, the other in Smock-alley. Over the curtain of the laſt, ſays Mr. Twiſs, ironically, is an ingenious device, being a repreſentation of a ſhip

* This magnificent pile, which was worthy of being the ſeat of the Iriſh ſenate, was diſcovered to be on fire, in February 17[illegible], while both houſes were ſitting; and ſoon after the dome tumbled in with a hideous craſh. The library and valuable papers, however, were removed before the cataſtrophe.

ſailing

ſailing into port: the veſſel is called the Smock-alley frigate; on her ſails is written "for public favour," with "All's well that ends well."

The Lying-in-Hoſpital was founded in 1745, through the benevolent and unwearied exertions of Mr. Moſſe, ſurgeon. It is one of the handſomeſt buildings in Dublin, and now poſſeſſes ample revenues. Behind it are public gardens, with a rotunda, built in imitation of Ranelagh, but on a much ſmaller ſcale. Concerts are given here thrice in a week, in the ſummer, and the profits are applied to the uſe of the hoſpital.

St. Patrick's Hoſpital, for lunatics and idiots, founded and endowed by Dean Swift, is a noble inſtitution. Unfortunately the dean became a proper object for his own charitable foundation. There are ſeveral other hoſpitals in Dublin; but in general they contain nothing deſerving particular notice.

The barracks are very large, and are built at the weſtern extremity of Dublin, near the Liffy.

The city reſervoir is capable of containing water enough to ſupply the city for ſome weeks, even when the ſprings, from which it is filled, ceaſe to flow; "but both ſprings and reſervoir were dry," remarks our author, "when I was in Dublin."

The New Exchange may be conſidered as a principal beauty of the city. It is ſituated at the top of the chief ſtreet leading to Eſſex Bridge, and forms a ſquare, with a handſome cupola. The dome is graced with twelve fluted ſemi-columns, of the Corinthian order, placed againſt the walls.

In Ship-Street is a round tower, a kind of edifice peculiar to Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Boate,

Boate, in his natural hiſtory of Ireland, ſuppoſes it to have been built by the Danes, about 1038. "Very few of the inhabitants of Dublin," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "know that this tower exiſts."

The places for public amuſement, beſides the theatres and the hoſpital gardens, are the Caſtle, where weekly balls are given in winter; Ranelagh-Gardens, about a mile from the city, for ſummer diverſions; and ſeveral ſubſcription balls and concerts.

A catalogue of the paintings, which are to be ſeen in the ſiſter kingdom, muſt not be expected in this work; we can only point out ſome of the principal collections. The Earl of Charlemont poſſeſſes one of the fineſt pieces of Rembrandt. It repreſents the remorſe of Judas. Here is alſo an original painting by Hogarth, from which no engraving has been made, with many other productions of the pencil.

The Earl of Moira's collection is numerous, and conſiſts of pieces by Murillo, Corregio, Salvator Roſa, and other inferior artiſts.

In the gallery of Mr. Stewart, is a large nativity by Reubens. Mr. Henry poſſeſſes a Madonna, as large as the life, by Carlo Dolci, eſteemed a chef-d'œuvre; and a copy of the celebrated picture by Raphael, called La Madonna della Sedia, in crayons, by an Engliſh artiſt, of the name of Martin, who lived many years at Florence, and frequently copied this picture.

Several of the country ſeats of the nobility, in the environs of Dublin, are decorated with paintings; but it appears, that there are very few pictures, out of this circle, in the whole iſland.

In the year 1749, it was computed that this metropolis contained two thouſand alehouſes, three

three hundred taverns, and twelve hundred brandy ſhops. In 1766, the whole number of houſes was only thirteen thouſand one hundred and ninety-four, ſo that the proportion of places of public diſſipation is immenſe.

Many ſingle-horſe chaiſes conſtantly ply about the ſtreets of Dublin: they are called noddies. Theſe, as well as the hackney-coaches, are commonly in very bad condition.

Goods are conveyed about the city on ſmall two-wheeled cars, drawn by a ſingle horſe. The wheels are thin blocks, about twenty inches in diameter. Carriages of this kind are frequently uſed as vehicles for the common people, in their parties of pleaſure. A bed or a mat is at ſuch times placed on the car, and half a dozen people, perhaps, place themſelves on it, with their legs dangling near the ground.

The ſuburbs of Dublin conſiſt chiefly of huts, called cabins, made of mud dried; and chiefly without window or chimney. In ſuch miſerable receptacles, far the greater part of the natives of Ireland linger out a wretched exiſtence.

A ſmall piece of potatoe-ground is the uſual appendage of each cabin. On this root and milk, the common Iriſh ſubſiſt the whole year, without taſting bread or meat, except at ſome feſtival. Whatever money the men can procure by their labour, or the women by their ſpinning, is uſually expended in whiſky, to the deſtruction of life and comfort.

Shoes and ſtockings are ſeldom worn by theſe wretched people; and, in ſhort, they ſeem more indigent, though not leſs contented, than the peaſants of any other country Mr. Twiſs had viſited.

Even in Dublin, the poverty of the middle claſs of people is extremely apparent. There are many ſhops of the firſt figure that ſerve for two different trades; and the whole ſtock of the petty dealers conſiſts, perhaps, of a few eggs, a platter of ſalt, ſome pipes, tobacco, and pins.

The manufacturers of literature are equally conſpicuous for their indigent ſhifts. The moſt wretched editions of books are printed on as wretched paper, and often ſold at leſs than half the price of the originals, to obtain a few ſhillings profit, by tempting needy purchaſers.

Two magazines are publiſhed monthly in Dublin; and eight newſpapers iſſue daily or periodically from its preſſes, which, we are told, are curioſities both in their ſtyle and orthography*.

"During my ſtay in Ireland," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "I frequently had an opportunity of experiencing that *kind of intellectual retrogradation*, mentioned by Dr. Johnſon, *by means of which the more I heard, the leſs I knew.* Were I to ſay," continues our touriſt, "that the Iriſh in general have *obtained a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purpoſes of common life*, it might be thought too ſevere, but when it is conſidered that they are lately emerged out of a ſtate, which left them little leiſure for the improvement of the mind, the above quotation may not appear totally inapplicable or invidious."

The climate is extremely moiſt, and it generally rains for ſome hours four or five days out of

* In whatever depends on taſte and adventure, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe many revolutions muſt take place; and we by no means think that our author's account of diurnal or periodical literature is now applicable.

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the ſeven. To this moiſture, and the temperature of the air, is owing the beautiful verdure which every where cheers the eye.

Bogs or moraſſes may naturally be expected in ſuch a climate, and here they abound. They are not, however, entirely uſeleſs, as they furniſh fuel for the inhabitants. In theſe bogs, ſome of which are of great depth, trunks of trees are frequently found, which have lain there many centuries, and various other articles of native and artificial produce; an inconteſtible proof that the ſoil has grown to its preſent depth. The horns of the mooſe-deer, frequently dug up entire, and of vaſt dimenſions, ſhew that this animal was once a native of Ireland. Several pairs of theſe horns are preſerved in Engliſh as well as Iriſh muſeums, or in the manſions of the great.

Ireland is bleſt with a total exemption from venomous animals, or inſects; neither are there any toads, moles, or mole-crickets. Frogs, however, are plentiful, though they were not imported till after the revolution, and, according to the *ſagacious* obſervation of O'Halloran, being of Belgic origin, it would ſeem they could only flouriſh under a Dutch prince.

For this peculiar exemption from noxious animals, it would be difficult to aſſign any reaſon that will appear probable. The Iriſh believe it is owing to St. Patrick; but ſuperſtitious credulity is now out of date. Certain it is, that ſnakes imported into Ireland have always periſhed in a ſhort time.

Of peculiar cuſtoms, Mr. Twiſs enumerates three. The firſt is that of having boiled eggs conſtantly at breakfaſt; the ſecond is the univerſal uſe of potatoes at every meal, which are eaten

by way of bread; and the third is that of forging franks, in which the ladies are ſaid to be extremely adroit and ingenious. As an excuſe, ſome allege that the members of parliament have given them leave to uſe their names, while others weakly imagine that there is no penalty annexed to this offence. "I have ſeen more than one lady of rank," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "counterfeit the ſignatures of many perſons with ſuch an exact imitation, that I muſt do them the juſtice to declare, that they could be ſcarcely diſtinguiſhed from the originals."

As to the natural hiſtory of the Iriſh ſpecies, we are told they are only remarkable for the thickneſs of their legs, eſpecially thoſe of the plebeian females.

St. Patrick is well known to be the tutelary ſaint of Ireland *. He was born about the middle of the fourth century; and, it is ſaid, he daily rehearſed the Pſalter, with a great number of prayers, while, by way of mortification, he ſaid fifty pſalms every night, ſtanding in water. He is reported to have been canonized for having illuſtrated the Trinity by the compariſon of a blade of ſhamrock, or trefoil. In honour of this perſonage, Paddy is the popular Chriſtian name of the Iriſh, as is alſo Teague, from Thadeus.

O'Halloran, in his Hiſtory of Ireland, ſays, "When ſurnames came into general uſe in Europe, thoſe aſſumed by the Iriſh ſeem to have more dignity and meaning than ſuch as were taken up by the neighbouring nations. A few inſtances will juſtify this aſſertion. O, Ui, or

* St. Patrick was a native of Scotland; not but Ireland has produced many ſaints of her own.

Mac,

Mac, which ſignifies *the ſon of*, are prefixed to all Mileſian * ſurnames of men, according to the old adage,

"Per *Mac* atque *O*, tu veros cognoſcis Hibernos;
"His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adeſt."

The partiality of a native may eaſily find "dignity and meaning" in ſuch expletives; but we confeſs there ſeems to be no reaſon which will be generally allowed for the pre-eminence of the Iriſh in reſpect to their appellatives.

The Iriſh language is ſtill current among the lower claſſes of the community, but few of the higher retain its uſe. But few books are printed in this dialect of the Celtic, and theſe are only devotional tracts, for the inſtruction of the common people. The Iriſh tongue may juſtly be ſaid to be the "rude language of a rude people;" yet Vallancey, who publiſhed a grammar of the Iberno-Celtic, characteriſes it as being free from the anomalies, ſterility, and heteroclite redundancies, which mark the dialect of barbarous nations; as being preciſe and copious, and affording thoſe elegant converſions, which no other than a thinking and lettered people can uſe and require. This gentleman goes on to ſay, "that the Iriſh tongue had ſuch an affinity with the Punic, that it may be ſaid to have been in a great degree the language of Hannibal, Hamilcar, and of Aſdrubal."

The characters of the Iriſh language are ſingular, and, on a curſory view, might be miſtaken for Greek. As a ſpecimen of the dialect,

* The Mileſians are ſaid to have been Spaniſh colonies ſettled in Ireland, about the year of the world 2738.

we ſubjoin the following liſt, which will aſſiſt to elucidate the etymology of ſeveral names and places mentioned in this tour.

God,	Dia.	heaven,	ceal.
Jeſus Chriſt,	Joſa Crioſd.	glory,	gloir.
God the Son,	Dia an Mac.	hell,	ifrionn.
The Holy Ghoſt,	An Spiorad Naom'.	a church,	eaglais, tempol.
the devil,	diab'al.	a prieſt,	ſagart, miniſtir.
fire,	teine.	the bible,	biobla.
earth,	cè.	a hill,	ard.
water,	uiſge.	a hillock,	cnocan.
the ſun,	ſol.	a cottage,	càban.
the moon,	luan.	a book,	leab'ar.
a man,	fear.	a bull,	tarb'.
a woman,	bean.	a cow,	bò.
the ſoul,	anam.	a goat,	bocan.
Sunday,	Dia Dom' naig.	an aſs,	aſal.
Monday,	Luain.	a horſe,	màrc.
Tueſday,	Mairt.	a ſheep,	caora.
Wedneſday,	Ceadaoin.	a cock,	gall.
Thurſday,	Daoin.	a pigeon,	colm.
Friday,	Aoine.	a nightingale,	roſſin cèol.
Saturday,	Sat'airnn.	an iſland,	innis.
gold,	òr.	a father,	at'air.
ſilver,	airgiod.	a mother,	mat'air.
braſs,	pras.	a ſon,	mac.
iron,	iarrann.	a daughter,	ing'ean.
lead,	luaide.	a grandſon,	macmic.
tin,	ſtan.		
a body,	corp.		

The arms of Ireland are, *azure*, a harp, *or*, ſtrung, *argent*. It is not known, however, when

or on what occaſion this muſical inſtrument obtained its preſent diſtinction.

"Coins," ſays Biſhop Nicholſon, "were ſtruck here in 1210, with King John's head in a triangle, which it is imagined gave riſe to the repreſentation of the harp. It is certain that this impreſſion is not found on any of the ancient coins; but from the time of Henry VIII. it has been regularly continued."

According to Mr. Vallancey, Apollo, Grian, or Beal, was the principal god of the pagan Iriſh, and from the harp's being ſacred to him, we may diſcern the reaſon, continues this author, why that inſtrument is the enſign armorial of Ireland.

"The females of this iſland," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "are remarkably prolific, it being not uncommon for a woman to have fifteen or twenty children. I was acquainted with a clergyman and his wife, in the county of Fermanagh, who, in twenty-nine years, had thirty-two children." This fecundity may be aſcribed to their early marriages, and to the want of opportunity of unlawful or diſſipated gratification.

The Iriſh ladies depend rather on their education, beauty, and merit, than to the aids of fortune for a matrimonial connection. Few of them are wealthy; but men of affluence, who have no need of being mercenary in their choice, may find happineſs in ſuch an union, provided they can obtain an aſſurance that they are diſintereſtedly accepted.

Too polite an education, however, prevents many women of merit from being ſuitably married; men of moderate fortune cannot afford to maintain them in the ſtyle ſuited to their ideas,

and

and they are little calculated, eſpecially in the prime of youth, to become the helpmates of tradeſmen. "Notwithſtanding which," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "there are, I believe, fewer old (repenting) maids in this than in any other country."

The Iriſh ſingle ladies are neither diſguſtingly reſerved, nor prone to countenance ill-bred familiarity. This renders them extremely engaging, eſpecially to a traveller, who, having little time to throw away on ceremony, wiſhes to ſpend it as agreeably as he can during his ſtay.

Gallantry or intrigue is little known in Ireland, and a ciciſbeo, in the libertine ſenſe of the word, is here almoſt as great a phenomenon as a ſnake. "It were to be wiſhed," adds our author, "that the climate might prove as fatal to the former as the latter; for debauching a married or a ſingle woman is one of the greateſt crimes it is poſſible to commit, though the degrees of guilt are certainly very diſproportionate. In both caſes, however, much muſt depend on the principle and modeſty of the woman: the moſt abandoned libertine may always be diſcouraged by prudent caution and reſerve.

Ireland is divided into four provinces, Ulſter, Leinſter, Munſter, and Connaught; and theſe are again ſubdivided into thirty-two counties. In 1767, the whole number of houſes in the iſland amounted to four hundred and twenty-four thouſand; each of which pays annually two ſhillings hearth money, in lieu of our land tax. Allowing the uſual average of inhabitants to a houſe, the total population may be eaſily aſcertained.

An Engliſh ſhilling is to an Iriſh as 12 to 13, or 12 pence ſterling is equal to 13 pence Iriſh; conſe-

conſequently a guinea is 1l. 2s. 9d. Iriſh, at par.

It may be alſo proper to remark, leſt diſtances ſhould be confounded, that eleven Iriſh miles are exactly equal to fourteen Engliſh.

At an exhibition of pictures by Iriſh artiſts, our touriſt ſaw very few pieces that could bear examination. In the houſe of the Dublin Society for improving agriculture, he found, among other models, one of the bridge of Schaffhauſen, in Switzerland.

A penny-poſt had been lately eſtabliſhed for the conveyance of letters in Dublin and its environs; and twenty ſtage coaches had been ſet up to the principal places in the iſland; yet ſtill there were no ſtages for horſes, excepting on the road from Dublin to Belfaſt, a diſtance of about eighty miles. Hence Mr. Twiſs found it expedient to hire a carriage and horſes by the week, for which he paid four guineas, and with this equipage, he made the tour of the iſland, ſeldom travelling more than about twenty-five miles a day.

The roads are almoſt univerſally excellent, and the inns are furniſhed with every accommodation that a traveller, not too faſtidious, can require. "The landlords," ſays our touriſt, "are not yet ſpoiled by too numerous gueſts, nor have they that ſurly ſulkiſhneſs which marks the generality of thoſe of England."

Travelling is perfectly ſecure, which may be partly owing to its infrequency; and footpad robberies, or highwaymen, are ſeldom heard of, except in the vicinity of Dublin.

The ſoldiers and butchers in Dublin are ſaid to be always at enmity; and from time to time inhumanly

inhumanly hough, or hamſtring, each other. Though many of theſe barbarians have been executed, the terrors of the law, it ſeems, are too weak to reſtrain this ſavage practice.

Before Mr. Twiſs ſet out on his general tour of the iſland, he made a few excurſions to the moſt celebrated ſpots or ſeats in the vicinity. About ſix miles from Dublin, he came to a chaſm cut through a rock, conſiſting of piles of enormous ſtones, much reſembling thoſe of the rock of Cintra, near Liſbon, and forming one of the moſt ſtriking natural objects in this part of the iſland.

Continuing the ſame route, he reached the ſeat of Lord Powerſcourt, in the county of Wicklow. The park is diſtinguiſhed for a very beautiful caſcade, which falls from a circular amphitheatre of lofty wooded hills: it is pleaſing and pictureſque rather than grand, as it is in no reſpect comparable to ſome foreign waterfalls, nor even to the moſt celebrated of thoſe in Scotland. "I was twice," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "at Powerſcourt, and each time the breadth of the caſcade did not exceed a yard;" after heavy rains, however, the expanſe is increaſed, but it ſoon dwindles to its original dimenſions.

The environs of Powerſcourt, particularly the Glen of Dargles, are beautiful beyond expreſſion, and may vie with the choiceſt ſpots of Italy. Dargles is a deep, narrrow valley, about a mile long, bounded by ſteep, ſylvan, craggy hills, of various hues, and at the bottom runs a ſmall ſerpentine river, murmuring over innumerable little breaks and falls. Several walks interſect the brows of the hills, by which are erected benches

benches and ſummer-houſes, for pleaſure or repoſe.

Near this valley is another, called the Glen of the Mountains, the ſcenery of which is uncommonly grand and romantic; and, indeed, this part of the county may juſtly be termed the garden of Ireland. By way of contraſt, however, on the other hand, is a track containing nearly ſixty-four ſquare miles, wholly compoſed of barren mountains and bogs, and perfectly deſert. In the midſt of theſe wilds, are the ruins of ſeven churches and a round tower, which proves that this uninviting ſpot was once habitable, and that ſterility has overſpread it, from neglect rather than from nature. Four hundred acres, we are told, are let here for a guinea annually.

Returning from Dargles to Dublin, by another road, in his way, Mr. Twiſs viſited the Cromlech*, near Bryanſtown. It conſiſts of ſix ſtones, placed upright, with one fourteen feet long, twelve broad, and from two to five thick, laid atop of them. The weight of this enormous cover is computed at twenty-ſix tons.

Various cromlechs are ſtill extant in Ireland, Wales, and England; and our author has ſeen ſome ſmall ones in the northern part of Portugal. The Scriptures make frequent mention of heaped altars of ſtone and pillars of convenant; hence the antiquity and meaning of ſuch erections, and their conſequent ſanctity.

"In contemplating theſe venerable remains of remote antiquity," obſerves our author, "the attentive ſpectator feels almoſt inſtantaneouſly a

* A Cromlech, or kneeling-ſtone, is a place where people, in paſſing, uſed to pay their devotions.

pleaſing

pleaſing train of ſenſations, more eaſy to be imagined than deſcribed, and as various as the objects by which they are excited.

"The moſt ancient ruins," continues he, "I have yet ſeen, are thoſe of the three temples at Pæſtum, in the kingdom of Naples, which were erected long before the foundation of the Roman empire. Next to them in point of antiquity, are probably the cromlechs, and the druidical circles. Then follow the remains of the buildings of the ancient Romans, ſuch as the amphitheatre at Rome, Verona, Niſmes, and the aqueduct of Segovia. After theſe the veſtiges of the middle ages are particularly remarkable, ſuch as the round towers and croſſes in Ireland, the numerous Gothic cathedrals in Europe, and the Mooriſh buildings in Granada and Cordova; all theſe excite ideas which cannot fail to poſſeſs the mind of the claſſical reader as well as ſpectator."

Different impreſſions are received from a view of the more modern edifices, which have had a rapid decay, ſuch as the palace of Charles V. at Valladolid, of which little now remains but the bare walls. Nor do the ruined caſtles and houſes of the feudal ages leſs engage our attention, by recalling images of paſt grandeur, of names once illuſtrious, and of deeds that ſtill adorn the hiſtoric page.

Another ſpecies of pleaſure ariſes from the ſight of particular ſtatues, diſtinct from the admiration raiſed by the merit of the ſculpture. "I cannot expreſs what I felt," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "on ſeeing at Rome the identical ſtatue of Pompey, at the feet of which Julius Cæſar fell, when he was ſtabbed in the ſenate-houſe."

Intellectual,

Intellectual pleaſures of yet a different kind, ariſe from a view of objects, which have either been deſcribed by celebrated authors, or have been the ſcene of illuſtrious exploits. The Aphian way, which ſtill partly exiſts in the ſtate deſcribed by Horace; the capitol in Rome; Caprea, the ſcene of the infamous pleaſures of Tiberius; the theatre of Herculaneum; and the tomb of Virgil; with other objects or ſcenes of a ſimilar nature, have a moſt impreſſive effect on the heart of taſte and ſenſibility.

Nor do the works of eminent artiſts afford leſs pleaſure, or the reading of books of deſcription on the very ſpot deſcribed. "This pleaſure," ſays our author, "I enjoyed by reading on the Lake of Geneva, Rouſſeau's pathetic account of his hero's ſituation with his Julia on that ſpot; and by repeating ſome of the tender ſonnets of Petrarch to Laura, at the very fountain of Vaucluſe, where he wrote them."

But to return from this digreſſion, in which we have been tempted to accompany our intelligent and ſentimental author; the next object of his attention was the obeliſk in Stillorgan-Park, about three miles from Dublin. This edifice is ſquare, and upwards of a hundred feet high. It is placed on a ruſtic baſe, to each ſide of which is a double ſtaircaſe, leading to a platform, which encompaſſes the obeliſk, and from whence there is a charming view of the Bay of Dublin, and the Iriſh Channel, with the oppoſite Hill of Howth.

Phœnix-Park lies at the weſtern extremity of Dublin. Near its centre is a phœnix burning in her neſt, on a Corinthian, fluted, ſtone column,

placed there by the late Lord Cheſterfield, during his viceroyalty.

Through this park, Mr. Twiſs proceeded to Leixlip, ſeven miles from Dublin, where the river forms a ſmall caſcade, called the Salmon-leap of Leixlip. Three miles farther is Cartown, the ſeat of the Duke of Leinſter, the gardens of which are elegantly laid out in the modern taſte, but the houſe is by no means ſuperb or elegant.

Caſtletown, the ſeat of Mr. Conolly, is a beautiful ſtone fabric of three ſtories, each containing a range of thirteen windows. A colonnade, ſupported by nine columns on each ſide, joins the houſe to the two wings, which are each two ſtories high, and ſeven windows in breadth. The grand ſtaircaſe is magnificently ornamented with braſs baluſtrades. The beauty of the park is correſpondent; and the whole, in the eſtimation of our touriſt, is the only reſidence in Ireland to which the term palace might properly be applied.

The Earl of Charlemont's ſeat is about two miles from the capital. In the park is an elegant caſino, deſigned by Meſſrs. Adam. It forms a ſquare of ſixty feet, and from the top is an enchanting view. A few miles farther is St. Doologh's Well, with an ancient hexagon ſtone-covering over it.

A few years ago, in digging ſlates, in a quarry near Dublin, many of them were found encruſted with a white marquiſite, now generally known by the appellation of the Iriſh diamond; a natural production no where elſe to be found.

At Clundalkin, about four miles from Dublin, is one of thoſe round towers, which are chiefly

chiefly to be found in Ireland*, a deſcription of which, with a little variation, will ſerve for all the others.

This tower is eighty feet high, and built of ſtones about a foot ſquare, forming a circle of fifteen feet in diameter. The walls are upwards of three feet thick; and at the height of fifteen feet from the ground, is a door, without any viſible aſcent to it. The baſe is ſolid, and towards the top are four ſmall oblong holes, which admit the light. The ſtructure is terminated by a conic covering; but there are no ſteps remaining in the inſide, ſo that probably they were conſtructed of wood, or other periſhing materials.

Theſe buildings are generally ſuppoſed to have been of Daniſh origin; yet it is remarkable that none of them exiſt in Denmark. Giraldus Cambrenſis, who viſited Ireland during the twelfth century, mentions ſuch edifices as long antecedent to his time.

Some imagine theſe round towers to have been watch-houſes, others belfries, priſons for penitents, or intended for the reſidence of anchorites. Mr. O'Halloran adopts the latter opinion, which he takes for granted, and reaſons on it accordingly; but unfortunately there is no hiſtoric evidence of the fact, and any other hypotheſis would do as well.

The round towers are very probably of religious origin, as they are always ſituated near a church. Mr. Twiſs ſaw fifteen of them, namely in Dublin, Clundalkin, Swords, Moneſter-

* Mr. Twiſs ſays, that round towers are to be found in Ireland only; but it will appear, from Mr. Pennant's tours in Scotland, that ſeveral ſtill exiſt in that part of Great Britain.

boice, Antrim, Devniſh, two near Ferbane, Kells, Kildare, Kilkenny, Caſhel, at Glandilough near Wicklow, Old Kilcullen, and Caſtle-Dermot; beſides which, he heard of eleven more; at Sligo two, Drumboe, Down-Patrick, Cloyne, Weſt Carbery, Ardmore, Ratoo, in the Iſland of Scattery, and in the Iſland of Carltre, both lying in the Shannon; and, laſtly, in Ram's Iſland, on Lough Neagh. It is probable there are ſome others, which have not been noticed by travellers or topographers.

In the cemetery of Clundalkin, near the round tower, is a plain croſs, conſiſting of a ſingle, unpoliſhed ſtone, nine feet high. Many ſimilar croſſes are to be ſeen in the churchyards of this iſland.

Having examined whatever he thought worthy attention in the environs of Dublin, on the 9th of July, Mr. Twiſs ſet out from that city on his tour of the iſland. "Towns," ſays he, "which contain nothing in regard to painting, ſculpture, architecture, or muſic, can claim little to be particularized, eſpecially as it is not my intention to expatiate on the *natural hiſtory* of the corporations, nor on the traffic ſuppoſed to be carried on in thoſe towns, the greateſt part of which are properly petty villages." After this declaration, it need not be matter of wonder if his remarks are few; however, we ſhall attend to every thing intereſting which he deigned to record.

In his way to Drogheda, he ſtopt at Swords, to examine a round tower, ſeventy-three feet high. Drogheda is ſeated on the river Boyne, about a mile from the ſea, and conſiſts of two principal ſtreets, which interſect each other at right angles.

gles. The town-houſe is a handſome ſtone fabric.

About two miles from the town is a ſquare obeliſk, eighty feet in circumference at the baſe, and about one hundred and fifty feet high. It is charged with the following memorable inſcriptions on the four ſides, and unqueſtionably forms one of the grandeſt fabrics of the kind in Europe.

Sacred to the memory
of
King William the Third,
Who on the firſt of July, 1690, paſſed the river near this
place, to attack
James II. at the head of a Popiſh army, advantageouſly
poſted on
the ſouth ſide of it, and did on that day, by a ſucceſsful battle,
ſecure to us
and to our poſterity, our liberty, laws, and religion.
In conſequence of this action, James II.
left this kingdom, and fled to France.
This memorial of our deliverance was erected
in the 9th year of the reign of King George II.
the firſt ſtone being laid by Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorſet,
Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom of Ireland.
1736.

This monument was erected
by the grateful contribution
of ſeveral Proteſtants
of Great Britain and Ireland.

Reinhard, Duke of Schomberg,
in paſſing this river,
died, bravely fighting
in defence of liberty.

Firſt of July,
M.DC,XC.

Mr. Twiſs next proceeded to Dunleer, through a country producing potatoes, wheat, flax, and oats. The incloſures are chiefly of looſe ſtones piled on each other. Over the door of many of the cabins, is a board with the words GOOD DRY LODGINGS. "As I was ſure that hogs could not read," ſays our author, "I have avoided miſtaking them for ſtyes."

The braſs coins of the Iſle of Man are current all along this coaſt. The beggars here frequently ſolicited a good halfpenny in exchange for a *rap*, or a counterfeit one, a kind of barter which would juſtly expoſe them to puniſhment in any other country.

In his progreſs, Mr. Twiſs obſerved about a dozen bare-legged boys, ſitting by the ſide of the road, and ſcrawling on ſcraps of paper, placed on their knees. It ſeems theſe lads had found the ſmoke of their ſchool-room inſufferable, and were glad to eſcape to the open air. "It might be better," adds our touriſt, "if the lower claſs of people throughout Europe, were neither taught to read nor write, excepting ſuch as diſcover evident marks of genius; thoſe acquiſitions only creating new wants, and exciting new deſires, which as they are ſeldom able to gratify, only lay the foundation of ſubſequent miſery and diſappointment*."

The bridles, ſtirrups, and cruppers, which com-

* Politicians are much divided in regard to the education of the poor. We confeſs ourſelves advocates for a general diffuſion of learning. The more enlightened a nation is, the leſs liable it is to be miſled by faction, or ſunk in barbariſm. It is a miſtaken notion that ignorance is moſt eaſily governed. Contraſt Ireland and Scotland, at the preſent moment, for a confirmation of this poſition.

poſe

poſe the horſe furniture of the peaſantry, are only wiſps of ſtraw twiſted. However, Mr. Twiſs was fortunate enough to procure a ſteed with leather trappings, and on it he rode to Moneſterboice, about three miles from Dunleer, to ſee the round tower at that place. It is no leſs than one hundred and ten feet in height, but one of the ſides at the top is delapidated. Near it are three croſſes: the largeſt, about eighteen feet high, is compoſed of two ſtones, ſaid to have been imported from Rome. It is covered with baſs reliefs, repreſenting Chriſt, St. Patrick, St. Boyn, Adam, Eve, angels, and other objects; but through age, they are much defaced. On another croſs is a baſs relief of a human figure ſitting, with a dog on each ſide, reſting on its hind legs.

Being obliged to ſeek ſhelter from a violent ſhower, our touriſt entered a cabin, where the poultry familiarly perched on his knees to be fed. He afterwards found all the domeſtic fowls equally tame throughout the whole country.

After riding ſome way along the ſea-ſhore, he arrived at Dundalk, and having viſited Lord Clanbraſſil's gardens, he proceeded to Newry, but found nothing to recompenſe his trouble.

In a ſurvey of the county of Down, publiſhed in 1740, are theſe words: "As this whole county is remarkable for the number of its hills, which have been compared to wooden bowls inverted, or eggs ſet in ſalt, it thence took the name of Down, which ſignifies a hilly ſituation." Mr. Griffith in the letters between Henry and Frances, has a ſtill more curious ſimile. He ſays there are not two hundred yards of level ground in the whole county; and that the green

green hills lie ſo cloſe on each other, that they reſemble codlin pyes in bowl-diſhes.

The ſucceeding day, our touriſt rode ten miles along the canal, which joins Lough Neagh, paſſing eight ſluices; and ſlept at Armagh, in the market place of which he ſaw a croſs of two ſtones, with antique baſſo-relievos, repreſenting our Saviour between the two thieves, and ſome elegant fret work.

Though this is an archbiſhopric, and the metropolitan ſee of all Ireland, it contains only a ſingle church.

From Armagh he proceeded through Lurgan to Hillſborough. The nobleman who takes his title from the latter town, has lately built here a neat and elegant church, at his private expence, adorned with a ſpire, an organ, and painted windows.

Paſſing Liſburne, Mr. Twiſs arrived at Belfaſt, a regularly built town, with broad and ſtraight ſtreets. It has a bridge over the river, conſiſting of twenty-one arches. Here Lord Dungannon has a ſeat *.

Donaghadee is only ſixteen miles diſtant from Belfaſt: it is the uſual communication between Port St. Patrick in Scotland and Ireland, the channel which divides them, being only eighteen miles wide, and the navigation generally ſafe and expeditious.

The next ſtage our touriſt made, was to Antrim, ſituated within half a mile of Lough

* Mr. Twiſs mentions one James Magee, a printer, who might be conſidered as the principal curioſity of Belfaſt. From the humble occupation of a taylor, by dint of genius, he made types, ink, paper, and the preſs, and after ſecuring an eaſy fortune, he left the buſineſs of a typographer to his ſons.

Neagh.

Neagh. This lake which is one of the moſt conſiderable in Europe, is about twenty miles long and twelve broad. The circumjacent country is ſo champaign, that the fartheſt oppoſite ſhore can be diſcovered from one end, and the whole has the appearance of an inland ocean. In boiſterous weather, the waves break with great violence, and are reckoned more dangerous than thoſe of the ſea. On Ram Iſland, in this lake, is a round tower.

On the road between Antrim and Ballimony, our author ſaw another round tower at ſame diſtance. In theſe parts many copper coins were current, ſtruck by tradeſmen. On one was inſcribed, "I promiſe to pay the bearer two-pence on demand, John Mac Cully 1761;" and on the reverſe, the repreſentation of a beer caſk, with the words, "Brewer, 2 P."

It ſeems the want of ſmall change was formerly ſo great in Ireland, that ſeveral perſons were obliged to make copper and ſilver tokens, called *Traders*, which they paſſed among their workmen and cuſtomers. In ſome places this reſource has been the effect of neceſſity, but more generally of avarice, or the love of notoriety.

In the family of his landlord at Ballimony, Mr. Twiſs found five generations living, an inconteſtible proof of the longevity of the natives, and of the ſalubrity of the climate.

Our touriſt now proceeded on foot from the village called Buſh Mills, to the Giant's Cauſeway, diſtant about two miles, and ſituated at the northern extremity of Ireland. "It conſiſts," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "of about thirty thouſand pillars, moſtly in a perpendicular direction: at low water the cauſeway is about ſix hundred feet long, and probably

probably runs far into the ſea. The pillars are of different dimenſions, from fifteen to twenty-ſix inches in diameter, and from fifteen to thirty-ſix feet in height. This figure is chiefly pentagonal or hexagonal. Several, however, have been found with ſeven, and a few with three, four, or eight ſides, of irregular ſizes. Every pillar conſiſts of joints, or pieces, which are not united by flat ſurfaces, for, on being ſeparated, one of them is concave in the middle, and the other convex."

The ſtone compoſing this vaſt work of nature, is a ſpecies of baſaltes, of a cloſe grit and a duſky hue: it is very ponderous, clinks like iron, and melts in a forge. The pillars ſtand very cloſe to each other, and though the numbers of their ſides occaſionally differ, yet their contextures are ſo nicely adapted, as to have no vacuity between them; while each column retains its own thickneſs, angles, and ſides, from top to bottom.

Theſe columniations are continued, with interruptions, for nearly two miles along the ſhore. That range of them, which is moſt conſpicuous and neareſt the cauſeway, the country people call the Organs or Looms. There are juſt fifty in number, the talleſt about forty feet in height, and conſiſting of forty-four joints, while the others gradually decreaſe in length, like organ pipes.

Many other aſſemblages of the like baſaltic columns, it is well known, exiſt in Europe. The principal are in the Iſle of Staffa *, in Dalmatia, and in Italy.

* See Mr. Pennant's voyage to the Hebrides. It appears that all the baſaltic columns, known in the Britiſh dominions lie nearly under the ſame parallel of latitude.

From

From the Giant's Cauſeway, Mr. Twiſs proceeded to Coleraine, a ſmall neat town on the river Bann, over which is a bridge, and near it a cairn, or artificial mount, ſimilar to thoſe called Barrows in England.

Theſe mounts are very numerous in Ireland, and were thrown up by the Danes, between the eighth and twelfth centuries. They are generally conical, but of various dimenſions, ſome being only twenty feet high, while others are nearly one hundred and fifty, and of a proportionable circumference. The ſubſtance is either earth, or ſtones covered with earth. Many of them have been opened, and found to contain bones, trumpets, urns and other remains, ſo that there is little doubt they were intended for ſepulchral monuments.

An Iriſh writer, Mr. Boate, informs us, that in a cell under one of them, the bones of two dead bodies, entire, were found upon the floor; probably the relics of a huſband and his wife, whoſe conjugal affection had joined them in their grave as in their bed. Beſides theſe tumuli, continues he, there is another ſort of ancient work remaining in Ireland, called Daniſh forts or *raths*, eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the cairns by being encompaſſed with ditches or intrenchments, and are for the moſt part natural hills fortified. Some of thoſe are ſmall, others contain from fifteen to twenty acres of ground. Some have but one wide ditch at the bottom, others two or three, divided by intrenchments; ſome are hollowed at the top, others are contrived with a high towering mount; riſing in the centre much above the fort, and commanding all the works below. Many of the larger have caves

caves within them, that run in narrow, ſtraight, long galleries, five feet high, and as many broad. The ſmaller forts are ſo numerous in the county of Down, that for many miles they ſtand in ſight and call of each other.

Being ferried over the river Foyle, Mr. Twiſs entered Londonderry, a city conſiſting chiefly of two ſtreets, interſecting each other, and in the central point is built an exchange, dignified with the epithet *royal*. The town walls are about a quarter of an hour's walk in extent; but the place contains nothing particularly deſerving notice, except ſome large drawings of the Giant's Cauſeway in the Biſhop's Palace. Mr. Twiſs's next ſtage was to Raphoe, and in his way to Donnegal, he traverſed bogs and mountains of no inviting appearnce. At this place is a tolerable bridge of ſix arches, and a large ruinous caſtle. "I obſerved," ſays our touriſt, "that moſt of the common people, eſpecially the children, were infected with a cutaneous diſorder, the common conſequence of a want of cleanlineſs."

St. Patrick's Purgatory lies within a few miles of this place, in the midſt of the ſmall lake of Derg. At preſent little of this holy place remains, except the name.

Next day he viſited Ballyſhannon, a moſt romantic and beautiful place. It is a ſmall town near the ſea, with a bridge of fourteen arches over the river, which a little lower falls down a ridge of rocks, and at ebb tide forms one of the moſt pictureſque caſcades any where to be ſeen. It is rendered ſtill more ſingular and intereſting, by the principal ſalmon leap in this kingdom.

Almoſt all the rivers and lakes in Ireland afford plenty of theſe fiſh, at ſtated ſeaſons.

They generally deſcend to the ſea about Auguſt, or September, and return in the ſpring months, to depoſit their ſpawn on the ſandy ſhallows of the rivers.

The ſalmon, in coming from the ſea, are obliged to leap up this caſcade at Ballyſhannon, and it is ſcarcely credible to thoſe who have not been eye witneſſes of the fact, how theſe fiſh ſhould be able to dart fourteen feet perpendicular, and, allowing for the curvature, at leaſt twenty out of the water. Mr. Twiſs remained ſeveral hours obſerving them. They do not always ſucceed at the firſt effort; but when they are ſo lucky as to reach the top, they ſwim out of ſight in a moment. As they do not bound from the ſurface of the water, it cannot be known from what depth they take their leap. The tail is ſuppoſed to be the chief auxiliary in this formidable adventure; for in it the chief ſtrength of the fiſh reſides.

During their flight they are often ſhot, or caught with ſtrong barbed hooks fixed to a pole, and inſtances have been known of women receiving them in their aprons. At high water the fall is inconſiderable, and the fiſh ſwim up the acclivity without bounding; but frequently, even at low water, fifty or ſixty perform their leaps in an hour. "I placed myſelf on a rock on the brink of the caſcade," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "ſo that I had the pleaſure of ſeeing the ſurpriſing efforts of theſe beautiful fiſh cloſe to me, and at the bottom of the fall, porpoiſes and ſeals, tumbling and playing among the waves, and ſometimes a ſeal carrying off a ſalmon under his fins."

Eels are ſo abundant below the fall, that at certain ſeaſons the ſmall fry, or grigs, are caught in ſieves, baked all together, and thus eaten. The ſalmon fiſhery at Ballyſhannon is ſaid to be rented at 1600l. a year, and yet the fiſh is ſold at no more than a penny per pound, and ſix ſhillings per hundred.

Were theſe fiſheries intermitted for a year or two, the fiſh would conſiderably increaſe both in number and magnitude. After the wars in 1641, when buſineſs in general was ſuſpended for ſometime, ſalmon have been caught at Londerry of ſix feet long, and were then ſold, on an average, at ſix-pence a piece.

Leaving this town, where he was induced to remain four days, Mr. Twiſs paſſed through the village of Belleek, and obſerved a ſucceſſion of ſmall caſcades, which continued for nearly two miles. Shortly after he reached the hoſpitable ſeat of Sir James Caldwell, where he was agreeably entertained during a week.

Caldwell Caſtle is ſituated on the edge of Lough Erne, one of the moſt charming pieces of water in Europe. It is divided into two nearly equal parts, called the Upper and the Lower Lake, and juſt at the point of union is built the town of Iniſkillen, on a ſmall iſland.

The upper lake is twenty miles long, and nine in the wideſt part, containing, as well as the lower, many beautiful iſlands, ſome of a conſiderable ſize, well planted with trees, and inhabited. The greateſt depth of the lake is forty yards: it has been twice frozen over within this century, except a ſmall ſpace in the middle, where the current is very ſtrong.

The ſhores riſe in gradual ſlopes, and are environed by ſylvan mountains, the verdure of which is inexpreſſibly fine. The woods abound with game, and on the ſurface of the lake, myriads of aquatic fowls are continually ſporting. In the water are found numerous ſpecies of excellent fiſh, in the utmoſt abundance. Perch is, however, by far the moſt numerous, for the ſhores of both the lakes are almoſt alive with them; ſo that a child with a ſwitch, a thread, and a crooked pin, may ſpeedily catch more than he is able to carry away.

No ſpot in Europe perhaps exceeds this lake, as a ſcene of diverſion, to fowlers and anglers; nor is the beauty of the ſituation inferior to its richneſs in natural products. Several ſeats embelliſh the ſhores, among which Caſtle Hume is moſt conſpicuous.

"While ſtraying along its ſolitary margin," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "I felt a kind of pleaſing melancholy. I then compared the beauties of this with thoſe of other lakes I had ſeen, ſuch as Loch Lomond in Scotland, the lake of Geneva, and the claſſic lakes near Naples; and though I afterwards ſaw the celebrated lake of Killarney. Lough Erne did not ſuffer by the compariſon."

The neceſſaries of life are remarkably cheap in this vicinity: ſalmon may be had at 6s. per hundred, and the other kinds of fiſh for the mere trouble of catching them. A couple of rabbits will fetch only 3d. and a turkey or a gooſe one 1s. while ducks and fowls are ſold from 2d. to 3d. a piece. Butcher's meat is worth from 2d. to 3d. halfpenny a pound; and a barrel of potatoes, of forty-eight ſtone, coſt only, at this ſeaſon,

the trifling ſum of 1s. though the average is certainly from 8s. to 10s.

Whiſky, the general poiſon of the country, is ſold at 1s. per quart; wines are dearer in proportion, but excellent; and grocery wares are by far the moſt expenſive articles of living.

As houſe rent is extremely moderate, perſons of ſmall fortunes might here enjoy life in the utmoſt comfort, for there can ſcarcely be a ſpot more ſuitable for domeſtic retirement; but who can forego the ſweets of ſociety, and be content to vegetate in dull tranquillity; who can diveſt themſelves of the love of thoſe ſcenes where they have been born and paſſed their happieſt years, where they have formed the moſt agreeable connections, and participated in the higheſt pleaſures mankind can taſte, without a pauſe, without a pang! We are conſtantly envying the unexpenſive, the calm and ſequeſtered retreats, where men live to themſelves, and their immediate connections alone; but few of us would wiſh to tear ourſelves from all that binds us to ſociety, and ſettle on the banks of Lough Erne, in dull obſcurity. Yet happy might thoſe be, who had the good fortune to be born here, if they felt the *amor patriæ* more ſtrongly than they do, and were ſatisfied with living on their own eſtates, inſtead of ſquandering them away among ſtrangers, to the impoveriſhing of their country, and the degradation of themſelves.

After our touriſt had been complimented with ſeveral fiſhing and muſical parties on the lake, his kind hoſt, Sir James Caldwell, lent him a ſix-oared barge, to convey him to Inniſkillen, diſtant by water about fifteen miles. This town is joined to the mainland by two bridges, one of

ſix,

ſix, and the other of eight arches. Its name implies the Iſland of the Shilling, perhaps from the circular figure of its ſite. Here Mr. Twiſs remained two days, during which he viſited the Iſle of Devniſh, about three miles off, where he ſaw the moſt perfect round tower in Ireland. It is exactly a circle, and ſixty-nine feet to the conical covering, which riſes to the height of fifteen more. Its circumference is forty-eight feet, and the walls are upwards of three feet thick. The door is elevated nine feet above the ground, and there are ſeven ſquare apertures to admit the light. The whole edifice is very neatly built of ſtones, about a foot ſquare, with ſcarcely any cement; "yet the inſide," ſays our author, "is as ſmooth as a gun barrel.

Near this tower are the venerable ruins of an abbey, built in 1449. The ſoil is moſt exuberantly rich, and as a proof, land is let at 50l. an acre.

Here Mr. Twiſs was informed of ſome local cuſtoms among the common people, particularly reſpecting courtſhip and marriage, which, though curious enough, are not ſingular, as the ſame are found among the vulgar in North Holland, and among the Americans in Maſſachuſet's Bay. It ſeems the enamoured youth, inſtead of "living on a ſmile for years," is quickly permitted, without any ſcandal, to viſit his miſtreſs in her chamber by night, and if they agree, a marriage immediately takes place; if not, they part, perhaps to meet no more: According to our ideas of propriety, ſuch an intercourſe could not take place without cenſure; but we forget that habit reconciles us to all things, and that the moſt criminal, are frequently thoſe who apparently ſhew

the moſt faſtidious delicacy in their public manners.

While Mr. Twiſs was at Inniſkillen, he heard much of two caverns, about ſeven miles diſtant, which determined him to viſit them; but he confeſſes the diſappointment he experienced, and cautions future travellers from liſtening to the ſilly and exaggerated accounts of perſons, who, having juſt vegetated on the ſpot where they were born, ſuppoſe every thing wonderful that has met their very limited obſervation.

Bidding adieu to Lough Erne and its charming ſcenery, our touriſt proceed to Swanlingbar, a ſmall village, with a mineral ſpring, that changes the colour of ſilver, and taſtes like Harrowgate water. This place, during the ſummer months, is the reſort of the gay and the valetudinary, though the accommodations are but indifferent.

Journeying on through Killiſhandra to Granard, as more agreeable objects for remark, it ſeems, were wanting, Mr. Twiſs noticed numbers of the people, eſpecially of the fair ſex, ſitting before their doors in the ſun-ſhine, with their heads in each others laps, performing the charitable office of ridding them of vermin.

Near Granard is a large rath or mount, with four circular intrenchments; and from the ſummit is a delightful varied proſpect of land, and numerous ſmall lakes.

Paſſing through Edgeworth town, Ballymahon, and Athlone, of which he takes no notice, except that there is a bridge, over the Shannon, at the latter, our touriſt arrived at Ferbane, from whence he made an excurſion, of ſix miles, to ſee another bridge over the Shannon, built in 1759. It conſiſts of nineteen arches, is fifteen

feet

feet broad and four hundred long, and is neatly conſtructed of ſtone.

Three miles from this bridge, are the ruins of ſeven churches, with two round towers, the largeſt of which is broken towards the top, but the ſmaller is in pretty good preſervation. Here are alſo two ſtone croſſes, each compoſed of a ſingle ſtone, inſerted into a large ſquare one, ſerving as a pedeſtal. Some baſſo-relievos appear on one of them.

That noble river, the Shannon, the moſt capital of any that waſhes an European iſland, riſes from a ſpring among the mountains near Swanlingbar, falls into Lough Allen, a fine expanſe of water, runs through Lough Ree, a lake of about fifteen miles long, and beautifully diverſified with iſlands, and ſhortly after enters Lough Derg, of ſtill ſuperior extent, and in which there are fifty iſlands ſcattered, one of which, called Holy Iſland, contains the ruins of churches and the round towers juſt mentioned. The Shannon then continues its courſe to Limerick, diſtant ſixty-three miles from the ſea, all which way it is navigable. Its whole courſe is one hundred and ninety-one miles, and its fall, in the firſt hundred and twenty-eight, is not leſs than one hundred and fifty-one feet.

"A ſpecies of trout, called gilderoy, are caught here, and alſo in the neighbouring lakes, with a gizzard reſembling that of fowls." So ſays our author; and, with ridiculous deſcriptions of this ſingular trout, ſome would-be-naturaliſts and philoſophers have played on credulity, or amuſed the more intelligent!

In the little town of Birr, Mr. Twiſs paſſed a day. In the centre of this ſtands a ſtone column of

of the Doric order, on the top of which is placed a ſtatue of William Duke of Cumberland, in a Roman habit, caſt in lead, and painted of a ſtone colour. It was erected in 1747, at the expence of an individual.

Proceeding through Nenagh, he paſſed by what are called the ſilver mines, and ſoon arrived at Limerick, a moderately large city, containing three churches. The quarter, called the Iriſh Town, is filthy and mean beyond deſcription; but ſome of the other parts are by no means deſpicable, eſpecially about the quays.

Half a mile above the city, the river Shannon forms an iſland three miles in circumference, on the ſouth part of which the Engliſh town is built; and, though ſixty-three miles from the ſea, veſſels of three hundred tons can aſcend hither with ſafety. The communication with the Iriſh town is by means of a bridge, and with the county of Clare by another, neither of which is noticeable for its elegance or the ſtyle of its architecture,

In the opinion of the natives, however, Limerick appears to poſſeſs many beauties. Mentioning the cuſtom-houſe, one of their hiſtorians ſays, "when ſtrangers land here, this ſtructure cannot fail to make a ſeaſonable impreſſion on them of the riſe and grandeur of this city."

After a ſhort ſtay, our touriſt made an excurſion of nine miles on the Cork road, to examine three circles of ſtone, ſuppoſed of druidical origin. They ſtand near the ſmall lake of Gur. The principal circle is one hundred and fifty feet diameter, and conſiſts of forty ſtones, of which the largeſt is thirteen feet long, ſix broad, and four

four thick. Other ſimilar circles are to be ſeen in different parts of Ireland.

From Limerick, Mr. Twiſs went to Adare, a little pleaſant village, dignified by the ruins of ſeveral churches and convents, rendered venerable by the claſping ivy that keeps their fragments together. From thence he paſſed through Newcaſtle; and, after traverſing ſome bleak and barren mountains, arrived at Caſtle Iſland. From thence he made an excurſion to Tralee and Ardfert; and, again traverſing naked mountains, arrived at the ſmall town of Killarney, where inceſſant rain confined him for ſeveral days.

The celebrated lake of the ſame name with the town, of courſe, was the principal object of our touriſt's attention. Having furniſhed himſelf with maps, prints, and deſcriptions, which he attentively peruſed, he applied to Lord Kenmare for the uſe of a boat, and was handſomely complimented with a ſix-oared barge.

Two days are generally devoted to the ſcenery of the lake, or rather the two lakes, as they are divided into upper and lower, though Mr. Twiſs thinks a ſingle day might ſuffice, were it poſſible to prevail on the watermen to work. Sails are never uſed, as the ſudden guſts of wind which iſſue from the mountains would overſet the boats.

The boatmen muſt be paid and maintained in a liberal manner; and, beſides them, ſome performers on the French-horn reſide in Killarney, one of whom at leaſt is reckoned a neceſſary appendage in the expedition. Several pounds of powder muſt alſo be purchaſed, which are afterwards diſcharged from a ſmall cannon; "thus cauſing," in the language of our author, the

ſtrepitoſo

ſtrepitoſo of the exploſion to ſucceed to the *amoroſo* of the horns." The whole expence of two day's pleaſure on the lake coſt about eight guineas.

The firſt fine day after his arrival at Killarney, Mr. Twiſs walked to the neighbouring mountain of Mangerton, ſuppoſed to be one of the higheſt in Ireland; as, by the experiment of the barometer*, it was found on one trial to be one thouſand and twenty yards perpendicular above the lake; "but I was aſſured," ſays our author, "that it is not more than eight hundred; and that the mountain of Knock-mele-down, between Kilworth and Clonmell, is one hundred yards higher than Mangerton."

The ſummit of this mountain is chiefly a moraſs, but tolerably firm. From its ſide, about half way up, the lower lake, with its iſlands, is to be ſeen as diſtinctly as in a map; and from the top is a grand view of the ocean, the efflux of the river Kenmare, and the Skelig iſlands.

The great Skelig, abut ten miles from the ſhore, is thus deſcribed. It is a high and ſtupendous rock, with many inacceſſible precipices, horribly overhanging the ſea, which is generally rough and tempeſtuous. A ſingle track, and that very narrow, conducts to the top, ſo difficult and frightful, that few have courage to attempt it. This aſcent was enjoined as a penance, from the time of St. Patrick till very lately. Part of it was performed by ſqueezing through a hollow reſembling the funnel of a chimney, then the penitent arrived at a ſmall flat, about a yard

* Thirty yards and two thirds in perpendicular height are uſually allowed to every tenth of an inch the mercury falls in the barometer; but this, for various reaſons, can never be depended on as an unerring mode of calculation.

broad

broad, which ſlopes down the rock to the ocean. A few ſhallow holes are cut here, which afford ſome ſtay to the hands and feet; but the leaſt ſlip would be fatal. The laſt ſtation which the devotees had to viſit, is called the Spindle, or Spit. It is a long fragment of the rock, about two feet broad, projecting from the ſummit over a turbulent ſea. Here women, as well as men, were obliged to ſit aſtride, and edge forward, till they arrived at a croſs, which ſome bold adventurer, many centuries ago, cut on its extreme end, and which they were to kiſs. If the reader can conceive the ſituation of a perſon, perched on the ſummit of this pinnacle, in the ſuperior region of the air, beholding the vaſt expanſe of the ocean all around him, except towards the eaſt, where the lofty mountains on the ſhore appear like low hills, he may be able to form ſome idea of its terrors, and of the hideous danger of the aſcent and deſcent*.

On the weſt ſide of Mangerton is a round hole, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, called the Devil's Punch-Bowl. It is of an unfathomable depth, conſtantly filled with water, and, from its overflow, a torrent deſcends the ſide of the mountain into the lake.

Having found a favourable day, our touriſt embarked early in the morning on the Lower Lake, about ſeven miles long and four broad, communicating with the Upper one, by a narrow paſſage about three miles long, a ſmall part of which is too ſhallow to be navigable.

Lough Lane is the general name of both lakes, though Killarney is now commonly applied to

* See the Hiſtory of Kerry.

them.

them. The waters of the upper paſs into the lower diviſion, and from thence are diſcharged into the ſea, diſtant about twenty miles, by an outlet, or ſmall river, called the Lane.

The weſtern ſhore of the lower lake is mountainous, well wooded, and abounding in ſtags, foxes, hares, partridges, woodcocks, and grouſe: the oppoſite ſhore is nearly champaign. About thirty iſlands are diſperſed in this diviſion. On one, named Innisfallen, they landed, and found the remains of an old abbey, which ſerved at preſent as a ſummer-houſe, where parties of pleaſure dine. The ſoil of this ſpot, which contains about twenty acres, is exceſſively rich.

They next viſited the other iſlands of any note, and found moſt of them variegated with trees and ſhrubs of different kinds. The arbutus, or ſtrawberry tree, thrives here prodigiouſly, and forms one of the moſt beautiful vegetable ornaments of theſe lovely ſpots. It is an evergreen, and at that time, September, bore bloſſoms, green and ripe fruit all at once. The fruit reſembles the ſtrawberry, except that it is larger; and, by its vivid ſcarlet, blending with the deep green leaves, and environed by box, yew, holly, and ſervice, trees*, enrich the general luxuriance. The arbutus generally grows from ten to fifteen feet in height, and about as many inches in diameter. Sometimes, however, it is found of much ſuperior dimenſions, even in Ireland. In Portugal, and other warm climates, it acquires a ſtately ſize.

Holly and juniper are commonly very large. Our author mentions one of the former, whoſe

* The ſorbus of Linnæus

trunk

trunk meaſured eight feet and upwards in circumference, and of the latter, five feet three inches.

On the iſland of Roſs, is a ſmall caſtle, uſed as a barrack. Near the caſcade of Touriſh, the boatmen caught a ſalmon, which was immediately dreſſed for dinner.

Next day they viſited the upper lake, about three miles long and one broad, wholly environed by high mountains, the moſt remarkable of which are thoſe of Glena and the Turk, behind which riſe others of loftier brow, called the Reeks. Eight iſlands are ſcattered in this diviſion of the lake. The pleaſure of the voyage was heightened by trying, in different ſituations, the effects of the echoes produced by the ſound of the French-horns and the exploſion of the cannon. They alſo angled for trout, and caught great numbers.

"Notwithſtanding my expectations," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "were too much raiſed by reading the romantic exaggerations of Mr. Ockenden, who has deſcribed this lake, I muſt own that it forms one of the greateſt natural beauties of Ireland, and will amply repay the traveller of taſte for his trouble in journeying thither."

The following remarks of a writer on this ſubject, who appears to be in general too enthuſiaſtic, are certainly very juſt, and deſerve to be noticed by the admirers of picturesque landſcape. "The effects of many of the views of theſe lakes," ſays he, "are, in my opinion, much heightened by the hourly revolutions in the face of the heavens. The vaſt volumes of clouds, which are rolled together from the Atlantic, and reſt on the ſummits of the mountains, clothe them with

majeſty: the different maſſes of light and ſhade, traverſing the lakes in ſucceſſion, as the ſhifting bodies above float acroſs them, exhibit all the varieties of night and day, almoſt at the ſame inſtant. The miſts interpoſing their dull, yet tranſparent, coverings to the view, raiſe new deſires of a fuller and clearer proſpect; and the wandering vapours, flitting from cliff to cliff, as if in ſearch of the clouds, from which they have been ſeparated, amuſe the eye with their varieties and irregular motions.

Rains fall here ſo inceſſantly, that a fine day is not only deſirable in itſelf, but greatly enhances the beauty of the ſcenery. Yet ſuch a ſucceſſion of ſhowers not only keeps up the volume of the waters, but gives the moſt vivid tints to the ſurrounding vegetation.

While in this vicinity, our tourift viſited the gardens of Mucrus, belonging to Mr. Herbert. They lie about three miles from Killarney, on the margin of the lake, and conſiſt of an admixture of rugged rocks, ſhady valleys, and verdant lawns. The arbutus, holly, ſorbus, oak, aſh, ſycamore*, lauriſtinus, vine, and other trees and ſhrubs, grow out of the crevices of the rocks in a ſurpriſing manner. Near the extremity of thoſe Elyſian fields, in the centre of a grove of majeſtic aſhes, are the ruins of an old abbey, the cloiſters of which form a ſquare of about thirty feet, and conſiſt of twenty-two arches, ſtill entire. In the middle riſes a noble

* The ſycamore is ſaid to grow better than any other deciduous tree in expoſed ſituations, particularly near the ſea. Ought not the inhabitants of the eaſtern coaſts of England and Scotland to endeavour to cover the nakedneſs of the country, by plantations of this kind?

yew

yew, the trunk of which is ſix feet and a half in circumference, and fifteen in height to the branches, which riſe above the battlements of the cloiſters, and then wholly overſpread them, "ſhedding a dim, religious light. This fine tree is probably coeval with the building, which was founded in 1440.

An immenſe number of ſculls and bones are piled up among theſe ruins; "and here," ſays our touriſt, "I firſt heard the Iriſh howl, produced by an aſſemblage of men, women, and children, who attended the burial of one of their fellows.

During the ardor of a ſtag hunt, in theſe environs, the animal is ſometimes forced into the lake, when the hunters take to their boats, and enjoy one of the moſt cheerful and animating chaces that can poſſibly be conceived.

Wolves were formerly numerous in this iſland. The laſt was killed in 1710; and the the wolf-dogs, which appear to have been indigenous to Ireland, are now become extremely ſcarce. Mr. Twiſs ſaw two of this breed in Dublin, belonging to a nobleman, and they were valued at twenty guineas each. They are ſhaped ſomewhat like the greyhound, but are taller than the maſtiff, and ſeem poſſeſſed of great ſtrength.

Different kinds of pebbles are found in this county, which, when poliſhed, are known by the appellation of Kerry ſtones. Some copper mines were diſcovered near Mucrus, but their working was obliged to be diſcontinued for want of fuel.

The inns at Killarney, according to our author, are very indifferent; though he imagines it would be a moſt profitable ſpeculatian for a

perſon of enterpriſe, acquainted with the buſineſs, to erect a large and elegant one for the accommodation of viſiters of the lake.

From Killarney, Mr. Twiſs returned to Caſtle Iſland; and, proceeding forty miles farther, over a ſucceſſion of mountains and moraſſes, almoſt deſtitute of verdure of any kind, except during the laſt five miles, he arrived at Cork.

The city, which is about three miles long and nearly two broad, obtains the ſecond rank in the kingdom, and is ſituated on a marſhy iſland, ſurrounded by the river Lee, which diſcharges itſelf into the ocean about ten miles below. The harbour is ſpacious and ſecure, bounded on one ſide by Great Iſland, and a little higher up is a place, called Paſſage, where all ſhips of burden are obliged to unlade; and from thence their cargoes are carried five miles, either in ſmall craft or by land.

The environs of Cork are extremely beautiful. The country riſes into gentle hills, ſtudded with ſeats, gardens, and plantations. The eminences adjoining to the city are ſo thick ſet with houſes, riſing gradually above each other, that the proſpect is uncommonly grand. A new walk, or mall, of a mile in length, planted with trees, increaſes the beauty of the ſcene.

This city is adorned with ſix churches beſides the cathedral, but none of them are remarkable for their architecture. Many canals interſect the ſtreets, over which ſmall draw-bridges are thrown, ſomewhat like thoſe in Holland. There are two ſtone bridges over the Lee, on one of which ſtands an equeſtrian ſtatue of George II.

The population is computed at eighty thouſand,

ſand, of which two thirds are ſaid to be Roman Catholics. The exchange is a handſome ſtone fabric, with five arches in front, and was erected in 1708. The places of public amuſement are, a theatre and aſſembly rooms.

In the mayoralty-houſe is a ſtatue of white marble, repreſenting Lord Chatham. "I was told," ſays our author, "that the corporation paid Mr. Wilton, the ſtatuary, 450l. for this piece of ſculpture; and a houſe-painter was now actually at work, painting it in oil colours." Need we wonder at the little reſpect ſhewn to the taſte and judgment of corporations, after ſuch an inſtance of folly!

The forte of the citizens of Cork certainly does not lie in the fine arts, but in thoſe that relate to eating and drinking. Sheep, oxen, and hogs, are here ſlaughtered in prodigious numbers, and conſtitute the chief articles of traffic and exportation.

Some attempts in the literary way have been made at Cork, but with indifferent ſucceſs. The inhabitants, however, are by no means in that ſavage ſtate in which Fynes Moryſon deſcribes them, about the beginning of the ſeventeenth century. "At Cork," ſays this author, "I have ſeen with theſe eyes, young maids, ſtark naked, grinding of corn with certain ſtones to make cakes thereof, and ſtriking off, into the meal-tub, ſuch relics as ſtuck to their bodies." This writer gives other equally curious anecdotes of the wild Iriſh.

After ſojourning twelve days at Cork, Mr. Twiſs ſet out for Mallow, a ſmall town much reſorted to in the ſummer months, for the benefit of drinking the waters, which burſt out from

the bottom of a great lime-ſtone rock, at the extremity of a well-planted walk and canal.

The water is moderately warm, and is reputed ſalutary in the ſame complaints for which recourſe is had in England to the Hotwells, near Briſtol. The natives call this poor place the Iriſh Bath.

Leaving Mallow, our touriſt proceeded through Doneraile, Mitchel's Town, Clogheen, and Clonmell, the birth-place of the inimitable Sterne, to Caſhel. The cathedral is built on the top of a rock, and contains a chapel with a neatly-arched roof. Here is likewiſe a very perfect round tower, of great height, and near it a broken croſs, ten feet high. Though an archiepiſcopal ſee, this is a very ſmall and miſerable place.

The next ſtage was St. John's, in the road to Kilkenny. This laſt is a pleaſant town, waſhed by a river, which divides it, over which are thrown two bridges. Here is an old caſtle, and near the cathedral ſtands a lofty round tower. The roof of the cathedral is ſupported by eight large quadruple columns of black marble, which, in the Iriſh taſte, are white-waſhed. Several monuments, fabricated about the middle of the ſixteenth century, are here to be ſeen. The moſt remarkable, however, is a more modern one, to the memory of the Biſhop of Oſſory's lady. It repreſents a female, as large as the life, with a book in her left hand, and her right arm reclining on an urn of white marble, on a black ground, ſculptured by Scheemakers. A pretty walk, a mile long, planted with trees, runs along the river ſide.

Paſſing through the mean town of Knocktopher, our traveller afterwards arrived at Waterford.

This

This town is ſeated on the river Suire; which is broad and rapid: it ſtands about eight miles from the ſea, and is extremely well adapted for the Briſtol trade, to which city the navigation is ſafe and ſpeedy, with a due eaſterly wind. The quay is half a mile long, and of conſiderable breadth; and the largeſt trading veſſels load and unload before it. Waterford contains two churches, beſides the cathedral.

"The counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, and Carlow," ſays Mr. Twiſs, "are overrun with ruffians, called White Boys. Theſe are the peaſants who do not chuſe to pay tithes or taxes, and who, in the night time, aſſemble to the number of many hundreds on horſeback and foot, well armed, with ſhirts over their clothes, from whence their title is derived.

They ſtroll about the country, firing houſes and barns, burying people alive in the ground, cutting off their noſes and ears, and committing other barbarities on their perſons. The objects of their revenge and cruelty are chiefly tithe and tax gatherers, and landlords who attempt to raiſe their rents: they never rob, neither do they moleſt travellers. Rewards are continually advertiſed for the apprehenſion of theſe banditti, and, from time to time, a few of theſe deluded wretches, as the advertiſements term them, are conducted to the gallows by a regiment of ſoldiers. Excommunications are likewiſe thundered out againſt them, by their prieſts, from the pulpit; but, as they are ſo numerous, it is not likely they will ſoon be extirpated*.

On

* The prediction of Mr. Twiſs has been verified by fatal experience. The government of Ireland, too long, either re-

lu ant

On leaving Waterford, Mr. Twiſs ferried over the Noire at New Roſs, and arrived at Wexford, a town conſiſting of one main ſtreet, poſſeſſing no particular beauty. In this vicinity is a track of land, called the Barony of Forth, inhabited by a colony planted there in the time of Henry II. which ſtill retains peculiar cuſtoms and manners indicative of its origin.

Being ferried over the river Slaney, which is here very broad, our traveller proceeded through Newborough and Arklow to Wicklow, the road lying chiefly along the ſhore. From thence he made an excurſion of ten miles, on horſeback, over dangerous mountains and through deep pools of water, to ſee the ruins of ſeven churches at Glandilough. Here is alſo a round tower, fifteen feet in diameter, of which the top is broken; and a plain croſs of a ſingle ſtone, twelve feet high and two thick. No track can be more ſteril or inhoſpitable than this. Our touriſt could not find any other refreſhment for his horſe than a ſcanty bite of graſs, amidſt the ruins of the churches, or for himſelf, except a few blackberries.

From Wicklow, to which he returned, he again viſited Powerſcourt, and that charming ſpot, Dargles, and next day entered Dublin, after an abſence of three months, during which interval

luctant to redreſs real grievances, or too ſupine to proſecute daring offenders, has at length been rouſed to an energy, which, if ſhewn at a more favourable conjuncture, would infallibly have put an end to tumult and diſorder. It has now been ſufficiently proved, that lenity was miſapplied to ſuch wretches, and that coercion is become indiſpenſably neceſſary, for the ſake of the community at large.

he

he had travelled about eleven hundred Engliſh miles.

After a few days reſt, he made a week's excurſion to ſome places in the environs, which had hitherto eſcaped his notice.

His firſt trip was to Naas, then to Old Kilkullen, diſtinguiſhed for its round tower, and afterwards to Caſtle Dermot, where he ſaw another round tower, and a large croſs, compoſed of a ſingle ſtone, charge with baſſo relievos.

Kildare was the next object of attention, in the cemetery of which is a fine tower, one hundred and ſeven feet high, built of white granite, to the height of twelve feet from the ground, and the reſt of common blue ſtone. The door is fourteen feet from the bottom.

Traverſing the Curagh, or race ground, eſteemed the beſt in Ireland, Mr. Twiſs afterwards viſited the village of Summer-hill, near which is the elegant ſeat of Mr. Rowley. It is built of white ſtone, and conſiſts only of the ground floor and an attic ſtory, ornamented with a baluſtrade. The front is about three hundred feet long; and the principal entrance is decorated with ſemi-columns of the Corinthian order.

At the Earl of Mornington's ſeat, he noticed a neat chapel with an organ, and then proceeded through Trim, remarkable only for the ruins of a caſtle and abbey, to the ſmall town of Kells, diſtinguiſhed for its round tower. Near this is a ſtone croſs, with baſſo relievos, and the fragments of three others. In the church is a ſtately monument, erected in 1737, to the memory of Sir Thomas Taylor and his lady. It is a large ſarcophagus of grey marble, reſting on three eagles' claws, and upon it is an urn, ſupported

ported by an altar of white marble, between two Corinthian pillars, of white and black marble. The altar is ornamented with rams' heads and foliages, delicately executed, and the whole has an impreſſive appearance. In the market place is a ſtone croſs, charged with relievos of flags and dogs.

The Earl of Bective's ſtands about a mile diſtant from Kells. This ſeat is three ſtories high, containing a range of eleven windows. Two wings of a ſingle ſtory are joined to it. The whole edifice is plain, but neat, and extremely well adapted for comfort and convenience.

Leaving this place, the laſt on which our touriſt makes any remarks, he returned through Navan to Dublin, and on the 12th of November embarked; and, after eleven hours ſailing, landed ſafely at Holyhead. From thence he proceeded through Cheſter and Birmingham to London; and thus finiſhed a tour of conſiderable extent, which, to writers of a different taſte, would have furniſhed ſubject ſufficient for more voluminous obſervations.

We conclude with a few general remarks relative to the fiſter iſland.

It appears there are forty-four charter working ſchools in Ireland, wherein two thouſand and twenty-five boys and girls are maintained and educated. Theſe eſtabliſhments are ſupported by an annual bounty from his majeſty of 1000l. by a tax on hawkers and pedlars, and by ſundry ſubſcriptions and legacies. The children eligible, are to be born of popiſh parents, ſound in health and limbs, from ſix to ten years of age. The boys at ſixteen, and the girls at fourteen, are apprenticed into Proteſtant families. A premium

mium of 5l. is given to every perſon, educated in thoſe ſchools, on marrying a Proteſtant. This muſt in time leave a very beneficial effect, in leſſening the number of Catholics, and thus giving a greater ſtability to government.

During the vice-royalty of the Duke of Dorſet in 1731, the inhabitants of Ireland were numbered, and the population in the four provinces reſpectively was found to be as follows:

	Proteſtants.	Papiſts.
Connaught,	21,604	221,780
Leinſter,	203,087	447,916
Munſter,	115,130	482,044
Ulſter,	360,632	158,028
	700,453	1,309,768

From hence it appears, that the Catholics amount to two-thirds of the whole population of the iſland; and, as their numbers are probably not materially diminiſhed, it will be evident how incompatible it would be with the ſecurity of the eſtabliſhment, to extend the privileges of that ſect farther than has already been done by the indulgence of government.

The Iriſh writers in general contend for the very high antiquity of their nation: it would be idle to enter into all their ridiculous legends, even did our limits permit; but we cannot refrain from adding the judicious remarks of Dr. Smollet, in his *Preſent State* of all Nations, which are ſo concluſive, that all but the prejudiced muſt allow their validity.

"Setting aſide," ſays he, "the ridiculous legends and fables of the Iriſh, with reſpect to their antiquity and origin, it ſeems highly reaſonable to conclude, that the country was firſt peopled from Britain. There is no good reaſon to induce us to believe that it was ever conquered by the Romans. Towards the decline of that empire, a colony of Scots began to make a great figure in Ireland, whence it acquired the name of Scotia. The iſland was afterwards often haraſſed by the Danes, Norwegians, and Saxons; but never entirely ſubdued, till Henry II. king of England, made himſelf maſter of it in the twelfth century. It has ever ſince been ſubject to the kings of England, who were only ſtyled lords of Ireland, till the title of king was beſtowed on Henry VIII. in 1541, by the ſtates of the realm in parliament aſſembled."

William Lithgow, the celebrated Scotch pilgrim, who in 1619 journeyed through this iſland, paints the country and its inhabitants in ſuch colours as are by no means flattering. We ſhall only ſubjoin a ſhort extract from his curious deſcription.

"And now, after a general ſurvey of the whole kingdom, the north-weſt part of Canoch excepted, accompliſhed from the firſt of September to the laſt of February, I found the goodneſs of the ſoil more than anſwerable to my expectation, the defect only remaining, not ſpeaking of our colonies, in the people, and from them, in the boſom of two graceleſs ſiſters, ignorance and ſluggiſhneſs.

"And this," continues he, "I dare avow, that there are more rivers, lakes, brooks, ſtrands, quagmires, bogs, and marſhes, in this country,

than in all Chriſtendom; for travelling there in the winter, all my daily ſolace was ſink-down comfort; whiles, boggy plunging deeps kiſſing my horſe's belly; whiles, over-mired ſaddle, body and all; and often or ever ſet a ſwimming, in great danger, both I and my guides, of our lives; that for cloudy and fountain-bred perils, I was never before reduced to ſuch a floating labyrinth. Conſidering that in five months ſpace, I quite ſpoiled ſix horſes, and myſelf as tired as the worſt of them.

"The fabricks are advanced three or four yards high, pavilion-like encircling, erected in a triangular frame of ſmoke-torn-ſtraw, green long-pricked turf, and rain-dropping wattles. Their ſeveral rooms of palatiat diviſions, as chambers, halls, parlours, kitchens, barns, and ſtables, are all included in one, and that perhaps in the midſt of a mire; where, when in foul weather, ſcarcely can they find a dry part whereon to repoſe their cloud-baptized heads. Their ſhirts be woven of the wool or linen of their own nature, and their pernicious food ſemblable to heir ruvid condition."

Mr. Twiſs, an amateur himſelf of the fine arts, thinks there is nothing beyond the environs of Dublin worthy of a ſtranger's regard; and that ſhould any perſon wiſh to viſit that iſland out of curioſity, he might land in the capital, remain there a fortnight, make excurſions twenty miles round it, and in this ſpace he might ſee all the pictures, ſtatues, and handſome buildings in the kingdom, beſides ſeveral round towers, croſſes, cairns, and cromlechs, and the moſt pictureſque and beautiful ſcenery.

The Giant's Cauſeway, he obſerves, is an object ſcarcely worthy of going ſo far to ſee; but the ſalmon-leap at Ballyſhannon is a ſcene of ſuch a ſingular nature, as not to be rivalled elſewhere. Beſides, Lough Erne and Killarney alone merit the journey.

Notwithſtanding theſe obſervations, by no means calculated to tempt travellers to viſit that country, we are perfectly convinced that the lover of nature will find in Ireland enough to gratify him for his labour, however the admirer of art may be diſappointed. And to nature, the good, the benevolent, and enlightened, in general, recur with rapture, when the tracks of art have loſt the power of pleaſing, and the mind is tired of contemplating the tranſitory objects erected to her honour.

EXCURSION

EXCURSION

TO THE LAKES,

WITH A

TOUR THROUGH PART

OF THE

NORTH OF ENGLAND,

In 1773 and 1774,

By W. HUTCHINSON.

THE rapid progreſs of cultivation in the northern counties, aſſiſts the lapſe of time in obliterating many remains of antiquity, and giving a new aſpect to the face of nature. Mr. Hutchinſon, animated by the example of travellers, who have deſcribed whatever is beautiful or curious in foreign countries, felt the patriotic wiſh of noticing ſome of the moſt delightful ſcenes in his native iſland, and of reſcuing ſome of its antiquities from oblivion, before their exiſtence could be doubted. Inſpired with theſe views, he made a ſummer's tour, during two ſucceſſive years, and commenced his remarks at Bowes, in Yorkſhire.

This place derives its chief importance from its antiquity, and the ruins of its caſtle, by ſome ſuppoſed to be of Roman conſtruction, but more reaſonably conjectured to have been built by

Alan, earl of Richmond, in the reign of the Conqueror.

Bowes Caſtle, ſituated near the old high ſtreet, is fifty-three feet high, and forms a ſquare of eighty-one feet each way. It is built of hewn ſtone, of excellent workmanſhip, and the walls are cemented with lime mixed with ſmall flints; but much of the external caſing is ſtript off, and the whole is rapidly haſtening to decay.

This fortreſs is ſurrounded with a deep ditch, beyond which is an open area, or platform, and the hill, on whoſe brink it ſtands, has a ſwift deſcent to the river Greta. There are evident traces of Roman works within its precincts; and moſt probably the preſent caſtle was founded on the ſite of one much more ancient.

The remains of a bath and its aqueduct, now wholly in ruins, and overgrown with weeds and brambles, are ſtill indicated to travellers.

A late incloſure of ſome common lands belonging to Bowes, brought to light an ancient aqueduct, which conveyed the water two miles, from a place called Levarpool, to the caſtle.

Antiquaries have hitherto fixed the ancient Lavatræ at Bowes, that place correſponding with the diſtances ſet out in the Itinerary; but our author ſeems to think, that the ſite may have been near Levarpool, particularly as ſome adjoining lands ſtill bear the name of Lavartree, or Laretree; there, however, on examination, they found only ancient ſtone quarries of vaſt capacity.

Great numbers of Roman coins have been diſcovered at Bowes, which mark its former celebrity. Several ſorts of earthen veſſels, of the red kind, have alſo been dug up at this place; and Camden ſays, he ſaw an altar to the honour of Adrian,

Adrian, in the church, charged with the ſubſequent inſcription, which is now loſt;

IMP CÆSARI DIVI TRAJANI PARTHICI max filio
DIVI NERVÆ NEPOTI TRAJANO Hadria
NO AUG. PONT. MAXIM.
COS I—P. P.—COH. IIII. F—
IO. SEV.

Sir Robert Cotton obtained from hence an altar, from the inſcription on which it appeared, that whilſt Virius Lupus ruled as lieutenant-general and prætor of Britain, under Severus the emperor, the firſt cohert of the Thracians lay here in garriſon, for whoſe uſe he reſtored the baths. Sir Robert cauſed this curious monumental record to be removed to Connington.

The ancient cuſtom of Thorotoll is ſtill preſerved here, though the fortreſs is no longer maintained, nor applicable to any beneficial purpoſe to the neighbourhood, which was the original excuſe for an impoſition, now become grievous to the public.

Advancing towards Weſtmorland, the ſad ſcene of ſterility they were obliged to behold, was, in ſome degree, relieved by riſing incloſures, and ſome attempts at cultivation, though the ſoil and climate ſeem to preclude induſtry from the hope of reaping her natural rewards.

About two miles from Bowes is that ſingular curioſity, called God's Bridge, a natural arch of limeſtone, ſixteen feet in ſpan, beneath which the Greta precipitates its waters. The path, formed on the crown of this rock, is about twenty feet wide, and is the common carriage road.

After the river has paſſed this bridge, it ſoon ſinks for the ſpace of half a mile, and breaks out

again through the cavities of the rocks. Some contracted meadows fringe the river, and the plough-ſhare begins to mark the traces of induſtry on the ſkirts of the deſert.

As they advanced on their journey, Spittle, an ancient hoſpital, caught their eye, and behind it roſe Stainmore. A dreary proſpect of naked hills, rugged and deformed, every where ſurrounded them, yet here and there a few plots of graſs relieved the uniformity of the ſteril ſcene, and now and then a little rill cheered the ſolitary dell.

Near the turnpike-houſe, on Stainmore, they ſaw a cylindrical ſtone, which appears to have been a Roman guide poſt, but its inſcription is almoſt obliterated. Soon after they approached Roy Croſs, the boundary between Yorkſhire and Weſtmorland, and ſaid by Boethius, to have been erected at the time William the Conqueror granted Cumberland to the Scots, on condition that they ſhould pay homage for the ſame, and not engage in any meaſures inimical to the crown of England.

This croſs ſtands within the remains of a large intrenchment, through which the turnpike-road now paſſes. Its form is an oblong ſquare, with two openings on every ſide of the ſquare, defended by a mound of earth placed in the front of each paſs.

Hiſtory is almoſt wholly ſilent in reſpect to this intrenchment, and conjecture is left to fix its origin and uſe. As it lies on the Roman road, it might be referred to that nation; but the ſingularity of the paſſes and mounds, which guard them, by no means correſponds with their uſual mode of fortifying a camp. From the conflicts that

that took place previous to the ceſſion of Cumberland, it is likely that the northern Engliſh, or the Normans, may have encamped here, or perhaps converted a Roman ſtation to their uſe. However this may be, Hollingſhed's Chronicle informs us, that the croſs was certainly erected in conſequence of a compact between William the Conqueror and Malcolm king of Scotland, and that it bore the image of the king of England on one ſide, and that of the king of Scotland on the other.

Proceeding from this ſpot, a continuous ſcene of deſolation was ſpread before them for ſeveral miles; the hills increaſed in height; the valleys in depth and horror; the wind whiſtled among the rocks, the vapours either reſted incumbent on the mountain's brow, or diſſolved in torrents down its ſides.

At laſt the landſcape changed, and over a rugged and rocky foreground, they looked on Stainmore Dale in front. The verdant meadow, the ſequeſtered cottage, the graſſy plain, and ſome tufts of trees were finely contraſted by the ſurrounding waſtes.

On the right roſe a mountain, whoſe grey head was hid in the clouds, while its ſides are thinly ſprinkled with ſpots of verdant foliage. In an opening of this wild and dreary mountain, Hellbeck Hall is deſcried, emboſomed in trees. "This place," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "ſeems calculated for diſcontent, hid from all that is cheerful, and befitted to a mind full of diſappointment and deſpair. All its proſpects is barrenneſs; —the voice of waterfalls, winds howling in the branches of the trees, or hiſſing in the fiſſures of the rocks, its only muſic; the deep ſhadows ren-

der it gloomy; and overhanging vapours damp and dreary."

Yet, it ſeems, Hellbeck has its beauties;—it contraſts with the vale beneath, which reaches the very borders of Cumberland, the lofty mountains of which, tinged with blue vapours, loſe their ſummits in the ſky.

Brough occupies the foreground, whoſe ancient caſtle, formerly the ſeat of the Pembroke family, preſents a noble object, amidſt the lovely ſcenery of the vale. As they began to deſcend the hill towards Brough, they paſſed an ancient Roman fortification, called Maiden Caſtle, through which the Roman road immediately lay. This ſtructure is of a ſquare form, each ſide forty paces long, and is built of ſtone. It is well defended by outworks and intrenchments, and from its natural ſituation, as well as the effects of art, ſeems to have been a place of vaſt ſtrength in former times. The aſcent on the ſide oppoſite to Brough is very ſteep for more than a mile; and to the ſouth it is abſolutely inacceſſible; while towards the north, the ground is every where rugged and mountainous.

Brough is divided into two inſignificant towns, called Church and Market Brough, ſeparated from each other by a little brook, which falls into the river Eden. Agriculture has made little progreſs here: the judicious management of graſs land is the farmer's only ſtudy, and in this he ſucceeds to admiration. Our author obſerves, that "the inhabitants are ignorant of men and manners, but ſubtle and crafty."

After a night's reſt, the pleaſantneſs of the morn called them very early from Brough. The dawn advanced with a deep calm, the clouds broke

broke from the hills, and drew their grey veil from the face of nature. The valley lay enwrapped in ſtillneſs, and all around ſeemed the region of tranquillity; but, in a ſhort time, the living landſcape gave them new pleaſure, and the buſy hum of men began to be heard.

At an opening of the road on the left, they viewed the ruins of the caſtle, once a formidable fortreſs, of Roman original, in all probability the Verteriæ of Antonine.

The name of Burgh, or Brough, is of Saxon derivation. Similar ſituations were choſen by that people for erecting caſtles, as being already places of ſtrength. The building, to the eaſt, is circular, and appears to be of comparatively modern architecture; but, to the weſt, there remains a noble tower, unqueſtionably of high antiquity. The whole pile ſtands on a conſiderable eminence, riſing rapidly from the plain. Here the Engliſh conſpired againſt the Norman invader, before he was able to eſtabliſh his throne.

In the laſt century, Brough Caſtle was repaired and inhabited by the Counteſs of Pembroke, as appears by an inſcription, which was lately to be ſeen over the ſouth entrance.

As the ſun advanced from the horizon, he gave various beauties to the ſcene. The light falling behind the caſtle, preſented all its parts diſtinctly to their view,—through the broken windows, diſtant objects were diſcovered. On the left, the proſpect was confined by a range of craggy mountains, whoſe ſteeps were dotted with trees; to the right, a fertile plain was extended, ſurmounted by diſtant hills. The front ground lay in ſhadows, and, behind the building, the lofty promontory

promontory of Wilbore Fell lifted its peaked brow, and terminated the landſcape.

About a mile from Brough, Warkup affords an agreeable view to the left. Warkup-Hall is ſhrouded in a rich grove of ſycamores, and forms the moſt prominent object, by overtopping the village. From the ſight of the manſion, imagination carried them to the owner, "in whoſe life," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "hoſpitality and benevolence are truly characterized."

Soon after, they paſſed over the ground where Brough-Hill fair is annually held, on the laſt of September. On this occaſion, a toll is paid to Lord Thanet for every head of black cattle, and for ſome years, their average has not amounted to leſs than eight thouſand.

The valley now expanding, exhibited a greater variety of features, and became more incloſed and cultivated. Three tumuli lay on their left, one of which was lately opened at the inſtance of the Biſhop of Carliſle, and ſome aſhes and remains of arms were diſcovered.

At the ſixth mile-ſtone, they ſtopped to admire the grandeur and ſingularity of the view to the right, where a range of mountains ſtretched to the weſtward, and afforded a romantic and noble ſcene. In the back ground was Croſs Fell, with a front of naked rock, of ſuperior altitude to the celebrated Skiddaw, in Cumberland. The nearer hills raiſed their grey fronts above the bruſh-wood which encircled their middle, while their feet, in truſty ſlopes, marked out the boundary of the fertile vale.

Appleby, to which they now approached, though enjoying an elevated ſituation, was not viſible

viſible till they were within half a mile, when it opened in a moſt agreeable manner. On the brink of a lofty eminence, fronting the eaſt, beneath which runs the Eden, the caſtle preſented itſelf. The ſteep on which it ſtands is nobly clothed with wood, ſave where a rugged, reddiſh cliff diverſifies the landſcape.

The front of the caſtle is irregular and antique, crowned with a fine ſquare tower, whoſe corners terminate in turrets. The landſcape to the left is richly wooded; to the right, it is divided by ſloping gardens, which adjoin the town.

As they approached the bridge, and darted their eyes over the valley, they were charmed with the happy aſſemblage of woods and meadows, compoſing the little vale through which the Eden flows.

The proſpect from the terrace, under the eaſtern part of the caſtle, is highly beautiful. To the right, the Eden forms a winding lake for half a mile, whoſe banks are clothed with lofty, pendent woods. Below, the water murmured over a wear, near which ſtood a mill. On the left, lofty cliffs and precipices riſe perpendicular from the water, whoſe brows are ſhaded by majeſtic oaks and aſhes.

On the weſtern ſide of Appleby Caſtle, and detached from the reſt of the pile, ſtands Cæſar's Tower, as it is called, though its architecture would rather beſpeak it of Norman origin. It is ſquare and lofty, and its corners form a projection of nearly a foot from the plane of each front, and riſe above the reſt of the building in ſquare turrets. In each front are two ſmall windows, near the middle of the building, parallel to each other. This tower is defended by an outward wall,

wall, forming a creſcent, at the diſtance of about twelve paces, and beyond this is a deep ditch.

This was the ancient Abalaba, where the Aurelian Maures kept a ſtation, and is almoſt encompaſſed by the Eden. William, king of Scotland, ſurpriſed this fortreſs a little before he was taken priſoner at Alnwick, in 1174. King John, in his northern tour, recovered it, and conferred it on Robert Vipont, for his ſingular ſervices.

The great hall is remarkable for containing, in a caſe in the wainſcot, a fine piece, repreſenting George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, his lady, and daughter, afterwards counteſs of Dorſet, Pembroke, and Montgomery, ornamented with their pedigree, and hiſtorical notices of their lives and achievements. In an adjoining room are ſhewn the ragged remains of embroidered furniture, which give a deplorable idea of decaying magnificence, and the vanity of pride. The cloſet-door being thrown open, the ſpectator is ſtartled by the ſhaking of armour, a complete ſuit of which moves at every joint. This is preſerved with the greateſt care, as having been worn by the great anceſtor of the Thanet family, George, earl of Cumberland The arms are richly emboſſed and inlaid with gold.

Appleby Caſtle is one of the ſeats of the Earl of Thanet, but, of late years, has been much neglected. The great poſſeſſions of the Counteſs of Pembroke, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, both by marriage and inheritance, devolved on the Tuftons between the years 1676 and 1678.

The town conſiſts principally of one wide ſtreet, hanging on the ſwift declivity of a hill, in a direction north and ſouth; the caſtle terminating it on the ſummit, and the church at the bottom.

tom. The ſituation is truly agreeable in ſummer, but in winter its northern expoſiture renders it cold. The environs are beautiful, but there is little tillage, from an idea, probably a miſtaken one, that grain would not ripen, or come to perfection, ſo near the mountains and moors. Indeed, this abſurdity is declining through experience; and it now appears, that a want of agricultural knowledge was a greater impediment than any local inconveniences.

This is a very ancient borough, and, by preſcription, ſends two members to parliament. It is alſo the county town, but its ſituation is unfavourable for trade. The markets are little attended, nor is the ſurrounding country populous. The borough is under the juriſdiction of a mayor, aldermen, and common council; but it is liable to all the ill effects which ariſe from burgage tenures, and conſequent corruption.

The place where the judges of aſſize ſit is very antique and remarkable. It is ſituated in the market-place, and its ſides are opened by a rude baluſtrade, ſupported by pillars in front, ſo that it may be properly ſaid, the judges diſpenſe juſtice in the forum.

The generality of the edifices in Appleby are ancient; but ſome modern houſes, built of red free-ſtone, intermixed with the reſt, have a fine effect. Near the ſummit of the hill ſtands an Ionic obeliſk, riſing by a few ſteps, on the baſe of which is cut this inſcription,—"Preſerve your liberties, maintain your rights." Our author ſays, "it ſeems to be placed there as a public ſatire on the conduct of the burgage owners. As it had its origin in the conteſted elections, it excites a ſmile of deriſion on the countenance of the

traveller, in whoſe mind it renews the odious ideas of the corruptions of the age."

Here is a well-endowed ſchool, founded by Drs. Langton and Spence, and has long been famous among our ſcholaſtic inſtitutions. Before the door of the ſchool-houſe ſome Roman altars are placed, which have been repeatedly deſcribed. Reginald Bainbrig, who was maſter here in the time of Camden, has given a memorial of his own vanity, by ſome inſcriptions in antique characters, of no very elegant Latinity.

An hoſpital founded by the Pembrokes, with a ſtipend for a chaplain, forms a ſquare, with an area in the centre. There was alſo a houſe of White Friars in this town.

The road from Appleby, for ſeveral miles, was extremely pleaſant, commanding a view of the beautiful meadows, through which the Eden winds, and its ſylvan banks. On the oppoſite ſhore of the river the ruins of Caſtle Buley are ſeen, ſhaded by a thick wood. This was an ancient retreat of the biſhops of Carliſle, but is now reduced to a ſingle tower.

Paſſing Kirby Thore, once famous for its remains of Roman grandeur, they found only the veſtigia of part of the vallum remaining. This is ſuppoſed to have been the Gallagum of Ptolemy. The Maiden Way, a Roman cauſeway, leads from hence to Caer-Vorran, on the Picts' Wall, along which it is probable ſtood the ſtations mentioned by Antonine, but now wholly effaced. In this neighbourhood are the written rocks, whoſe inſcriptions are preſerved by Camden, though now obliterated by time or wilful depredations.

Acorn-Bank, an elegant modern building, covered with plantations, lay in their way, com-

manding an agreeable, though confined, proſpect over rich meadows to the ſouth, deſcending to Temple Sowerby, where the lord of the manor ſtill retains a pecuniary compoſition, in lieu of his ancient privileges with each bride, within his juriſdiction.

They next paſſed Whinfield Chace, an extenſive foreſt, belonging to the Earl of Thanet, where a large track of land has lately been reduced to cultivation, a ſight that gives more pleaſure to the eye of humanity than any unproductive embelliſhments, however rich and taſteful.

The remains of a prodigious oak are ſtill ſhewn here, called Three-brother tree, a name it received from the concealment of three brethren within its cavity. White-hart tree is probably coeval with it; but it is of inferior dimenſions, though nine yards two feet in circumference. They remain as monuments of centuries elapſed, and the emblems of old age; and cannot be viewed without exciting emotions of veneration and regret.

A ſtone pillar, erected by the ſide of the road, next attracted their attention, near to which ſtands a ſtone table. The ſhaft of the pillar is hexagonal, the top ſquare; and on the ſides are repreſented, in ſeveral quarterings, the arms of the Pembrokes, a ſouth dial, with an inſcription, which informs us, that the pillar was erected by Anne, counteſs dowager of Pembroke, &c. as a memorial of her laſt parting in this place with her good and pious mother, Margaret, counteſs dowager of Cumberland, the ſecond of April, 1616; in memory whereof ſhe alſo left an annuity of four pounds, to be diſtributed to the poor of the pariſh of Brougham, every ſecond day

of April, for ever. On the adjacent ſtone table is inſcribed "*Laus Deo.*"

Quitting the high road, in order to viſit Brougham Caſtle, they croſſed the river, and made a ſweep round the mill, which lies nearly oppoſite to the village. The view opened with the happieſt effect, preſenting the caſtle in front, and various pictureſque objects on either hand. The ſide of this fortreſs, next the river, is divided by three ſquare towers, from thence a little wing falls back to the right and the left, the one leading to the gateway, the other to the outworks, which extend to a conſiderable diſtance, and are terminated by a turret, one of the outpoſts of the caſtle. The centre of the building is a lofty ſquare tower, whoſe ſhattered turrets and hanging galleries are overgrown with ſhrubs. The lower apartment in the principal tower ſtill remains entire, a ſquare of twenty feet, covered with a vaulted roof of ſtone, of light and elegant workmanſhip. The groins are ornamented with various groteſque heads, and ſupported in the centre by an octagon pillar, about four feet in circumference, with a capital and baſe of Norman architecture.

From the conſtruction of this cell, and its ſituation in the chief tower of the fortreſs, it appears probable, that it was deſigned for a priſon, or rather that it was uſed in times of danger and aſſault as the retreat of the principal perſons of the place.

The approach to this caſtle is guarded by an outward-vaulted gateway and tower with a portcullis; and, at the diſtance of about twenty paces, is an inward-vaulted gateway, of ribbed arches, with

with a portcullis, leading to a ſpacious area, defended by a lofty wall.

This pile is ſituated on the north ſide of the Roman ſtation Branoviacum, the vallum and exterior ditch of which are ſtill very perceptible. This was the ſtation of a band of defenſores, and is laid down in the Notitiæ as being ſeventeen miles from Verteræ.

Brougham was the lordſhip and caſtle of the Viponts, from which family it deſcended to the Cliffords. On the outer gate, the arms of the Vallibus, or Vaux family, are diſcernible, being chequy or and gules. It is now the property of Lord Thanet.

Having now entered the county of Cumberland, the eye wandered over a fine cultivated track, including a diſtant view of the rich valley of Lowther, clothed with noble woods.

As they approached Penrith, the mountains and piles of rocks on Ulls-water preſented an auguſt ſcene; and at the termination of the road roſe Penrith Caſtle, in rude majeſty.

This town is ſituated on the eaſy ſlope of a hill, with a ſouthern aſpect, and is extremely agreeable. The houſes in general are well built, and the inhabitants are characterized as being facetious and polite. A conſiderable manufactory of cotton and linen checks is carried on here, and alſo a great trade in tanned leather. Its name is derived from an ancient Britiſh word, ſignifying a red hill, the colour of the ſurrounding mountains.

In this place was formerly a houſe of Grey Friars, founded before the reign of Edward II. There is a well endowed charity-ſchool, for boys, and another for girls, ſtill in being. The town

has undergone various revolutions, and has frequently been the ſcene of war.

The firſt excurſion Mr. Hutchinſon and party made from Penrith, was to the Beacon Hill, upwards of a mile to the northward of the town. The aſcent is not eaſy, but the landſcape richly repaid their fatigue. The Beacon Houſe is a ſquare ſtone building, excellently ſituated for the purpoſe of alarming the country, in times of public danger. The views from its windows, in different quarters, are no leſs extenſive than delightful. The whole proſpect indeed from the Beacon Hill, which ever way a perſon turns, preſents a vaſt theatre, upwards of one hundred miles in circumference, encircled with ſtupendous mountains.

Their next excurſion from Penrith, was by Lowther, to the lake of Ulls-water. They paſſed the village of Clifton, memorable for the ſkirmiſh in 1745, between the Duke of Cumberland's forces and the rebels.

The *village*, as it is called, built by Sir James Lowther, arreſted their attention. It is wholly of ſtone, handſomely faſhed, and covered with blue ſlates. They approached by the eaſtern extremity, where a creſcent was forming, behind which two other buildings are thrown into ſquares. The intention of raiſing this beautiful collection of houſes, is to entertain a number of linen manufacturers, with proper ſuperintendents.

Such deſigns do not ſtand in need of adſcitious praiſe: their utility and benevolence are unqueſtionable; and grandeur and wealth never appear ſo amiable, as when their powers are applied to diffuſe induſtry, comfort, and independence.

Paſſing

Paſſing through this agreeable ſcene, they came to a place, called the College, from its having formerly been the reſidence of the preceptors of the Lowther family. Here their admiration was increaſed at the contemplation of the carpet manufactory, eſtabliſhed under the ſame patronage, and which is conducted in the manner of the Gobelines.

"It is impoſſible," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "to convey any competent idea of this work by deſcription. The colours are diſpoſed with the utmoſt taſte and judgment, in repreſentations of natural flowers, and looked as if freſh thrown upon velvet. The ſpinning is performed by children, from the Foundling Hoſpital. Tears of pleaſure guſhed from the eye, in beholding theſe poor orphans, who would otherwiſe have perhaps been totally loſt to the world and themſelves, ſaved from the hands of deſtruction and vice, by ſo excellent a charity, rendered uſeful members of ſociety, and happy in induſtry and innocence."

Leaving the college, they deſcended the banks of the river Lowther, whoſe ſylvan ſcenes every where recalled poetic images:

——————In this path,
How long ſoe'er the wanderer roves, each ſtep
Shall wake freſh beauties, each ſhort point preſent
A different picture; new, and yet the ſame.
MASON'S ENGLISH GARDEN.

The beauties of the proſpect at Aſkham Bridge again arreſted their attention. The water, deſcending from a rocky channel, fell in irregular, foaming ſtreams, and the banks were clothed with ſtately oaks, ſave only where a bold promontory

promontory ſhewed its rocky brow from out the ſhade.

Having aſcended the hills which border on Ulls-water, the lake ſuddenly opened on their view, preſenting a ſerpentine ſheet of water, nine miles long, and above a mile broad. As they eyed it from an eminence, all its bays, ſhores, and promontories were diſtinctly diſcerned, and afforded ſuch a coup-d'œil as is not frequently to be ſeen. Objects, either ſingly viewed or thrown into contraſt, varied the charms of the picture. The country to the right, for many miles, was variegated in the fineſt manner, by encloſures, woods, and villas, among which Grayſtock, Dacre, and Delmain were traced; while to the left nothing but ſtupendous mountains, and rude projecting rocks, vying with each other in ſavage grandeur, ſaluted the eye.

Deſcending to the village of Pooley, and from thence by a winding road along the margin of the lake, to a ſmall inn, they left their horſes and were accommodated with a barge belonging to the Duke of Portland, in which they made the tour of this charming expanſe of water.

A ſtrong ſouth breeze rendered the lake ſo rough, that they were obliged to coaſt it, and keep as much under the wind as poſſible. At the ſpot where they embarked, a circular, verdant mountain, many hundred feet high, roſe ſwiftly from the edge of the lake on their right. To the left, the lake ſpread out its agitated boſom, whitened with innumerable breakers, and beyond on the oppoſite ſhore, were cultivated lands ſkirting the hills, which gradually roſe to a vaſt height, in rude majeſty. They had occaſion to lament, with other viſiters of the lakes,

lakes, that the ax had deſpoiled ſome of the aſpiring cliffs of their proudeſt ornaments.

Having doubled two ſmall capes, they fell into a bay, under Water Melloch, the ſeat of Mr. Robinſon, a ſpot ſo charming, that they were here induced to take their noon-tide repaſt.

While they ſat to regale, the barge put off from the ſhore, to a ſtation where the fineſt echoes are obtained, from the ſurrounding mountains. On diſcharging a ſmall braſs cannon, mounted on ſwivels, the report was echoed from the oppoſite rocks, and by reverberation ſeemed to roll from cliff to cliff, and return through every cave and valley, till it died away, in almoſt imperceptible murmurs, on the ear.

The inſtant it ceaſed, the ſound of every waterfall was heard, but the momentary ſtillneſs was interrupted by the returning echo on the hills behind, which burſt over their heads, like a peal of thunder. Again all was ſtill, till, on the right, the more diſtant thunder roſe on ſome other mountain, and ſeemed to take its courſe up every dell and creek, till at laſt the reverberation was heard on both ſides at once, to the very extremity of the lake.

At intervals the muſic of two French horns, gave a ſofter impreſſion to the ſcene; while the melody of various inſtruments ſeemed, from the effect of repercuſſion, to be produced from only one.

At laſt a general diſcharge of ſix guns, rouſed them to new aſtoniſhment: on every hand the ſounds were reverberated and returned from ſide to ſide, ſo as to excite an idea of that confuſion and horrid uproar, which the falling of theſe ſtupendous

pendous rocks would produce, if they were rent in pieces, and hurled into the lake.

The wind by this time was hushed, and the lake became a shining mirror, reflecting inverted mountains, rocks, groves, meads, and vales. So transparent was the water, that the fish and pebbles, at the depth of eight fathoms, could be clearly discerned.

Having doubled a woody promontory, and passed by the foot of Gobery Park, they entered a narrow part of the lake, hemmed in by vast rifted cliffs, which yawned over the shadowed margin.

As they approached Starbury Crag, the scene became nobly awful. At every winding, new hills and new rocks were seen to overlook those which had been noticed only the instant before, while the incumbent clouds gave a solemn gloom to parts, and an additional illumination to scenes, on which the sun-beams were suffered to play.

After a voyage of upwards of nine miles, they returned down the centre of the lake, and again arrived opposite the woody promontory, which joins the cultivated lands of Water Melloch, when the view down the lake was so rich, varied, and picturesque, as to baffle all attempts at description. Grand, however, as the natural scenery was, the beauty of the view was much increased by the reflection in the water, where the deep green here was seen to blend with the olive and grey of adjacent objects, while the back ground declined in faintest purple, variegated with the deep crimson of an evening sky.

Reluctant to quit this enchanting scene, they lay some time on their oars, and enjoyed the music

muſic of the horns, the exquiſite ſoftneſs and harmony of which, aided by the ſymphony of the echoes, exceeded any thing they had ever heard, and almoſt raviſhed the ſenſes.

Approaching night rouſed them from their dream of delight: the clouds began to be deeply tinged with crimſon, and the whole lake to glow with a fine carnation. As the ſun deſcended, the grey vapours, which hung on the hills, aſſumed a flame colour, of many groteſque figures, while all below was ſinking from the eye in ſolemn confuſion.

Having regained their little inn at the foot of Dunmorlet, they directed their courſe to Penrith, delighted with their voyage, paſſing Delmain the ſeat of Mr. Hazell, emboſomed in luxuriant woods.

A little ramble took place on the enſuing morn; and in their way they were ſhewn the the tenement where, ſome years ago, during a violent tempeſt, Miſs Bolton and her female friend were buried in the ruins of their houſe. At ſuch a contemplation, pity lets fall a tear, and reſignation bows to heaven with ſighs, while hope points to thoſe realms, where innocence and virtue obtain their ultimate rewards.

They now viewed the ruins of Penrith Caſtle, ſaid to have riſen on the ſite of a Roman fortreſs. It is of a ſquare form, and is ſurrounded with a ditch. The ſite towards the town, has a ſuperior elevation, and here probably ſome remains of Roman work are to be found, as the whole area bears the appearance of an ancient vallum.

This front conſiſts of the remains of an angular tower to the eaſt, which now ſtands detached from

from the other parts, by the falling of the walls; the centre is haſtening to decay, preſenting to the eye broken chambers, galleries, and ſtairs; and the whole edifice forms one pictureſque ruin.

In a ſecond viſit to Ulls-water, they paſſed by the Caſtle of Dacre, famous for a congreſs between Guthred, king of Cumberland, and Athelſtan, in which the former conſented to do homage to the latter.

In the church-yard of Dacre are four remarkable monuments, repreſenting bears ſitting on their haunches, and claſping a rude pillar, a ragged ſtaff, on which two of the figures reſt their heads: the other two carry on their backs the effigy of a lynx. Their poſition is ſuch as to form a ſquare, two to the eaſt, and as many to the weſt of the church. No tradition records their original intention, or the time they were put up.

Dacre Caſtle is now diſmantled, and poſſeſſes few remains of its former grandeur and ſtrength. The moat is filled up, the outworks are deſtroyed; and of the three remaining towers, one is inhabited by peaſants.

Arriving at Ulls-water, they proceeded to Gobery Park, in which is a fine caſcade, a quarter of a mile from the ſhore. The ſtream breaks from the ſummit of a cliff clothed with wood, and precipitates itſelf through a black rocky ſcene, near eighty feet high, and ſixteen broad. About two-thirds of its height, the whole torrent is received into the clift of a rock, where its paſſage is impeded by ſtone and fallen timber, beneath which the water ſhews itſelf again by numerous apertures, and forms a foaming ſheet, which

tumbles

tumbles into a natural baſon, and then winds its way to the lake.

At the mouth of this rivulet they took boat. A gentle breeze curled on the water, and allowed the uſe of the ſail; but in this poſition they found the echoes much inferior to what they experienced in their former voyage, though ſix or ſeven times repeated; the ſound being hurried forward from one extremity of the lake to the other, without any repercuſſion from the oppoſite ſhore. The muſic of the horns was loſt in the vaſt ſpace, and two German flutes were faintly echoed in the ſhelves and receſſes of the rocks.

They aſcended the lake till they had a view of its upper extremity. On the right, the ſhores are rocky and ſylvan, backed by ſtupendous mountains. At the feet of theſe heights, Glen-riddin and Glen-coyn, with their ſcattered cots, form the lower landſcape; and in this part the water is ornamented with two beautiful iſlands. To the left, the ſhore gradually aſcends, and is compoſed of ſeveral finely wooded promontories, inclining meadows, and coppices that dot the rocks.

"Travellers," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "ſhould land at Blarvike, from whence by walking over an alpine ſcene, where nothing but a chaos of rocks is ſeen impending over the lake, an agreeable view of the upper limb of the expanſe of water may be gained, with all its ſtriking beauties.

At the foot of the lake, on the Cumberland ſide, is an ancient fortreſs, called Caer-Thanock, or Maiden Caſtle. It ſeems rather adapted for a place of concealment than defence. It forms an oblong ſquare of looſe ſtones, twenty paces in

length, and fifteen in breadth, ſurrounded with a circular mound of earth, eighty paces in diameter, defended on the outſide by a ditch, ſtill ſix paces wide. The name denotes it to be a Britiſh fortification, though the circular intrenchment does not correſpond with the reſt.

In another excurſion from Penrith, they proceeded to view Arthur's Round Table; diſtant half a mile.

This is ſaid to be of great antiquity, but neither its origin nor its uſe is aſcertained. It is cut a little plain near the river, of an exact circular figure, ſave where an approach is left on the eaſt and weſt. The trench by which it is formed is about ten paces wide, and the mould thrown upon the outſide, makes a kind of theatre. The whole circle within the ditch is one hundred and ſixty paces in circumference.

The moſt general opinion is, that this encloſure was an ancient tilting ground, the circus being capable of receiving numerous ſpectators. It certainly appears ill-adapted for any purpoſe of defence or annoyance, and therefore cannot be conſidered as an intrenched or fortified camp.

It is farther handed down to us by tradition, that the order of the knights of the Round Table was inſtituted by King Arthur, in order that no queſtion about precedency might ariſe; and to teach heroic minds to be ambitious of merit rather than of place.

At a ſmall diſtance from this ſpot, is another circular ditch, ſeventy paces in diameter, without any apertures or advances. "If we preſume," "ſays our author, "the other was intended for feats of chivalry, this may be ſuppoſed calculated for pedeſtrian exerciſes."

Half

Half a mile diſtant lies Mayborough, a hill riſing gradually on every ſide, from the level of the ſands below, and forming the lower ſection of a regular cone. Its ſummit is fenced, except at one outlet in a very ſingular manner, with an immenſe quantity of looſe pebble-ſtones, apparently collected from the gravel of the bed of the adjoining river Emont. The ſtones are perfectly without cement, twenty paces wide at the bottom, and riſing to an edge, about eight feet above the level of the interior plain. Here and there a few trees and bruſhwood are ſcattered over the pebbles, but in general they are quite naked and looſe. The area is one hundred paces in diameter; and inclining a little to the weſtward from the centre, a large maſs of unhewn ſtone is ſtanding erect, placed with the ſmaller end in the ground. The circumference of this ſtone, near the middle, is twenty-two feet, and its height eleven and upwards.

The people in this vicinity ſay, that within the memory of man, two other ſtones, of nearly the ſame dimenſions, formed a kind of angle with that now remaining; but that they were removed to clear the ground.

The traditional account of this antiquity deſerves no credit, "that it was a Roman theatre, where criminals were expoſed to wild beaſts, and that theſe ſtones were placed for the refuge and reſpite of the combatant in his unhappy conflict."

The name would indicate a Britiſh fortification, and be naturally derived from Maiden, being a title beſtowed on many ancient fortreſſes; but the central ſtones give the idea that the whole was a druidical monument. The elevated plain,

ſurrounding woods, and this rude work, render it probable that it was a temple of the druids, in which they exerciſed their religious rites, or held convocations for the adminiſtration of right and juſtice. The generality of our beſt informed antiquaries adopt this opinion.

Oppoſite to Mayborough, on the Cumberland ſide of the Emont, is a large tumulus, or cairn, which appears to be compoſed of pebbles, and is ſurrounded at the baſe with a circle of large ſtones, irregularly placed in a circumference of eighty paces.

Returning to Penrith, they now viewed the church, a handſome modern building, of red free-ſtone, well proportioned and diſtributed. The pillars ſupporting the gallery are each formed of a ſingle ſtone, ten feet four inches high.

The ſubſequent inſcription, on a mural ſtone is remarkable.

A. D. MDXCVIII.

Ex gravi peſte quæ regionibus hiſce incubuit, obierunt apud

Penrith,	2260
Kendal,	2500
Richmond,	2200
Carliſle,	1196

Poſteri.

Avortite vos et vivite

Ezek. 18.—32.

In the church-yard is a ſingular monument, mentioned by every traveller. It conſiſts of two pillars, placed in the direction of eaſt and weſt, about fifteen feet from each other, and at each ſide of the tomb, two ſtones are fixed with an edge upwards, of a ſemicircular form, and ſuppoſed by the aid of fancy to preſent boars. The pillars

pillars are of one piece, and appear to have been ornamented, but are much injured by time.

Antiquaries are not agreed as to the deſign of this monument. From the fancied repreſentations of bears and ragged ſtaves, the device of the Warwicks, it has been conjectured by ſome to have been erected in honour of ſome one of that family; but our author, with more probability, aſcribes it to ſome Britiſh hero of diſtinction, as the cuſtom of placing pillars at the head and foot of ſepulchres is very ancient, and was found to be the caſe at the grave of Arthur, at Glaſtonbury, when the bones of this "man of men" were diſcovered, in the reign of Richard I.

At a little diſtance from the town of Penrith, lies the ancient Petrianæ, where ſome curious Roman inſcriptions have been found, and preſerved by Camden and others. This place, however, our author was not tempted to viſit.

Their next excurſion was to Eden-Hall, a handſome ſtone ſtructure, in a delightful ſituation. Indeed, every part of the river Eden, which they viſited, was pictureſque and beautiful.

Near to Little Salkeld, on the ſummit of a large hill, they viewed a large and perfect druidical monument, known by the appellation of Meg and her Daughters. A circle of three hundred and fifty paces is formed by maſſy ſtones, moſt of which ſtand upright, to the number of ſixty-ſeven, of various qualities, forms, and dimenſions, without any traces of art.

At the ſouthern ſide of this circle, about ſeventeen paces from its verge, is placed an upright, red ſtone, fifteen feet in girt and eighteen feet high. In that part of the circle moſt contiguous

to the column, four large ſtones are placed in a ſquare form, as if intended to ſupport an altar; and towards the eaſt, weſt, and north, two other large ſtones ſtand at wider intervals, as if intended to mark the entrances into this myſtic round. The moſt aſtoniſhing circumſtance is, that no ſtones of ſuch a deſcription are to be found within a great diſtance of this place; nor are any mechanical engines now known, by which ſuch maſſive blocks could be moved.

While they ſtood admiring this veſtige of the religion of our forefathers, the following lines from Maſon's Caractacus naturally occurred to their memory:

——"Mark yon altar,
This wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn ſtone; they awe my ſoul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himſelf appeared, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd thro' this drear domain.——
Know that thou ſtand'ſt on conſecrated ground;
The mighty pile of magic-planted rock,
Thus ranged in myſtic order, marks the place
Where but at times of holieſt feſtival,
The Druid leads his train."——

It is not unlikely that the column, called Meg, from its vicinity to the altar, was uſed for binding the victims, whether human or brute. Awful were the ceremonies that preceded this grand ſpectacle of religious horror. The minds of the ſpectators were prepared and inſpired for the event. With the utmoſt ſolemnity, the mighty effigy of vindictive juſtice, filled with the criminals, the gigantic figure of wicker work, as it is repreſented by ancient writers, with its devoted inmates, was exhibited as a horrible example to the

the aſſembled ſtates, and offered as a propitiation for the offences of the people. Barbarous as this may appear, it is not alleged, that the Druid prieſts diſregarded the eternal rules of juſtice in the ſentence of death they paſſed, or that the people conſidered the execution with a brutal inſenſibility, or regarded it as a holiday paſtime. The infamy of ſuch a charge is reſerved for more civilized ages, and a religion whoſe very eſſence is mildneſs.

After viſiting two caves, at a place called Nine Churches, and another at Force Mill, near Great Salkeld, neither very remarkable, they began to prepare to bid Penrith a final adieu. Our author mentions having ſeen ſome botanical paintings here, by Miſs Calvin, which, for delicacy and taſte, are not to be ſurpaſſed; but the moſt ſingular genius of Penrith was a Mr. Fawell, who, though blind from his infancy, was capable of performing any muſical compoſition on the harpſichord, having it firſt ſet by wooden pins in a board, which he felt, and, by a moſt retentive memory, recollected their poſition. The compliment which Mr. Hutchinſon pays to the ladies in this quarter ought not to be omitted. "The women of this country," ſays he, "are remarkably beautiful;—the bold unintelligent ſtare, the fluttering, inconſiſtent pertneſs, and liſping nonſenſe, too characteriſtic of the ſex in ſome ſouthern counties, are here totally diſcarded; and in their room are ſubſtituted intelligent looks, clothed in majeſty, and politeneſs united with ſimplicity of manners."

In their way from Penrith to Keſwick, they met nothing for ſeveral miles to amuſe or inform them. The mountains are of various figures, ſome

ſome very lofty; and near Keſwick, they appeared to preſs nearer each other, and to ſtreighten the vale.

Having gained a proſpect of the Vale of St. John, a narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, they were ſtruck with the appearance of an ancient ruined caſtle near its centre, which makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements. They traced the imaginary gallery, the bending arch, and the butreſſes; but found, on a nearer approach, that the whole was a maſſive pile of rocks, disjointed from the adjacent mountains, and riſing in the moſt pictureſque and romantic form that imagination can conceive. The people of the country call it the Caſtle Rocks of St. John's; and, to account for the deluſion, which every ſpectator witneſſes, ſome of them imagine, that certain genii, who preſide over the place, raiſe the ideal form to the diſtant eye, and, by enchantment, diſſipate the deluſion on a nearer approach.

In 1749, on the twenty-ſecond of Auguſt, a remarkable flood happened in this vale. The clouds diſcharged their torrents like a waterſpout, and the ſtreams from the mountains ſwept every thing before them. Several cottages, with their peaceful inhabitants, were waſhed away, and all was ruin and diſmay. Rocks rolled down from the mountains, the ſoil was torn up, and gravel deep bedded the vale. Amidſt this convulſion, however, a ſingular providence preſerved many lives. A little ſchool, where all the youths of the neighbourhood were educated, at that inſtant crowded with its flock, ſtood in the line of one of theſe torrents, carrying along with it a rolling

rolling rock, which would have crushed the whole tenement, and buried its guileless inmates. The rock was stayed in a miraculous manner before it reached them, and dividing the floods, the school-house stood insulated and safe; leaving the master and his pupils, trembling at once for the dangers they had escaped, and as spectators of the inundation which encompassed them on all sides.

Keswick, lying in a deep valley, is concealed from a distant view. On descending the hill that overhangs it, a delightful prospect is opened. The mountains on the right are very grand, and are verdant, and inclosed far up their sides, while their summits are covered with downs and heath. Beneath lies a plain of about three miles diameter, diversified with corn, meadow land, and copses. The Lake of Bassenthwaite terminates the plain to the right, and Keswick to the left, round which mountains piled on mountains form an awful circle.

Keswick is but a mean village, and is wholly indebted to the amenity of its situation for the notice of travellers. Accommodations here are said to be very indifferent; but such are the charms of the lake, that trivial inconveniences are overlooked.

From Cockleshoot Hill they took a general survey of this fine expanse of water, which, though inferior in size to Ulls-water, has many features of appropriate beauty.

The Derwentwater, though embodied in so great a lake, said to be ten miles in circumference, was transparent as crystal, and clear as a mirror. The surface is dotted with five fine islands, either waving with corn, or rich in wood.

The

The circumambient mountains are partly covered with graſs, and partly with heath, and exhibit all the variety of ſurface that is common in wild and rugged ſcenes. The crevices of the rocks are ſometimes filled with ſhrubs and bruſh-wood; ſometimes lofty groves of oak aſcend the ſlopes; and laughing valleys of cultivated land fill up the interſtices of the hills.

Having taken boat, in order to enjoy each ſeparate ſcene, they ordered their rowers firſt to coaſt round Vicar's Iſland, about ſix acres in extent, on the eaſtern ſide of which a few ſycamores formed a little grove, ſheltering a hovel, which varied the hue with a rich green. The ſhade here was moſt delightful, and the ſound of waterfalls on every ſide made a ſolemn impreſſion on the ear.

The valley on the right now began to expand, and to diſcloſe its various picturesque features. The church, with ſome gentlemen's ſeats, ſhewed their white fronts, over which Skiddaw* towered in majeſtic grandeur, overlooking Saddleback and Cawſey Pike, together with a chain of mountains ſtretching away to the north-weſt, whilſt, on the other hand, the hills and rocks that ſtand on Baſſenthwaite-water, form the other wing of a lofty avenue of mountains extending into diſtant plains.

Coaſting the right-hand ſide of the lake, they ſoon had a view of the little valley of Newland enlivened by flocks, herds, and cottages.

* The height of Skiddaw, according to the mercury, has been found to be about three thouſand five hundred and thirty feet; by an angle from the Lake of Baſſenthwaite, two thouſand five hundred and ſixty.

They

They next landed on St. Herbert's Iſland, whoſe area is five acres, a ſweet ſpot, now covered with young trees, famous for being the reſidence of St. Hubert, a contemporary of St. Cuthbert, and, as legends report, joined with him in his death, which happened in the year 688. The ſurrounding ſcene was well adapted to his gloomy ideas of religion; and here he erected an hermitage, the remains of which appear to this day, divided into two apartments, the outer about twenty feet long and fifteen broad, the inner of inferior dimenſions. "There is no hiſtory," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "of his life and actions to be met with, or any tradition of his works of piety, or miracles, preſerved by the inhabitants of the country."

Purſuing their voyage by a woody ſcene, where Brandelow Park makes a capital object in the landſcape, they arrived on the borders of Maniſty Meadow, a flat of a few acres, at the foot of ſome romantic and highly pictureſque mountains.

After paſſing Bank Park, a rocky and barren promontory, thinly ſprinkled with aged trees, they entered a fine bay, where the mountains riſe immediately out of the lake; here towering perpendicular, there falling back in ruinous and rude confuſion, the work of chaos, forming altogether a moſt ſtupendous circus, which language cannot paint.

In the cliffs of this part of the lake, eagles build their neſts ſecure from the aſſaults of man. In the very ſight of the cottages, here they convey the ſpoils of the fold or the field to feed their young, conſcious of their native ſecurity.

On

On theſe ſhores is a ſaline ſpring of a very ſalubrious quality, but much neglected. They next viſited an iſland about forty yards long and thirty broad, overgrown with reeds, graſs, ruſhes, and a few willows, riſing about four feet from the level of the water, on which, they were told, it floated, and ſometimes ſunk; but a more minute inveſtigation convinced them, this was a miſtaken idea, and that though it was ſometimes inundated, its ſtation was the ſame.

They now puſhed up the river, which feeds the lake, the ſurface of which was beautified with the leaves and flowers of that elegant aquatic, the white water-lily. Soon after, they anchored at a ſmall, pleaſant habitation, called Lodore, a ſpot far better adapted for a recluſe than St. Hubert's Iſland, and which commanded ſome of the moſt ſolemn and majeſtic ſcenery they had yet obſerved.

Landing on a meadow, they gained a ſituation, where they ſaw the cataract of Lodore, thundering down near two hundred feet perpendicular height.

Around them was ſpread a grove of various trees, and to the right they ſaw a mountain of rock, called Shepherd's Crag, forming a rude, circular maſs, on every plane of which, and every ſtep that hung upon its ſides, herbs and ſhrubs grew fantaſtically, whilſt the very ſummit was capped with graſs. To the left roſe a perpendicular, grey cliff, ſaid to be a thouſand feet above the ſurface of the lake, rent into innumerable fiſſures, and overlooking Shepherd's Crag ſome hundred feet. In the opening between theſe ſtupendous rocks, the river pours its whole

ſtream, forming an amazing caſcade, which falls, with deafening noiſe and foaming pride, till it reaches the lake.

On turning from this grand ſpectacle, the moſt magnificent beauties of the lake are thrown into one proſpect. In this ſublime landſcape all the order and beauty of colouring, mentioned by Maſon, are to be traced.

——— ——— ——— "Vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opake, the foreground bears,
Conſpicuous;—ſober olive coldly marks
The ſecond diſtance,—thence the third declines
In ſofter blue, or leſs'ning ſtill, is loſt
In fainteſt purple."

Claude never ſketched a finer landſcape; and it is, perhaps, the only one in England that can vie with the ſublime ſcenes from which that maſter of picturesque nature formed his taſte.

They now returned to their boat, and ſailing near the ſhore, had a view of the waterfall, where the beauties of the lake to the ſouth-eaſt lay in pleaſing perſpective.

Paſſing from hence, in their return to Keſwick, they were ſhewn a cliff, projecting over the lake, called Eve's Crag, from its ſuppoſed reſemblance to a female, coloſſal ſtatue; and a little farther lay Wallow Crag; by a large opening of which, called the Lady's Rake, the Counteſs of Derwentwater had a moſt perilous eſcape, with ſuch jewels and valuables as ſhe could ſecure, when her unhappy lord was apprehended for treaſon.

They now reached Lord's Iſland, ſo called from having been formerly the reſidence of the Radcliffs and Derwentwaters, the remains of whoſe

manſion ſtill read a melancholy, but impreſſive, leſſon of the folly of innovation, and the madneſs of ambition.

The various romantic ſcenes of the Lake of Keſwick induced our touriſts to take a boat by night, under a full moon. They ſet out juſt as ſhe began to illumine the tops of Skiddaw, but, from intercepting mountains, it was an hour longer before her beams played on the ſurface of the lake.

The ſtillneſs of the evening rendered the voice of the waterfalls tremendous; by degrees the ſummits of the rocks appeared tipped with ſilver, and, as the moon roſe higher, new objects were diſcloſed, and new lights reflected, till the whole preſented as grand a ſcene as nature ever diſplayed.

Miſts began to riſe, and as the air, which bore them aloft, was confined and eddying within this deep circle, they were whirled round in a tortuous column, which irradiated by the light of the moon, had a moſt aſtoniſhing effect.

The moon's beams now gliſtened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, and iſlands, with a ſoftneſs of colouring, which, added to the ſolemnity of the night, and the romantic caſt of the ſurrounding ſcenery ſtruck them with reverential awe, and lifted their ſouls to the Source of all.

Every bay and promontory aſſumed a different appearance from what it poſſeſſed by day; and where the lake narrows, and runs up in a creek towards Borrodale, the terrific aſpect of the impending rocks, which almoſt ſhut out the view of the heavens, was finely contraſted with the

ſcanty

ſcanty gleams of light that played on the fronts of the cliffs, or permeated their chaſms.

Next morning they determined to aſcend Skiddaw, a laborious and circuitous aſcent of five miles; but the proſpect from this eminence well repaid their fatigue. To the ſouth-eaſt they had an alpine view, which cannot be better characterized than in the words of Dr. Brown, who deſcribes it by the image of "a tempeſtuous ſea of mountains;" below them lay the Lake of Keſwick and the waters of Baſſenthwaite, as if delineated on a chart. To the ſouth, the hills towards Cockermouth, though leſs romantic, were not leſs ſtupendous than thoſe more eaſtward. To the north-weſt, they had a proſpect of a wide and barren heath, extending its plains to Carliſle, and terminated by the mountains of Scotland. To the north-eaſt, the eye ſtretched over the circus in which Penrith ſtands, and found its horizon in Croſs-Fell.

The air in this elevated ſituation was remarkably ſharp and thin, and reſpiration ſeemed to be performed with a degree of oppreſſion.

While they remained on the mountain, dark vapours began to riſe over ſome of the adjacent hills, which made their guide very urgent with them to deſcend; but they were too intent on the proſpect before them, to liſten to his advice. In a ſhort time the clouds gradually aſcended to the ſummit of Skiddaw, whilſt on every ſide they looked down on an angry and impetuous ſea of vapours, heaving its billows. Pleaſed with this novel ſcene, they were congratulating themſelves on remaining to witneſs it, when a violent burſt of thunder, engendered in the vapour below, ſtunned their ſenſe, and being re-echoed

from every rock, gave a ſeeming percuſſion to the mountain. On the exploſion, the clouds were inſtantly illuminated, and from innumerable chaſms ſent forth ſtreams of light. Their guide lay on the earth, terrified and amazed at their fortitude, or rather impiety, as he thought, in contemplating, with pleaſure, this awful ſcene; but the clouds ſoon deſcending in rain, and the vapours driving to the north-weſt, they were ſoon delivered from all apprehenſion of danger.

The echoes were diſtinctly repeated from the neighbouring mountains, after an interruption of ſeveral ſeconds; and the rain, which ſtill increaſed, formed innumerable ſtreams and caſcades, which ruſhed from the crown of Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Cawſey Pike, with horrid noiſe.

On a ſecond viſit to Skiddaw, they mounted the hill on horſeback, "an undertaking," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "not to be recommended;" and having a very clear day, they enjoyed a delightful proſpect to the north-weſt; Solway Frith lay in view for many miles, the headlands of Scotland, Annandale, and Scruffel, the mighty rival of Skiddaw, were diſtinctly ſeen.

In the narrow paſs of Borrodale they ſaw the Bowder-ſtone, equal in magnitude to a firſt-rate man of war, and unrivalled for its ſize in England. It appears to have fallen from the impending precipice, and to have been ſevered from the rock by ſome convulſion of nature.

They now viſited a druidical monument, about two miles from Keſwick, ſituated to the ſouth of the road they had paſſed from Penrith. It ſtands on the level ſummit of a hill, round which the ſurrounding mountains make a ſolemn circle. The ſtones which compoſe it are fifty in number,

of

of various forms and ſizes. At the eaſtern end a ſmall incloſure is formed within the circle by ten ſtones, making an oblong ſquare in conjunction with the ſtones of that ſide of the circle, ſeven paces in length and three in width. Here, it is conjectured, the altar originally ſtood. At the oppoſite ſide a ſingle ſquare ſtone is laid at the diſtance of three paces from the circle, probably the remains of a column to which the victims were bound.

A late diſcovery has been made of large quantities of black lead, mixed among the gravel and earth on the ſhore of Vicar's Iſland. This mineral, which is peculiar to Britain, is of very great value, and "its diſcovery," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "occaſioned an enquiry by what means the lake might be drained, conceiving that, from this ſpecimen, immenſe wealth might be gained by the undertaking."

It is an anecdote worthy of being preſerved, that among the mountains of this country, Henry Lord Clifford, whoſe father was ſlain the day before the battle of Towton, was remarkably preſerved from the fury of the Duke of York, who wiſhed to deſtroy him, in revenge for the cruelties committed by his father. Here, however, he was concealed, and remained a ſhepherd for twenty-four years, without having learned to read or write.

Bidding adieu to Keſwick, they proceeded to Ambleſide, a ſtage of eighteen miles, the wildeſt and moſt romantic in the north of England. The road lies in a narrow and winding dale, confined by a ſtupendous range of mountains on either hand, opening and ſhutting in a moſt picturesque

form, down which tumble innumerous caſcades. Every bend preſents a new ſcene of diverſified and changing landſcape.

At length they reached the narrow Lake of Lays-water, fringed with incloſures, trees, and cottages, and replete with rural imagery.

Continuing their ride by the ſide of this pretty ſheet of water, for two miles, they left its courſe, and proceeded on in ſilent cogitation, till the Valley of Graſmere rouſed them to the contemplation of new beauties. The circumference of this charming ſpot is about four miles, and near its centre is a fine lake, decorated with an iſland.

From a mount near the church, they ſurveyed the whole circle: the fields were freſh and verdant, and the ſcene was ornamented with a few humble cottages, the apparent abodes of peace and tranquillity.

Soon after, leaving this ſweet ſequeſtered ſcene, they entered Ridale, a cultivated vale of leſs extent, but full of incloſures, and watered by a lake, in which riſes a ſylvan iſland.

Following the windings of this dale, they reached the ſeat of Sir Michael le Fleming, an ancient manſion, ſurrounded with woodlands, fronting Windermere. The ground before the houſe is prettily diverſified with irregular clumps of trees, planted on natural eminences, and ſcattered with an agreeable wildneſs. At the diſtance of half a mile, oppoſite to the edifice, are lofty rocks, and hanging woods of oak, which border the ſtream that ſupplies the lake.

Dumailwray's Stones lay in their way. It is a monument of a victory gained by Edmund I. over a king of Cumberland, when the children of

of the vanquiſhed had their eyes put out, and the kingdom was conferred by the victor on Malcolm of Scotland.

Ambleſide ſtands on the rapid declivity of a hill, backed by many high mountains towards the north. Here they had the good fortune to fall in with a gentleman converſant with every curioſity in this country, whoſe polite behaviour rendered their ſtay at Ambleſide both pleaſant and inſtructive. By his direction, they were conducted about a mile up the woody declivity of the hill behind their inn, where they ſaw a moſt amazing caſcade, of different features from any that had hitherto fallen under their view. The ruſhing of the waters ſounded through the woods, as if at once burſting over their heads and tumbling beneath their feet. A few ſteps farther they found themſelves on the ſummit of a cliff, which overhung the channel of the ſtream; and looking upwards for about a hundred yards perpendicular, ſaw the river, in two ſtreams, pouring through the trees. About midway it united, and was again broken by a craggy rock, overgrown with fern and bruſhwood, but afterwards blending its waves a ſecond time, it fell, in a full volume, into a deep and dreary gulph, about ſixty yards below the place on which they ſtood.

"It was impoſſible," ſays our author, "for the ſteadieſt head to look on this waterfall without giddineſs; nor could fancy exceed the happy aſſemblage of objects, which rendered this view pictureſque."

Of the antiquities of Ambleſide, few traces are now left. In the time of Camden, however, many ruins of the ancient Amboglana were to be ſeen, and the extent of the fortreſs is ſaid to have been

been a hundred and thirty-two ells long and eighty broad. Several medals of gold, ſilver, and copper, dug up here, were preſented to the Univerſity of Oxford.

From Ambleſide they continued their route to Bownas, a ſmall village on the ſhore of Windermere*. This lake is twelve computed miles long, and not above one broad in the wideſt part. The hills, in general, are humble, except above Ambleſide; and the margin of the water is irregularly indented, forming numerous bays and promontories of exquiſite beauty.

On that part, where Furneſs Fell forms the ſhore, the ſcene is more rude and romantic.

They took boat at Bownas, and as they ſailed down, had two views, which comprehended all the beauties of the lake. Reſting on their oars, in a ſituation where, looking down the lake, they took into the proſpect the greateſt extent of the water and the ſhore, in which Furneſs Fell was a prominent object on the right; they reverſed their poſition, and looking upwards, ſaw a large iſland of about thirty acres, whoſe few natural beauties were wounded and diſtorted by the improvements, as they were called, carrying on by the proprietor. Advancing farther, however, three ſmall woody iſlands, of eminent beauty, relieved and charmed the eye, while Bownas church, and a variety of natural as well as artificial objects, increaſed the amenity of the mild and tranquil ſcene.

"The Lake of Windermere," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "differs very much from Ulls-water

*The weſtern ſide of this lake is in Lancaſhire, the eaſtern in Weſtmorland.

and

and Keſwick. Here almoſt every object confeſſes cultivation. The iſlands are numerous, but ſmall and woody; and, in general, bear a reſemblance to the artificial circles raiſed in gentleman's canals, for aquatic fowls to breed in. The great iſland is little better than a bank of ſand, and is now under the deſpoiling hand of a deformer. The innumerable promontories are compoſed of fine meadow ground and ranges of trees; the hills, except Furneſs Fell, and thoſe above Ambleſide, are tame; and on every ſide a vaſt expanſe of woodlands is ſtretched upon the view."

The greateſt depth of Windermere is ſuppoſed to be about forty fathoms: it abounds in pike, trout, char, eels, and perch.

In the church of Bownas is a window of painted glaſs, brought from Furneſs Abbey at the time of its diſſolution. The deſign is the crucifixion, with St. George on one ſide, and the Virgin on the other. Beneath are the figures of a knight and his lady kneeling, ſurrounded by a group of monks in the ſame attitude. At the top are the arms of France and England quartered. The colours are ſtill very fine.

From Windermere they proceeded to Kendal, the road lying chiefly over rocky and barren hills, with little variety of proſpect, except towards the right, where they caught a glimpſe or two of the ſea.

Deſcending, however, to Kendal, the landſcape became rich and cultivated, and they ſoon found themſelves among a buſy and thriving people, engaged in an extenſive manufactory.

Kendal ſtands on the ſide of a hill facing the eaſt. The ruins of the caſtle ſeem to crown the buildings;

buildings; but, in fact, they are ſeparated from the town by the river Kan, over which there are two ſtone bridges.

Above the town, and immediately oppoſite to the caſtle, is a mole of a ſingular form, called Caſtle Law Hill, defended by a deep ditch. For what purpoſe this was thrown up, antiquaries are not agreed; though the general opinion ſeems to be, that it was a kind of forum for diſtributing juſtice in rude ages. In front of it, adjoining the town, is a ſpacious level, part of which is now converted into a bowling-green.

From Kendal they paſſed to Borrowbridge, a ſingle houſe, ſituated in a narrow and deep valley, hemmed in by verdant mountains, between which a fine ſtream ſerpentizes, here and there ſtudded with cottages on its margin. During the brumal ſeaſon, for ſeveral weeks, the rays of the ſun do not reach the vale, but only gild the mountains tops.

They traced the banks of the brook, ſtrayed over the little meads, and ſauntered in every grove, charmed with the deepneſs of the retirement. Here the recluſe might enjoy the full pleaſures of ſolitude, and learn to

"Look through Nature, up to Nature's God."

From thence they continued their route to Kirby Stephen, near which place they viſited the remains of Pendragon Caſtle, the ancient ſeat of the Lords Clifford, once a mighty building, but now reduced to little better than a heap of ſtones. The ruins of a ſquare tower alone are left, and that moſt probably of modern date. Situated in a deep

a deep dell, and overlooked by mountains, this never could be intended for a place of ſtrength, but rather as a retreat in times of danger.

Oppoſite to the caſtle, on the other ſide of the dell, is a ſmall intrenchment, but of what date or nation is unknown.

As they paſſed Wharton Park, the ancient ſeat of the family of that name, ſome melancholy reflections roſe in their minds, from the contemplation of its ruined, neglected ſtate, and they were ready to exclaim with a ſigh, "Such are the natural effects of diſſipation and vice."

Approaching Cockermouth, the eye, which had been fatigued with ſtupendous objects, now ranged over the valley with calm delight: the caſtle crowns an eminence on the right, the church on the left, beneath which is the acceſs to the town, containing many modern and well-built houſes, particularly the ſtreet leading to the caſtle, and that towards Derwent Bridge.

A conſiderable manufacture of hats, coarſe woollen cloths, and ſhalloons, is carried on here: the ſurrounding country is well cultivated; and the whole place bears the appearance of opulence.

The caſtle, now in ruins, except ſome apartments at the gate, ſtands at the conflux of the Cocker and Derwent, on a fine eminence; and, in former ages, was a place of great extent and ſtrength. Authors differ about its founder, though it is agreed on, that it roſe ſoon after the conqueſt. The gateway tower commands an extenſive proſpect, and is ornamented with the arms of the Umfrevilles, Moultons, Lucies, Percies and Nevils.

Cockermouth

Cockermouth, being watered by two fine rivers, enjoys every local advantage. By the ſide of the Derwent is a plain of conſiderable extent, in which is a public walk, nearly a mile long. One end of this promenade is terminated by lofty rocks, ſcattered over with trees; the other by the ruins of the caſtle impending over the river, a bridge, and the diſtant town of Derwent, hanging on a hill.

The route to Whitehaven lies through a well-cultivated country. On approaching the town, they found that trade was the prevailing object of the place, and that agriculture was but a ſecondary purſuit.

This town is entirely concealed from the eye, till the traveller is near, when it makes a very ſingular appearance, being built in a creek, with the lands, on each ſide, overtopping the buildings. The haven is defended by four moles of ſtone, three of which project in parallel lines from the land; the fourth bends in the form of a creſcent, on which are placed a watch-houſe, and, at its extremity, a light-houſe. The haven is quite dry at ebb tide.

This port commands a prodigious coal-trade, having upwards of two hundred ſhips of conſiderable burden belonging to it; and eight or ten veſſels may be laden in a tide, at the ſmall expence of 10d. each.

This modern town is well built, and conſiſts of two principal ſtreets, deſcending to the haven, with others croſſing them at right angles. It is very populous and opulent, but elegance of manners, or the arts that embelliſh life, ſeem little known or regarded.

From

From Windmill Hill, the eye commands the interior of the ſtreets and haven, and the ancient ſeat of the Lowthers, a ſquare, ſtone building, in the ſtyle of the Elizabethan age. From this point the town appears to the beſt advantage.

They waited here ſome time, to effect a paſſage to the Iſle of Man; and, to fill up the ſpace, made an excurſion to Egremont. This village bears the appearance of high antiquity. The caſtle ſtands on a remarkable eminence, the work of art, and though not very extenſive, carries ſingular marks of ſtrength: it is ſurrounded with a walled moat, and an outward rampire of earth, five hundred paces in circumference; but the fabric is gone to decay, and is only remarkable for its ruins.

"I am apt to believe," ſays our author, "that this caſtle was ſeated on a Daniſh fortification, and that this place has been witneſs to many bloody conflicts, as appears by the monuments ſcattered on all ſides in its vicinity." Near it is a cairn, called Woeful Bank. The preſent name, Egremont, or the Mount of Sorrow, ſeems to imply the ſame meaning."

Before the time of Edward I. this town ſent members to parliament, but was diſfranchiſed on its own petition. It is now governed by a ſerjeant and jury under the Earl of Egremont.

From this place, they proceeded to St. Bees, a mean village, ſituated near a ſmall bay of the ſea. The priory is a noble piece of antiquity, forming a croſs, but without any monumental or other inſcriptions. The chancel of the church is in ruins; but the nave is now uſed for divine worſhip, and the croſs aiſle as a place of ſepulture. The eaſt end of the chancel, which is of

fine Saxon architecture, has been enlightened with three long windows, enriched with double mouldings, and two double pilasters with rich capitals.

Tradition says, St. Bega, or St. Bees, a religious woman and prophetess, founded here a small monastery, about the year 650; and that she converted many by her miracles; for she obtained from the credulous as much land, for the endowment of her establishment, as should be covered with snow on Midsummer-day; and she succeeded so far, it is added, by her prayers, that she gained Egremont, Whitehaven, and other distant tracks.

There is a well-endowed school at this place, which is in such reputation, that it is attended by youth from the best families in the neighbourhood. It was founded by Dr. Edmund Grindall, archbishop of Canterbury, who was a native of St. Bees, and the nomination of a master is vested in Queen's College, Oxford.

On their return to Whitehaven, the winds still continued so adverse, that they had the mortification to be obliged to give up their intended voyage to Man; accordingly they altered their route, and proceeded to Moresby, a Roman station, still distinctly to be traced near the church. Its situation commands the sea and several creeks, frequented by small craft.

The vaults mentioned by Camden are no longer visible; but there are several recesses, cut on the sides of the hills, called Picts Holes, which appear to have been used as habitations in ages very remote.

Moresby, supposed to be the Morbium of antiquity, has produced many testimonies of its having

having been in the poſſeſſion of the Romans. Several inſcriptions have been recorded by antiquaries, and an altar was alſo found here bearing an inſcribed image of Silvanus.

About four miles diſtance, they paſſed the ruins of Hay Caſtle, anciently defended by a wall and foſs, but now a confuſed heap of ruins, and arrived again at Cockermouth, "where," ſays our author, "we paſſed a night of noiſe and confuſion, amidſt the votaries of liberty, diſappointed patriots, and turbulent electors."

In the morning, they proceeded to St. Bride's, where they ſaw that venerable piece of antiquity, the church font. It is formed of white limeſtone, and on each of the four ſides is ornamented with figures in relief. The eaſt repreſents John the Baptiſt in the action of baptizing an adult, a dove deſcending on the initiated; the weſt ſide is ornamented with a croſs and a kind of ſhield, ſupported by two ravens, the Daniſh ſtandard; the north ſide repreſents a perſon robed to the feet, holding forth a ſword, to expreſs his authority; while another, in the habit of a pilgrim, appears in a teaching attitude; and, near him, a kneeling female clings by the ſtem of a tree, bearing rich cluſtered fruit, together with various unintelligible hieroglyphics; on the ſouth ſide are different figures of birds, flower work, and a female kneeling, with an inſcription, which has thus been rendered by Biſhop Nicholſon:

Here Ekard was converted; and to this man's example were the Danes brought.

Different travellers and antiquaries give different accounts of this ſingular curioſity, being neither agreed on the the ſubject of the ſculptures nor the inſcription.

From St. Bride's, they purſued their journey to Wigton, through bad roads, and an uninviting, thinly-peopled country. On approaching the town, a fine view to the northward burſt upon them, compoſed of a rich vale, bounded by the Scotch hills, over which Scruffel frowned in ſullen majeſty, while Skiddaw towered to the right.

About a mile from Wigton, they viſited the ancient Roman ſtation of Caer Leol, ſituated on an eaſy aſcent, and commanding an extenſive proſpect towards Solway Frith and the Scotch borders. The remains conſiſt of numerous buildings, ſcattered over many acres, as well within the Vallum as without, except to the weſtward, where the hill makes a precipitate deſcent to a ſmall brook.

The church of Wigton and many of the buildings in that town have been erected out of the ruins of this place, as appears by a kind of rude tracery on the facings of the ſtones. In an adjoining farm-yard, they diſcovered an altar built into the horſe block with a very mutilated inſcription.

Caer Leol is ſuppoſed to be the Caſtra Exploratorum of the Romans. It appears from various inſcriptions, that the wing of horſe, ſtyled Auguſta and Auguſta Gordiana, were ſtationed here, in the Emperor Gordean's time, A. C. 239. The following votive altar was erected for the health of Gordian III. and his empreſs, by the Auguſta Gordiana horſemen.

I. O. M.

I. O. M.
PRO SALUTE IMPERATORIS
M. AUTONI GORDIANI. P. F.
INVICTI AUG. ET SABINIÆ FUR
IÆ TRANQUILÆ CONJUGIEIUS TO
TAQUE DOMU DIVAN. EORUM A
LA AUG. GORDIA. OB VIRTUTEM
APPELLATA POSUIT: CUI PRÆEST
AEMILIUS CRISPINUS PRÆF.
EQQ. NATUS IN PRO AFRICA DE
TUIDRO SUB CUR. NONII PH
ILIPPI LEG AUG. PROPRETO
ATTICO ET PRETEXTATO
COSS.

Near this place ſtood the abbey of Ulmo, now wholly deſtroyed, where the Scottiſh St. Michael, on account of his ſuperior mathematical knowledge in an ignorant age, was ſaid to work miracles, or rather to deal in the black art. He lived about the year 1290.

Purſuing their journey to Carliſle, they paſſed ſeveral tumuli, particularly four cloſe together in a large plain, and one of greater magnitude at a little diſtance.

Wigton, a neat little town, lay below them, emboſomed in a rich and fertile country; above whoſe buildings the ancient tower of the church ſoared in ſolemn ſuperiority. Before them was ſpread an extenſive plain, finely tinted and variegated, ſkirted by the waters of the Frith, and backed by the diſtant Scotch mountains.

They entered Carliſle by the Iriſh gates*. This city is in many parts well built: the ſtreets are remarkably clean, and the principal one is ſpa-

* It has two other gates, called the Engliſh and the Scotch. See Pennant's Tours, for farther particulars of this place.

cious, and adorned with many elegant, modern fabrics.

Carliſle is divided into two pariſhes, and ſuppoſed to contain between four and five thouſand inhabitants. The manufactory of printed cottons is the chief employment of the lower ranks.

The caſtle is walled round, nearly a mile in compaſs, but the walls are neglected, and going faſt to ruin. This fortreſs makes a formidable appearance at a diſtance; but, on entrance, exhibit a different aſpect. "The garriſon," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "was compoſed of only one poor invalid, who ſhifted his poſt with great alacrity, to entitle him to the fees of office."

The ancient name of this city was Caer-Lualid, by Antonine denominated Lugo-Vallum, or the city on the wall. It was a place of diſtinction in very early ages; and, from its being a barrier town, while this iſland owned two ſovereign lords, it was frequently expoſed to all the ravages of war.

The cathedral was begun in the reign of William Rufus. It is now very irregular; "part of it," ſays our author, having undergone the mutilating commands of that enemy to every bigotry, ſave his own, Oliver Cromwell." What remains entire, ſhews this to have been a very noble ſtructure: it is both in the Saxon and Gothic ſtyle of architecture, and contains admirable ſpecimens of both. No ancient inſcriptions remain; but modern ones, the very quinteſſence of faſhion and flattery, abound.

From Carliſle, they made an excurſion to Brough-upon-Sands, in hopes to trace the Roman ſtation, but cultivation has razed its very foundation. On the flats, near this place, is a column

lumn about twenty feet high, ſurmounted with a croſs, erected to indicate the ſpot where Edward I. expired in his camp, in his expedition againſt the Scots, and charged with an appropriate inſcription.

Being prevented by a thick fog from croſſing the ſands to Drumbough Caſtle, originally a Roman ſtation, of which many veſtiges have been found, they continued their journey to Corby Caſtle, now a modern manſion, ſeated on the brink of a ſtupendous cliff, overhanging the Eden. The hills, on each ſide, are lofty, feathered with ſtately trees, and precipitate in their deſcent. A thouſand beauties adorn the river Eden: every turn, every avenue, affords a different ſcene of wood and rock combined.

To the front of the houſe, a fine lawn opens, with ornamental buildings, gracefully diſpoſed; but which appear little when contraſted with the grandeur of the natural ſcenery. The walk on the banks of the river is elegantly deſigned, and contains as little the appearance of art as can be expected in ſuch a work. The whole of the pleaſure-grounds are executed in a taſte that unfolds all the original beauties of the place, without diſtorting them by the caprice of faſhion.

Beneath a rock, which protrudes from the trees on the long walk, and forms a cool and ſolemn receſs, is placed a Roman altar, found near Nawarth, and mentioned by antiquaries, with this inſcription:

PRO SALUT
DN MXMAO
FORTM CAES.

And

And at the foot of this is ſeen the ſolemn memento of Shakeſpeare:

The cloud-capt towers, &c.

At the extremity of this walk, they had a view of the receſſes cut in the oppoſite cliffs, called Wetherell Cells. The rocks riſe perpendicular from the ſtream, more than three-hundred feet high, on which the land ſtill aſcends to a prodigious height, covered with wood. Near the middle of the rock, a ſmall building, ſhutting up the mouth of a cavern, is diſcovered, with three windows, and projecting ſo far from the cliff, at the northern end, as to admit of a narrow entrance. This place, which appears inacceſſible from every point, except by means of ſcaling ladders, conſiſts of an outward apartment with a fire-place and three ſmall interior chambers, excavated from the ſolid rock. From the windows the view is tremendous.

Here, it is ſaid, the monks of Wetherell retired in times of peril. The veſtiges of the ancient way, by which they paſſed, are on a horrible path on the brink of the cliff, from whence, by a ladder, they gained the entrance.

The apartments of Corby Houſe are fitted up in an elegant ſtyle, and are decorated with ſome good pictures. Of the old caſtle not a veſtige remains.

Paſſing by Warwick Hall, they ſoon arrived at Brampton, a ſmall market-town, lying under lofty hills, with a market-houſe of venerable aſpect. A few checks are manufactured here.

Near this place paſſes the Wall of Severus, and on its eaſtern ſide is a formidable mount, called the Moat, probably a Daniſh fortification, but

but chiefly indebted to nature for its elevation and ſtrength. Some Roman inſcriptions and antiquities have been diſcovered near Brampton.

About three miles from this town, on the banks of the Gelt, they viſited the Written Mountain, an inſcribed cliff of vaſt height, overhanging the ſtream. The face of the rock, on which the inſcription is cut, is of an angular form, and, being inacceſſible, the letters can only be made out by the help of glaſſes. Camden deciphers it to have been inſcribed by a lieutenant of the ſecond Auguſtan legion; but, from the difficulty of tracing the characters, and their mutilated condition from the hand of time, antiquaries are not agreed as to its exact purport.

On an eminence, about two miles from the written rocks, ſtands Caſtle Carrock, a ſquare vallum of looſe ſtones, little noticed in hiſtory, but probably a Saxon fortification.

From thence they turned their ſteps to Lenercoſt Priory, a venerable pile, waſhed by the river Irthing, and on every hand ſurrounded by woods. The valley, in which this ſtructure ſtands, is called St. Mary Holme, from the dedication of the abbey to Mary Magdalen.

The building is cruciform, and part of it is ſtill uſed as a parochial church. In a niche over the entrance is a fine ſtatue of the patroneſs, little injured by time, except the right arm.

This priory for many years had gone to decay; but, falling into the poſſeſſion of Thomas Daker, eſq. about the year 1559, he rebuilt part of it, and made it his reſidence. It was again diſmantled; and, from the window of the hall, now converted into a barn, an elegant coat

coat of arms, painted on glaſs, was ſaved, and placed in the great window above the altar, with an inſcription recording Mr. Daker's attention to this place, the property of which was conferred on him by Edward VI. as a reward for his long military ſervices.

The croſs aiſle, the choir, and other parts, are in ruins; but ſtill ſufficiently manifeſt their original ſplendor. Here the ſculptured tombs of the Howards and the Dacres are expoſed to the open air, and totally neglected, to the diſgrace of their deſcendants. It is of very little conſequence to the dead whether their memorials are preſerved or not, but it is of much to the living. The examples of eminent departed worth are the ſtrongeſt incentives to virtuous action; particularly when we can fondly trace our lineage to the ſame parent ſtock, and feel how laudable it is to emulate the merit of our anceſtors. But as public virtue declines, a veneration for the memory of our forefathers ſubſides: every generous paſſion is abſorbed in ſelfiſhneſs; and, in that dark abyſs, honour and nobility of ſoul are ſunk and confounded,

Leaving this ſolemn ſcene, they proceeded to Naworth Caſtle, the property of Lord Carliſle. Though above ſix hundred years old, it ſtill bears a very formidable appearance, and in former ages was certainly a place of great ſtrength and conſequence.

On entering the hall, the ſpectator is ſtruck with all the ſolemn magnificence of antiquity. This apartment is ſeventy feet long, very lofty, and of proportionable width. The ceiling is formed of wood pannels in large ſquares, and the upper end of the hall is wainſcotted in the

the ſame manner. On theſe pannels are painted the whole race of Britiſh princes, and many of the kings of England, down to the union of the houſes of York and Lancaſter. The joints of the frame work are ornamented with ſhields, blazoned with the arms of the ancient poſſeſſors and their alliances. At the bottom of the hall are effigies of men in armour, and coloſſal figures in ſtone, of the ſupporters of the ancient proprietors' arms.

"The whole earth," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "bears the ſtrongeſt memorials of ancient cuſtoms, and the lives of our anceſtors I ever yet viewed. The windows are grated; the doors, almoſt caſed with iron, and moving with bolts and rumbling hinges, give a thundering ſignal of every viſiter's approach; the mouldings are gilt, or painted, the ceilings figured, and the chambers hung with gloomy furniture."

The chapel is formed in the ancient taſte, with a pulpit and ſtalls of oak: at the end oppoſite the altar, are cloſets for the private devotions of the family. The ceiling and altar end is wainſcotted and painted, with ſcriptural figures. Above the ſtall, appropriated for the chiefs of the family, are blazoned all the arms of the Howards with their alliances.

The library is ſtored with a number of ancient books in great diſorder; and from it they were conducted to an obſcure cloſet, where the relics, ſculptures, and ornaments of the chapel, under a more oſtentatious religion, were depoſited. Some of them are not unworthy of notice, though it appears they are little regarded.

The proſpect from this caſtle, though limited, is noble; it commands the fine vale of St. Mary Holme,

Holme, environed with hanging woods, and ſignalized by the ruins of Lenercoſt, the river Irthing, and a track of rich ſylvan incloſures.

At Willoford, in this vicinity, was a Roman ſtation, where many veſtiges of that once potent nation have been diſcovered, two numerous to particularize.

Leaving this ſtation, they now gained the military road, and paſſing over dark and barren waſtes, entered what is called Hexhamſhire, and ſoon reached Glenwelt. As they deſcended to this place, they had a view of Blenkinſop Caſtle to the right, an irregular, rude heap of ruins, but formerly a place of conſiderable ſtrength.

To the left they had a view of Thirlwall Caſtle, ſeated on the edge of a rock above the little river Tippal, a dark and melancholy fortreſs, ruinous and forlorn. Under its ſouth front the Roman wall croſſes the Tippal, and ſtretches up the eminences on the northern ſide of Caervorran, which crowns the hill above Glenwelt.

Caer-vorran is a Roman ſtation, near the line of Severus' Wall, forming a ſquare of one hundred and twenty paces, with obtuſe angles. The prætorium is ſtill very diſtinguiſhable. Many antiquities have been diſcovered here, on the walls, about the farm houſe, near this ſpot, ſtands innumerable Roman remains. A bench raiſed at the door, was covered with a flat ſtone, on which a ſmall altar was raiſed in relief, with an inſcription, which has been read thus:

ÆLA SABINIANA ſub AUREL DEO MARTI.

After traverſing a black and barren waſte for ſome miles, the proſpect grew more cheerful and

and inviting, as they deſcended to Haltwhyſtle. Paſſing the Tyne by Haydon Bridge, they approached to Hexham, a place of great antiquity, and moſt eligibly and agreeably ſituated in a finely varied country. It was once an epiſcopal ſee, and the remains of the ancient cathedral ſtill bear diſtinguiſhing marks of its original magnificence. Many ancient tombs are to be ſeen here, fine carved work, and ſome monaſtic paintings.

This town contains about two thouſand ſouls. The ſtreets are narrow and ill-built; but the market-place is ſpacious and convenient.

Their route from Hexham to Lancheſter lay over a dreary and rugged country. This town is ſituated in a deep vale, and was formerly a deanry, but is now of little note. The church is dedicated to All Saints, and is ſaid to be as ancient as 1100.

Near this place, on the ſummit of a hill, is the Roman ſtation of Glannabanta, an oblong ſquare with obtuſe angles, which during many ages eſcaped demolition; but of late the ſtones have been taken to encloſe the adjoining lands, and the plough traces its furrows on the place where the Roman eagle waved. Several remarkable antiquities have been found here, particularly altars and inſcriptions.

From Lancheſter they proceeded to Wolſingham by a hilly and deſolate road. As they deſcended to the town, however, they had the pleaſure to obſerve that agriculture began to appear, and Ceres to uſurp a ſoil long neglected. The town is ſmall, and the country is ſtill but thinly peopled.

From this place, they paſſed over a dark and barren country, to gain the vale of Teeſdale. The grand cataracts of the Tees are worthy of obſervation. The Cauldron's Snout, as it is called, is a ſingular curioſity. After the river has long ſlept within its banks, it begins all at once to pour its ſtreams down continued precipices for ſeveral hundred yards; and, being toſſed from rock to rock, falls in ſheets of foam with prodigious noiſe. The margin of the river is rocky; deſolation appears on the hills; yet here are inexhauſtible mines of lead, and the country in conſequence is rich and populous.

From the Cauldron Snout, they paſſed down to High Force, another fall, ſtill more majeſtic, and poſſeſſing more inviting features on its banks, which, contraſted with the turbulence of the waves, have an aſtoniſhing effect. The ſtream here is divided by a vaſt maſs of rocks; and in one part falls eighty feet perpendicular into the reſervoir below, on the other, over a flight of ſhelves, with deafening ſound, throwing up a ſpray, on which the ſun-beams formed a perfect iris.

About four hundred yards below the cataract, the ſcene baffles all attempts at deſcription. It forms a circus of upwards of one thouſand yards in circumference, of ſuch grandeur as imagination only can conceive.

Proceeding down the vale, they came to Winch Bridge. Here the river, though its volume is increaſed by the acceſſion of many ſubordinate ſtreams, is collected into a narrow channel, and flows over two rocks into a deep gulph with vaſt tumult. Two chains being extended from rock to rock, a narrow bridge of wood is placed

thereon, which to ſtrangers appears tremendous. At every ſtep, the chains and their ſuperſtructure yield and ſpring; yet there is no ſafeguard for the paſſenger, beſides a ſmall hand-rail, while beneath him yawns a black and horrid chaſm, ſixty feet deep. A perſon, as they were contemplating this place, in order to entertain, or perhaps aſtoniſh them, gave the bridge a ſwinging motion, and went on with the ſteadineſs of a rope dancer.

They proceeded down the valley by Middleton, a ſmall market-town, irregularly built, on a rapid declivity; and, on their way from thence, had a view of thoſe Elyſian fields, at the conflux of the Balder and Tees, of which Mr. Arthur Young ſpeaks in ſuch enraptured terms. "Unfortunately for us," ſays Mr. Hutchinſon, "we had not dwelt under the happy meridian of Raby, nor drank of the cup of Comus, before we approached this place. We could perceive indeed a country bleſſed with the ſmiles of Providence, but curſed by the improvidence of man; fine lands lying waſte, and the valley only half cultivated."

As they paſſed down the dale, the proſpects were various and magnificent. The lands were fertile and watered by a noble river, and the eminences were clothed with pendent woods.

Paſſing by Egleſton Bridge to Romaldkirk, at a little diſtance from the road, they had a proſpect of Egleſton Hall, placed on a romantic ſituation on the banks of the Tees, under the declivity of lofty hills towards the ſouth.

Romaldkirk makes a pretty appearance at a ſmall diſtance. It is ſhrouded with trees, and ſhut in on every ſide by lofty hills. In the

church is the recumbent effigy of a knight, ſaid to repreſent Hugh Fitz Henry, who died as he attended Edward I. in his Scotch expedition.

Several little pleaſant villages line the banks of the Tees in the way from thence to Barnard Caſtle. This town lies in the biſhoprick of Durham, on the deſcent of a hill, having the caſtle on the weſt. The buildings in general are elegant, and the principal ſtreet, which is ſpacious, is nearly half a mile long. The population is computed at four thouſand perſons.

The incloſed lands in the environs of the town are rich, and let for nearly 5l. an acre. Very extenſive town fields appertain to the place; and there is alſo a vaſt common of fine, improvable land belonging to it, which might eaſily be converted into tillage.

Woollen goods, tammies, ſhags, crapes, and ſtockings, are manufactured here to a conſiderable extent; and the workmen have eſtabliſhed ſome wiſe and benevolent ſocieties for the relief of their members, when diſabled by age or illneſs from following their ordinary vocations. Theſe inſtitutions cannot be too much praiſed: they not only relieve pariſhes, but they inſpire the poor with a love of independence, and recal them from vicious indulgencies, that they may not forfeit their privileges by a want of punctuality in diſcharging their ſubſcriptions.

Barnard Caſtle is a place of great antiquity, and, in former ages, poſſeſſed many excluſive privileges. It was the property of the Balliols, and ſtill bears ſome veſtiges of its original connection with the Scotch. It is now one of the greateſt corn markets in the north of England.

The

The outer wall of the caſtle incloſes an area of near ten acres. The inner caſtle was defended by a deep moat and walls of maſſy ſtrength. The part which owns the Balliols for its founders is almoſt totally fallen; but ſome of the more modern additions ſtill exhibit proofs of their extent and ſtyle of architecture The citadel, as it may be deemed, was once impregnable; as it ſtands on a perpendicular cliff, upwards of a hundred feet above the level of the river.

"In this town," ſays our author, "is retained the cuſtom of dreſſing up a figure of Priapus on Midſummer-day; and I remember, in another part of this county, to have ſeen the feſtival of Ceres celebrated."

From Barnard Caſtle they proceeded to Athelſtan Abbey, ſituated on an eminence near the river. The walls are much rifled, and juſt ſerve to diſtinguiſh that their original form was a croſs. The eaſt window is perfect, but here are no remaining monuments or inſcriptions. Though antiquaries are not agreed on this point, it is probable that this abbey was founded by Athelſtan in propitiation for his crimes againſt his brother. Indeed he was touched with ſo great remorſe on this account, that, in one of his religious eſtabliſhments, he underwent a ſeven years' penance.

A little beyond this place is a fine bridge of one arch, lately thrown over the Tees. It ſprings from two rocks: the ſpan is ſeventy-eight feet wide, and the elevation fifty-eight.

Nothing can be more pictureſque and romantic than the views from this bridge: the river, in one continued caſcade, falls within a narrow channel of rugged rocks; the banks are

ſhaded with oaks, and form two auguſt avenues, one terminated by the church and part of the town of Barnard Caſtle, the other by Rookby Hall; whilſt, in the fore-ground of this charming landſcape, the ſolemn ruins of the abbey are happily diſpoſed.

From thence they proceeded to Rookby Hall, a beautiful, modern building, of veined freeſtone, in the Italian ſtyle. It ſtands on a fine, level lawn at the conflux of the Greta and Tees. Nature has been moſt propitious here, and art has only been called in to attire her with grace.

Near Rookby was a Roman ſtation, the veſtigia of which are ſtill very apparent between the Greta and a ſmall brook, which has its confluence with that river within a few yards diſtance.

Rookby Hall, is a repoſitory of curioſities: it contains a large collection of antiquities in ſculpture, ſtatues, monuments, altars, vaſes, and inſcriptions, too numerous to particularize, drawn from various quarters of the globe. There are alſo ſome good paintings which decorate the apartments.

Oppoſite to this places lies Morton, on a lofty eminence. The great tower is a fine ſquare ſtructure, of hewn ſtone, with exploratory turrets on the corners: the reſt of the fabric is converted into a farm-houſe. By an inſcription on the front, this appears to have been a religious eſtabliſhment, but the founder is unknown.

Here our entertaining author takes his leave of us. The ſcenes he viſited are calculated for a diſplay of all the powers of deſcription; and few will deny but that he has dipt his pencil in the ſtrongeſt colours, and given a vivid beauty to his pictures.

TOUR

TOUR

THROUGH SOME OF THE

MIDLAND COUNTIES,

INTO

DERBYSHIRE AND YORKSHIRE,

BY

WILLIAM BRAY, F. A. S,

PERFORMED IN 1777.

THE ronte Mr. Bray took was not a common one, and therefore he had the better opportunity of collecting freſh materials, and of making new obſervations. Some of the moſt pictureſque ſcenes in the ſouthern diviſion of the iſland lay within the circuit of his tour; and, if his deſcriptions are leſs glowing than thoſe of the author we laſt accompanied, they certainly are not leſs juſt. A profeſſed antiquary, he ſeems to have been more ſolicitous to diſplay his ſkill in tracing the hiſtory of former times, than to delinate the exiſting ſtate of the country, through which he paſt. He has, however, paid no inconſiderable attention to the laſt-mentioned object; and as we conſider that of moſt importance to our readers,

we

we ſhall chiefly confine ourſelves to his remarks in this reſpect.

"He," ſays Mr. Bray, "who deſerves pleaſure from contemplating the venerable remains of antiquity, in the elegant ſtructures of the modern architect; who has a taſte for the beauties of nature in her genuine ſimplicity, or as they are pointed out to view by the hand of art; he who feels his heart glow at the ſight of the ingenious mechanic, whoſe labours diffuſe plenty and cheerfulneſs round his habitation, and circulate through every part of the globe, will find ample matter of gratification, by purſuing the route I am about to deſcribe."

Leaving the Wycombe road three miles beyond Uxbridge, they proceeded by the two Chalfonts, watered by a pleaſant ſtream, towards Amerſham, where the Drakes have an elegant ſeat, and a mile beyond the town. This manſion ſtands on riſing ground, gently ſloping to a bottom, intended for a ſheet of water. The grounds are adorned with beautiful groups of noble foreſt-trees.

The parſonage houſe is pleaſantly ſituated on the ſide of a hill above the town, with a ſouthern aſpect. The church has lately been cleaned and new paved, on which occaſion Mr. Drake, the patron, brought a window of painted glaſs from an ancient ſeat in Herts, and put it up in the chancel. In the upper compartment, it repreſents a lamb and a dove; in the next, faith, hope, and charity; and below are the twelve apoſtles, ſix in a row. In this part of the church are ſome monuments of the Drake family, worthy of notice, particularly one by Sheemakers. The following lines on a Mrs. Drake, who died at the age

age of twenty, written in the character of her huſband, are ſo beautiful that we cannot help tranſcribing them.

Cara Maria vale! veniet felicius ævum,
Quando iterum tecum, ſim modo dignus, ero.

At Miſſenden was an abbey founded in 1293, and which ſpeedily roſe to diſtinction. A few miles from hence, on the left of the road, is White Leaf Croſs, cut in the ſouth-weſt ſide of a light, chalky hill, viſible from the Oxfordſhire ſide, at a great diſtance. It is nearly one hundred feet long, and fifty broad at the bottom, decreaſing upwards to about twenty at the top. The tranſverſe is about ſeventy feet in length, and twelve in breadth, the whole about two or three feet deep.

This, like the white horſe in Berks, and the red horſe at Edge Hill, is occaſionally ſcoured out. It is ſuppoſed to be of the time of Eward the elder, and to have been cut in memory of ſome victory gained here. At Prince's Riſborough, in the vicinity, the remains of a fortification were viſible in 1742, which the common people called the Black Prince's Palace. The name of the village of Bledlow, or Bloody Hill, a mile or two off, confirms the idea of a battle having been fought in this neighbourhood.

In proceeding to viſit White Leaf Croſs, they went by Hampden, the almoſt deſerted ſeat of the ancient family of that name, the chief of which made himſelf ſo conſpicuous by his oppoſition to the meaſures of an arbitrary court, and was one of the firſt who fell in the ſtruggle between Charles I. and his parliament. His houſe ſtands on high ground, and contains ſeveral

good

good pictures; among the reſt a whole length of Oliver Cromwell.

A road through ſome fine beech woods, conducts to Elleſborough Cop, from whence purſuing the Iknild Way, viſible here for ſome diſtance, the traveller ſoon reaches the village of White Leaf, near which is the croſs.

Several antiquities are to be ſeen in this neighbourhood, particularly Belinus Caſtle, and ſome veſtiges at Great and Little Kemble, the name of which is ſuppoſed to be derived from the Britiſh Cunobelin, whoſe two ſons fell in an action near this ſpot.

Ayleſbury, about forty miles from London, is a pretty large, indifferently built town, ſituate in a fertile vale, to which it gives name, and which affords the fineſt paſture, and produces great quantities of beans and corn. There is a handſome town hall, where the ſeſſions and ſpring aſſizes are held; but Buckingham now divides the honour of being the county town, particularly at the ſummer aſſizes, which have been removed thither.

The grant of lands in this place by William I gives a pleaſing picture of royal ſimplicity in thoſe days. The tenure was by finding litter for the king's bed and chambers, whenever he ſhould come that way, providing him with three eels in winter and three green geeſe in ſummer, beſides herbs for his chamber. And even as if this might be burdenſome, it was ſtipulated, that the conditions ſhould not be inſiſted on more than thrice a year.

From Ayleſbury, they took the road by Whitchurch, leaving Oving to the left, a ſeat which commands a delightful view over the vale, and a

few

few miles farther, reached Winſlow, given by King Offa, in 794, to the abbey of St. Alban's.

From the village of Padbury, in their road to Buckingham, they had a charming view of the rich vale below, and at a diſtance Stowe appeared emerging from its woods.

Buckingham ſtands on an elevation, yet is ſurrounded by other hills, and almoſt encompaſſed by the Ouſe, which winds round the hill, on which ſtood the caſtle, now wholly demoliſhed. The town is not large, but includes ſome conſiderable hamlets.

As a proof however of its early celebrity, in the time of Edward III. it was appointed to be one of the ſtaples for wool. The lace manufacture is now the employment of the place, and indeed of the greateſt part of the country.

There was a church here in Saxon times, dependant on King's Sutton, in Northamptonſhire, fourteen miles off, and ſupplied by a curate from that place, till 1445, when a vicar was appointed, and an endowment made. Here St. Rumbold was buried, and had a ſhrine erected for him. Hiſtory is ſilent as to the particulars of his life, which obtained him the honour of canonization; and indeed it is ſaid he lived only two days. Be this as it may, numbers of pilgrims reſorted to his grave.

An elegant new church has been built on the Caſtle Hill, to which the late and preſent noble poſſeſſors of Stowe, were liberal contributors. This ſtructure, contrary to the uſual direction of houſes of religious worſhip, ſtands north and ſouth, probably to make a more picturesque object from Stowe gardens. At the ſouth end is the belfry with a ſpire, the whole height one hundred

hundred and fifty-eight feet. The church has three aiſles, and a gallery on each ſide, with Ionic pillars ſupporting the roof. The altar-piece, which repreſents part of our Saviour's hiſtory, was a gift from Lord Temple, and is ſaid to have coſt 400l. at Rome.

Buckingham was the birth-place of the celebrated Hill, the learned taylor, who was brought forward to public notice by Mr. Spence. His aptitude and ambition for acquiring languages was ſo great, that he maſtered the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, almoſt wholly by his own induſtry and application.

From the end of the town is a fine road, two miles long, to Stowe, running in a ſtraight line up to the Corinthian arch. This elyſian ſpot is almoſt the ſole creation of Lord Cobham. He laid out the lawns, he planted the groves, he planned the buildings. Without the advantage of an extenſive proſpect, ſuch are the beauties of Stowe, that the eye is perfectly ſatisfied with the elegant and picturesque ſcenes which lie under its immediate view.

The grounds were laid out when regularity was the faſhion, and the original boundary is ſtill preſerved, on account of its magnificence; but the interior is a profuſion of ſeemingly artleſs embelliſhments, or at leaſt art is ſo well diſguiſed, that ſhe only appears the handmaid of nature.

In the front of the houſe, which ſtands on the brow of a gentle riſe, is a conſiderable lawn, open to the water, beyond which are two elegant Doric pavilions, and ſtill farther back riſes the Corinthian arch, which marks the approach.

To give an adequate deſcription of the aſſemblage of the natural and artificial charms of Stowe, would require a volume. We can only mention ſome of the principal ſcenes.

On entering the garden, ſtrangers are conducted to the left by the two Doric pavilions, from whence the magnificent front of the houſe is in full view. Following the courſe of the lake, they come to the Temple of Venus, and paſſing over a lawn by a winding walk, reach the Temple of Bacchus. Over the top of the ſurrounding wood, is a pleaſing view of the diſtant country, terminated by Brill Hill and Quainton, near Ayleſbury.

From hence they croſs the lawn, by the front of the houſe, which is nearly in the centre of the gardens, and divides them, as it were, into two parts. In the latter diviſion, the tower of the pariſh church, emboſomed in trees, ſtrikes the the eye at firſt as one of the ornamental buildings. Paſſing this, they enter the Elyſian Fields by a Doric arch, through which are ſeen, in perſpective, a bridge and caſtellated lodge. The Temple of Friendſhip is in ſight, and within this ſpot are thoſe of ancient virtue, and of the Britiſh worthies, adorned with buſts of eminent men. Here alſo is a roſtral column, to the memory of Captain Grenville, who was killed in the ſucceſsful engagemen with the French fleet, in 1747, when Anſon took the whole of the convoy. In the bottom runs a ſtream, whoſe banks are delightfully varied.

Cloſe to this is the Alder Grove, a deep receſs in the thickeſt ſhade; and at its end is a grotto, in which the late noble poſſeſſor ſometimes made a public ſupper.

The Temple of Concord and Victory is a noble ſtructure, erected chiefly in honour of the late Earl of Chatham, the immortal relation of the family of Stowe. It ſtands on a gentle riſe, and below it is a winding valley, ſtudded with groves and clumps, with ſome ſtatues interſperſed in proper ſituations.

On the oppoſite ſide of this charming valley, is the Lady's Temple, on an elevated ſpot, commanding diſtant proſpects. On another eminence, ſeparated by a dip, ſtands a large Gothic building, decorated with windows of painted glaſs.

The laſt building we ſhall particularize, is the Temple of Friendſhip, which is adorned with elegant marble buſts, of ſome whoſe friendſhip reflected honour on the noble owner of the place.

In point of buildings, Stowe is confeſſedly unrivalled. The multiplicity of them has been thought to derogate from grandeur; but the growth of the wood, by concealing one from another, every day tends to weaken the objection. Each may be ſaid to belong to a diſtinct ſcene; and their magnificence and ſplendor, joined to the elegance of their conſtruction, and blended with the variety and diſpoſition of the ground, will always enſure the admiration and pleaſure of the ſpectator.

Leaving Stowe, they paſſed by Finmore, and came to Aynho, the ſeat of Mr. Cartwright: at the entrance of this village, they croſſed the Portway, one of the viæ vicinales, which diverges from the Akeman Street, at Kirtlington in Oxfordſhire, and proceeds to Bennaventa, or Wedon.

They

They next viſited Aſtrop Wells, in the pariſh of King's Sutton. The water is a chalybeate, and poſſeſſes great virtues in the ſtone, gravel, dropſy, and incipient conſumption; but the accommodations are ſo indifferent, that people of faſhion cannot be ſuppoſed to be likely to be tempted to reſort hither. In ſummer, however, there is a little company, but chiefly invalids; and the neighbouring gentry have a weekly breakfaſt at the aſſembly room. Dr. Short ſays, anture and art have combined to make this place a paradiſe of pleaſure. What ideas the doctor formed of paradiſe, we know not, but there are few traces remaining of any reſemblance between Aſtrop and the Elyſian fields of poetry.

At Adderbury, they regained the turnpike road. Here is a ſeat of the Duke of Buccleugh*, formerly the property of the notorious Earl of Rocheſter. In this vicinity are quarries of ſtone, very full of cockle and oyſter ſhells.

Banbury, the Branavis of the Romans, whoſe coins have frequently been found here, had a caſtle built by Alexander, biſhop of Lincoln, in 1125, of which very little remains. It is a large and flouriſhing town, with a conſiderable manufactory of ſhag. The Puritans were always numerous here. Zeal, of the Land Buſy, one of Ben Johnſon's characters, was a Banbury man. Camden ſpeaks of it, as famous for cakes and ale; and when Holland tranſlated his Britannia,

* The church having fallen into a ſtate of irreparable decay, and part of it having tumbled down, a new one has been erected on an elegant and novel plan. While it was building, the diſſenters accommodated the congregation with their meeting-houſe, an inſtance of religious harmony in different ſects, which it is pleaſant to record.

without his conſent, played him a trick, by getting the printer to change *cakes* and *ale*, into *cakes*, and *zeal*, which alteration made Holland many enemies.

Round the wall, on the outſide of the church, are a number of carved heads of men and animals. The building being in great decay, was repaired in 1686, at the expence of Fell, the munificent biſhop of Oxford *. The mutilated ſtate of ſome tombs, ſhews the folly and impiety of fanaticiſm in the laſt century.

After Edward IV. had obtained poſſeſſion of the throne, an inſurrection among the friends of Warwick had nearly deſtroyed him. The leaders of it, met near Banbury, with the Earls of Pembroke, and Lord Stafford. The latter entered the town firſt, and took poſſeſſion of an inn, which Pembroke ordered him to quit; but he was ſo ſmitten with the charms of a bar-maid, that he retired in great diſcontent. The enemy ſoon heard of the quarrel, and fell on Pembroke's troops early in the morning. Henry Neville, one of their leaders was taken and maſſacred in cold blood, which ſo enraged the reſt, that they fought with irreſiſtible fury, and taking the earl and his brother priſoners, they inſtantly beheaded them.

After the battle of Edge Hill, the parliament placed a garriſon here, which was ſoon after ſurrendered to the king.

The navigable canal from Coventry to Oxford, paſſes this place. Some mineral wells are found in the town and its vicinity.

* It is now the ſeat of a private clergyman, who obtained it by marriage.

Wroxton

Wroxton Abbey, a ſeat of the Earl of Guildford, lies about two miles diſtant. It was founded, in the reign of King John, for canons of the order of St. Auguſtin, and is now held of Trinity College Oxford, being one of the eſtates of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder.

A little farther is Upton, a reſidence of Mr. Child the banker, and juſt beyond is the Riſing Sun Inn, on Edge Hill. This hill is very properly named; for after paſſing a level country, the traveller comes at once to the edge of a ſteep hill, forming a natural terrace ſome miles long. At the foot of this lies the Vale of Red Horſe, ſo called from the colour of the earth, and the rude figure of a horſe cut in the turf on the ſide of the hill. Some lands are held by the tenure of ſcouring it.

On the right of the inn, the hill extends about two miles, and near the fartheſt extremity, King Charles met the parliament forces under the Earl of Eſſex, when the firſt battle was fought between them, with little advantage on either ſide. A pit, in which five hundred victims of that day were buried, is marked by a few ſmall firs. Sculls and the remnants of weapons are frequently dug up.

Near this extremity of the hill, Mr. Miller, of Radway, a village below, has built a tower and ruins, to imitate thoſe of a decayed caſtle. The windows are ornamented with painted glaſs, and the ceiling is painted with the arms of the Saxon kings, and of ſeveral neighbouring gentlemen. From this is almoſt a boundleſs proſpect in front.

Nearer to Warmington is a ſquare camp, of

about twelve acres, which ſome ſuppoſe to be the Roman ſtation, Tripontium.

On the ſouth-weſt ſide of the inn, at the diſtance of about four miles, lies Compton Wyniate, an ancient ſeat of the earls of Northampton, in whoſe family it has continued ſince the time of King John. It ſtands in a dell ſurrounded by hills, and is an irregular building of the era of Henry VIII. The chimneys are formed in ſpires and zigzags. Over the entrance are the arms of France and England, under a crown, with the griffin and greyhound for ſupporters, and on each ſide a roſe under a crown; probably in honour of ſome royal viſit; which is farther commemorated by the arms of England, empaling thoſe of Arragon, in ſome of the windows, and by a gilt bedſtead full of carving, ſaid to have been uſed by the ſovereign.

"When this houſe was built," ſays our author, "it is plain that the owner could not have a ſingle idea of the beauty ariſing from proſpects; but, indeed, our anceſtors appear to have ſcarcely ever thought of them. But it ſtood in the centre of a noble eſtate, and was ſufficient for the purpoſes of hoſpitality, which did more real honour to the poſſeſſor than the moſt elegant modern ſeat, where it is wanting."

This houſe was beſieged by Cromwell, the marks of whoſe bullets ſtill appear in the gates, and was at length taken. The church was entirely ruined during the ſiege, and the family monuments deſtroyed.

"Much has been written," obſerves Mr. Bray, "for and againſt the utility of large farms; but the argument againſt them, drawn from the depopulation

population of the country ſeems ſtrongly enforced, by an inſtance in this vicinity *. At Chadſunt was an eſtate of about 800l. a year, divided into ten farms. Not long ago, Lord Catherlough purchaſed it, and converting the whole into one farm, pulled down the other houſes, and let it for 1000l. per annum to a grazier, who manages the buſineſs with the help of two or three ſervants."

In this neighbourhood is dug a blue ſtone, which becomes very hard, and is uſed for barn floors and ovens.

Leaving Edge Hill, they proceeded through Pillerton, Edington, and Welleſburn, to Warwick. This was a Roman ſtation, called Præſidium; or, according to ſome, Bennones. It is delightfully ſituated on the banks of the Avon, and makes a handſome appearance, having riſen, with additional beauty, from the ruins of a great fire, which, in 1694, conſumed the greateſt part of it. In this conflagration, part of the church was deſtroyed; but the whole was rebuilt in a very beautiful manner. The entire height of the tower is one hundred and thirty-two feet. Various benefactors contributed to the ſplendor of this religious edifice, which was formerly collegiate.

The caſtle, the ancient reſidence of the earls of Warwick, ſtands on a rock overhanging the Avon. By whom this pile was built is uncertain; but Guy's Tower was the work of Thomas Beau-

* Inimical as we have ever been to the monopoly of land, it is not from the depopulation this is ſuppoſed to occaſion. Men only ſhift their ſituation; and towns increaſe; but comfort and independence are loſt, while ſickly manufactures uſurp the place of agricultural labour.

champ,

champ, earl of Warwick, in the reign of Richard II.

The entrance into the caſtle is under a gateway, between Guy's Tower and Cæſar's. In this court is a flight of ſteps up to a magnificent hall, ſixty-two feet by thirty-ſeven, wainſcotted with the original oak. On the left of this are the private apartments; on the right, an elegant ſuit of rooms, overlooking the river. In this part are ſome good portraits of diſtinguiſhed characters. The chapel is neat, and contains ſome fine painted glaſs.

In the porter's lodge are ſhewn the armour and other utenſils of Guy, earl of Warwick, particularly his ſword, his walking-ſtaff, nine feet high, ſaid to be but two inches taller than the owner, and the rib of the dun cow, which he killed on Dunſmore Heath, in this neighbourhood. Whether theſe articles really belonged to Guy, cannot be now aſcertained; but they are unqueſtionably of conſiderable antiquity, for ſome of them were bequeathed by will as long ago as the year 1400.

James I. granted this caſtle to Sir Fulke Greville, anceſtor of the preſent family, who laid out 20,000l. in repairing and embelliſhing it. The epitaph on his tomb is ſimply this, "Fulke Greville, ſervant to Queen Elizabeth, counſellor to King James V. friend to Sir Philip Sydney." In a ſmall armory are ſtill ſhewn the buff coat in which Lord Brooke was ſhot, during the civil war.

Near the caſtle, towards the north-eaſt, is a fenced ground, called the Vineyard, in which it appears, from an ancient account book, grapes were gathered in the time of Henry IV.; an additional

ditional proof that the vine was once more generally and extenſively cultivated in this iſland.

About a mile and a half beyond Warwick, in the road to Coventry, is the ſeat of Mr. Greethead, built on the edge of a high, perpendicular rock, whoſe bottom is waſhed by the Avon. This place obtains the appellation of Guy's Cliff, from a tradition, that the hero of that name ſpent the latter part of his life in retirement here, in a cave ſcooped out of the rock, which is ſtill ſhewn. A chauntry was afterwards founded, and well endowed, near the ſpot, which will ever be memorable, from having John Rous, author of the Chronicon de Regibus, for one of its prieſts.

Proceed to Kenilworth, a long, ſtraggling place, where the auguſt ruins of the caſtle give an impreſſive example of the inſtability of human affairs. This fabric, once the boaſt of pride, the ſeat of elegance, the ſtrength of defence, is now only a pictureſque heap of deſolation. Of the apartments, formerly graced with the preſence of Elizabeth, when ſhe viſited her favourite, Leiceſter, nothing now but the bare walls remain. "The lake," ſays Mr. Bray, "which flowed over more than a hundred acres, is now vaniſhed." The only habitable part is a portion of the gateway, the reſidence of a ſlovenly farmer, in one of whoſe chambers is an alabaſter chimney-piece, with the initials R. L. once the ornament of a very different apartment.

The viciſſitudes of fortune the ancient poſſeſſors of the caſtle underwent, are not leſs than the fabric itſelf has ſuſtained; but this is not a place to record them. Oliver Cromwell gave the finiſhing blow to the grandeur of this place, which is now the property of the Earl of Clarendon, and who

who has commendably given directions, that the remains of the buildings ſhall be ſaved from farther depredations.

In this village is a manufactory for ivory and horn combs, and horns for lanthorns, which employs a few hands.

Their next ſtage was Coventry, an ancient but ill-built town. The magnificent and beautiful church of St. Michael was founded about 1133. Its tower is a hundred and thirty-ſix feet high, on which ſtands an octagonal priſm, ſupported by eight ſpringing arches, thirty-two feet more; and from the pinnacles within the battlements of the octagon iſſues a ſpire, upwards of a hundred and thirty feet in height, ſo that the whole is three hundred in altitude. The whole length of the church is two hundred and ninety-three feet, and its breadth a hundred and twenty-ſeven. Several religious houſes formerly exiſted in this town, of great wealth and extent.

The once-famous croſs is now entirely deſtroyed. It was hexagon, each ſide ſeven feet at the baſe, diminiſhing, in three ſtories, fifty-ſeven feet high. Statues filled eighteen niches; and the pillars, pinnacles, and arches, were enriched with ſculpture.

St. Mary's Hall, formerly the banqueting-room of the guilds, is now uſed for holding the aſſizes. A great deal of the painted glaſs in the windows ſtill remains, but much is defaced by ignorant glaziers, who, in their different repairs, have reverſed and miſplaced the arms. Here is an ancient wooden chair, ſaid to be that in which King John was crowned; and ſome armour, uſed in the annual proceſſion in memory of Lady Godiva; together with a picture of that celebrated patroneſs

patroneſs of Coventry, and ſome other portraits. Some noble charities are in the diſpoſal of the corporation.

The Oxford Canal commences here, a noble undertaking, but which met at firſt with a ſtrong oppoſition, both on general principles and from contending intereſts. Near Bedworth is a coal-mine, belonging to Sir Roger Newdigate, who has made a cut to communicate with the navigation. "In theſe coal-mines," obſerves our author, "it is ſaid, large toads have often been found, incloſed in the ſolid maſſes."

Arrived at Nuneaton, a town celebrated for its nunnery, of the order of Fontevrault, founded by Robert Boſſu, earl of Leiceſter, before 1161. Petticoat religious government ſeems to have been diſliked in England; for there were only two more houſes of this order in the kingdom. Some ruins of the nunnery are ſtill exiſting, but not enough to determine its figure.

Atherſtone, about three miles from Nuneaton, has a church on an eminence, which appears to have been the ſite of a camp. On the left of it is Oldbury, a large ſquare fort of thirty acres, on a lofty hill, from whence is an extenſive view. Near this place flint axes of the Britons, about four inches and a half broad, have been found. Mr. Okeover has a ſeat here, in the area of the camp.

Paſſing through the turnpike, they followed a lane to the right, which leads to Watling Street, and croſſing the river Anker, went through the old Roman city, which lies on both ſides the road, partly in Leiceſterſhire, partly in Warwickſhire. It is ſix hundred feet long, and two hundred broad on each ſide. Numerous relics of

its

its ancient inhabitants have been dug up here. Following the courſe of the Watling Street, they came to Hinckley, a market-town, formerly diſtinguiſhed by a caſtle, a large park, and a priory; and now by the humble, though uſeful, manufacture of ſtockings, in which about one thouſand perſons are employed. The caſtle was built in the reign of William the Conqueror, and ſtood near the eaſt end of the church, but has long been entirely demoliſhed, and a modern houſe raiſed on its ſite. The park is no longer incloſed; and little of the ancient priory can be diſtinguiſhed from the private buildings, with which its remains are mixed. The garden is now converted into a bowling-green.

This priory poſſeſſed about two hundred and fourteen acres of land in this place; and not many years ago, on a tithe trial, a monk of the Abbey of Lira was brought over, and produced the original grant.

About five miles from Hinckley was fought that deciſive battle which put the crown on the head of Henry VII. Sir Reginald Bray is ſaid to have found Richard's crown in a thorn buſh, the memory of which was preſerved by a painting on glaſs, in his houſe, at Steane, in Northamptonſhire; and his armorial bearing received the addition of a thorn with a crown in the middle.

Near the ſcene of Boſworth Field, money has been lately found, ſuppoſed to have belonged to ſome who fell in the engagement.

A variety of curious foſſils and petrifactions have been diſcovered in a gravel-pit, about a mile from Hinckley, out of which ſome collections are formed.

Though Leiceſterſhire, in general, is more famous for the richneſs of its paſture and the amenity of its fields, than for its extenſive proſpects, from a ſpot near this town fifty church ſpires may be ſeen at once.

Proceeding through Earl's Shilton, they paſſed on the left the ſeat of Lord Viſcount Wentworth, and afterwards Tooley Park. A little before they came to Leiceſter, croſſed the Roman foſsway, and at the entrance of the town, obſerved the arch over the river, which Richard III. paſſed on his way to the fatal Boſworth.

Leiceſter is a town of conſiderable extent, being nearly a mile ſquare; but the approach is every where diſgraced by mud walls. The market-place, however, is large and ſpacious, and contains ſome good buildings. This is ſuppoſed to have been the Ratæ Coritanorum of the Romans; and an ancient building, near the weſt end of St. Nicholas church-yard, is conjectured by Mr. Burton to have been part of a temple of Janus. A quantity of the bones of cattle have been dug up here; and hence it receives the name of Holybones.

St. Nicholas church is very ancient; and among the materials of which it is built, rows of Roman brick are ſtill viſible, probably taken from the adjoining temple. There are three other churches in this town, and formerly there were two more.

Few veſtiges of Roman works are now to be traced here; but many circumſtances conſpire to ſhew its former celebrity, under the univerſal conquerors. Two teſſalated pavements have been diſcovered at Leiceſter, one of them had the good fortune to be preſerved entire. The coins

of different emperors, dug up at intervals, are too numerous to ſpecify.

Henry II. nearly deſtroyed this place on account of its joining in the rebellion of his ſon. "The plan of the town, as it ſtood," ſays Mr. Nicholls, "before this demolition, is eaſy to be traced. In the centre, on each ſide of the principal ſtreet, are a number of large orchards, ſeparated by a double fence, with public ways between, called Backlanes. Theſe were manifeſtly the ſtreets. The traces of the old town-wall and ditch are alſo in many places viſible."

Some hoſpitals ſtill exiſt here, and a handſome infirmary was built in 1771, which is ſupported by ſubſcription. Of the three priories, few veſtiges remain.

Very little of the caſtle is left, except the hall, now uſed for holding the aſſizes; and near this is a large vault, called John of Gaunt's Cellar.

Some extraordinary inſtances of longevity have been recorded in this town and neighbourhood.

About two miles from Leiceſter, on the foſsway, in the year 1773, a milliary ſtone was diſcovered, erected in the time of Hadrian, which determines that town to be the Ratæ of antiquity.

Five miles from Leiceſter, on the left, is Temple Rotheley, once belonging to the Knights Templars, and afterwards to the Babington family. In the church are ſome handſome monuments, but none very ancient.

On the right are Coſſington and Radcliff on the Soar, where ſtands the Roman ſtation of Vennomentum.

Paſs through Mount Sorrel, a long, ill-paved town, ſtanding at the foot of a remarkable hill, or rather rock. The ſtone in many places is quite

quite bare, and of ſuch extraordinary hardneſs as to reſiſt all tools, after it has been expoſed to the air. Here was formerly a caſtle, of which ſome ſmall fragments remain, on a round part of the hill, called Caſtle Hill. In the ſtreet is an ancient croſs, long and ſlender, of eight ſides, fluted, and curiouſly adorned with heads, quatrefoils, and other tracery. The top is lanthorn formed.

Barrow, on the other ſide of the river, has long been famous for its lime, which is of ſuch repute for water-works, that, beſides being much uſed for internal purpoſes, conſiderable quantities of it are exported.

Continuing their route, ſome hills, covered with wood, preſented themſelves on the left, and near them lay Swithland, the ſeat of the Danvers, baronets. Still farther to the left, lies Charnwood Foreſt, now totally aſſarted, though within the memory of man, a ſquirrel might have been hunted from tree to tree, for ſix miles together, without touching the ground. In this foreſt coal is obtained.

Loughborough, their next ſtage, is an old market town, which has twice given the title of baron to the family of Haſtings, and now gives the ſame to the chancellor of Great Britain. Mr. Meynell's hunt, eſtabliſhed at Quarndon, in the vicinity, brings no ſmall emolument to this place. The hounds are kept by ſubſcription, but the principal permits his ſervants to accommodate as many of his friends with apartments as there is room for, and they are farther furniſhed with dinners as at any public place. Many, however, who attend the ſport, are obliged to reſort to the inns in Loughborough and other places, and the greateſt part of the horſes are kept at livery.

On the left of Loughborough is a neat, white manſion, belonging to Mr. Tate, and a little beyond is Gerondon Park, the ſeat of Sir William Gordon. Still farther on lies Diſhley farm, the reſidence of Mr. Bakewell, whoſe improvements in the breed of cattle, and in agricultural purſuits in general, are well known to every lover of his country *.

At the village of Donnington are ſome ſmall remains of the caſtle, built by the firſt earls of Leiceſter. Donnington park †, the ſeat of the Earl of Huntingdon contains nothing remarkable.

Near the handſome bridge, over the Trent, at this place, the Staffordſhire navigation joins the Trent, by which means, and the Duke of Bridgewater's canals, there is a water communication from Liverpool and Mancheſter to Hull, with a variety of interſections to the principal places in the interior.

Theſe undertakings ſtrongly mark the ſpirit of enterprize, ſo characteriſtic of the preſent age. Their advantages to trade are immenſe, and in different reſpects every county is benefitted through which they paſs.

Soon after, they reached Derby, a handſome town on the river Derwent, with a ſpacious market place, in which ſtands an elegant town hall. All-Saints Church is a beautiful fabric. The tower was built in the reign of Henry VIII. but the body is the architecture of Gibbs. Here are

* If merit were to be eſtimated by utility, a ſtatue would be erected in honour of Bakewell; a man who will be long and deſervedly celebrated in georgic annals.

† It is now the ſeat of the Earl of Moira, the repreſentative of the Haſtings.

ſeveral

ſeveral monuments of the Cavendiſh family, but none, in the opinion of our author, deſerving much notice, as works of art.

The famous ſilk mill, on the river here, it is well known, was erected by Sir Thomas Lombe, in 1719, who brought the model out of Italy with the greateſt difficulty and riſk. There are about one hundred thouſand movements, turned by a ſingle wheel, any one of which may be ſtopped, independent of the reſt. Every time the great wheel goes round, which is thrice in a minute, it works ſeventy-three thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty-eight yards of ſilk. By this piece of machinery the raw ſilk of foreign countries is prepared for the warp. About two hundred perſons, of both ſexes, and of all ages, are employed here, to the great relief and comfort of the poor.

The china manufactory is not leſs worthy of notice. It has been brought to a high degree of beauty and perfection, both as to colouring, drawing, and the fineneſs of the ware.

It ſhould alſo be mentioned, that there are a few hands engaged in poliſhing the marbles, ſpars, and petrifactions, which abound in this county, and converting them into vaſes, urns, pillars, columns, and ornamental furniture for chimney pieces.

A mile beyond Derby is Little Cheſter, the Derventio of the Romans, ſome veſtiges of which are ſtill perceptible, and where many antiquities have been diſcovered.

Farther on, in the road to Buxton, lies Kedleſton, the ſeat of Lord Scarſdale, which may properly be called the Glory of Derbyſhire. It was built from the deſigns of Mr. Robert Adam. The front is magnificent and beautiful, and the apart-

ments are elegant and uſeful. The approach is through a grove of venerable and majeſtic oaks, and then over a fine lawn, interſected by a piece of water, over which is thrown an elegant ſtone bridge.

The whole front is three hundred and ſixty feet long, and in its centre is a flight of ſteps leading to a portico, conſiſting of ſix Corinthian pillars, three feet in diameter, which ſupport a pediment decorated with ſtatues. By this we enter the hall, a ſingularly ſplendid apartment, ſixty-ſeven by forty-two feet from wall to wall, and forty-ſeven to the top of the window. On each ſide are eight fluted pillars, of variegated marble of the county, and two at each end, of the Corinthian order, twenty-five feet high. Between the columns are ſome antique ſtatues in niches, over which are baſſo relievos in compartments. The ceiling is covered and richly ornamented with paintings and relievos.

The ſaloon is forty-two feet in diameter, and fifty-four feet ſix inches high, crowned with a dome which lights the room. Over the doors are four paintings, by Morland, and ſome ſtatues diſpoſed in niches.

The other apartments of this noble manſion are of equal magnificence, according to their deſtination. There are ſome capital paintings here by the firſt maſters, which we cannot particularize.

The north is the principal front, and from it the eye is conducted by a beautiful ſlope to the water, which is ſeen tumbling down a caſcade, encircling a woody iſland, falling over rugged rocks at the bridge, and then forming a large river, on which is a yacht. Below is a ſmall ruſtic building over a mineral well and bath, of the nature

nature of the Harrowgate water, uſed by ſuch invalids as chuſe to reſort thither. A good inn is built very near, for their accommodation.

In the back front of the houſe lies the pleaſure ground, ſtretching up to a fine and extenſive plantation. The walk is about three miles in circuit.

"Of all the houſes," ſays Mr. Bray, "I ever ſaw, I do not recollect any one which ſo completely pleaſed me as this, and the uncommon politeneſs and attention of the perſon who ſhewed it, added not a little to the entertainment."

Leaving this delightful ſpot, they proceeded through Weſton, Ayrton, and Wirkſworth to Matlock, through a picturesque country, abounding in minerals and tepid ſprings, which form a number of curious petrifactions.

The entrance of Matlock Dale, from Cromford, is by a paſſage cut through the rock, which makes a very ſtriking appearance. From hence it is about a mile to the bath, the road running by the river ſide, through a dale, in ſome places ſo hemmed in by rocks, as barely to allow room for the torrent and the road. In other places it expands to a greater width: in all, it exhibits a moſt romantic and beautiful ſcene.

At Matlock are two baths, the old and the new, each poſſeſſing its appropriate conveniences. The company dine together in a large room at two, and ſup at eight; after which there are muſic and cards. The ordinary is moderate; and every perſon drinks afterwards as he likes.

Between the bath and the village of Matlock, the ride is equally romantic with the entrance of the dale, and ſtill more ſo at high Torr, whoſe perpendicular height is ſaid to be one hundred and

and forty yards. About half way up, it is covered with bruſhwood; but the upper part is almoſt entirely bare, and inacceſſible. The river runs cloſe at the foot, and by the intervention of a ledge of rocks, forms a conſiderable caſcade. The ſtrata exactly correſpond with thoſe on the oppoſite ſide of the vale.

A little beyond this is the village, ſcattered on the ſides of the hills and in the bottom, which, with the church, ſtanding ſingle, yet ſheltered by trees, the bridge, the ſtream, and the diſtant hills, form altogether a moſt varied and picturesque landſcape; while, about a mile farther, is a wild and dreary ſcene, fit for the pencil of Salvator Roſa.

Near this is a ſmelting houſe, where red lead is made in conſiderable quantities; and not far from Matlock bridge, are two chalybeate ſprings.

The ride from hence to Nottingham is extremely pleaſant. On the top of the hill, called Riber, is a ſtone, ſaid to have formerly been of that kind called, in Cornwall, a Logan, or rocking ſtone. It is now immovable, but exactly reſembles one figured by Dr. Borlaſe.

At Birchover, however, are two very large rocking ſtones, in a moſt extraordinary ſituation. The hill, on which they ſtand, is an immenſe aſſemblage of rocks piled on each other, running about ſeventy yards from eaſt to weſt, and almoſt perpendicular at the north and ſouth ends. On the higheſt part are the rocking ſtones, which can be moved by the hand, though one of them is computed to be fifty tons in weight. It reſts on two points of leſs than a foot diameter each.

On the higheſt ſtone of all, a round pillar of three joints, with a weather-cock atop, has been let

let into a hole in its apex. Near this a chair is cut with two arms, of very rude workmanſhip, and a ſeat for a ſingle perſon on each ſide of it. One of the uppermoſt ſtones meaſures thirty-ſeven feet or more in length.

To the right of this chair, on the oppoſite hill, is a ſingle ſtone, called the Anvil Stone, and near it another, known by the name of Thomas's Chair.

To the left, on the points of a high crag, are two upright ſtones, called Robin Hood's Stride, and not far off are ſeen Cratcliff Torr and Bradwell Torr, at which laſt is another ſhaking ſtone.

At the foot of Router, on the ſouth-ſide, is the hall of the ſame name. Aſcending from this, are other rocking ſtones, placed on a pile, which is ſuſpended in a terrific manner. "It ſeems incredible," ſays our author, "that theſe ſtones ſhould have been brought and placed there by any human art, as no engines are now known which would be equal to the taſk of effectuating this. Yet when one conſiders Stone Henge, an undoubted work of art, when we hear what ſolid maſſes have been carried to Palmyra, and raiſed to a great height, one cannot ſay that it is impoſſible this ſhould be the work of man."

Dr. Borlaſe deſcribes a Tolmên in Cornwall and another in Scilly, to conſiſt of a large orbicular ſtone, ſupported by two others, between which there is a paſſage; and ſays they are both on the decline of hills, beneath a large cairn of rocks, ſtanding on two natural ſupporters. Some of the ſtones here ſeem to anſwer this deſcription exactly.

About half a mile farther, on Hartlemoor, is a circle of nine upright ſtones, called the Nine Ladies; and, a little weſt of this, a ſingle ſtone, called

called the King, near which are ſome cairns, which have been found to contain bones. In ſhort, in this wild and romantic track, ſo favourable to druidical erections, there are more curioſities of that kind than appear to have been crowded into any equal ſpace.

The vicinity of Matlock is rich in antiquities and the charms of wild and pictureſque nature, improved in many places by the fineſt deſigns of art.

The Vale of Dovedale, a ſpot conſtantly viſited, is entered at a point where the river Dove turns a corner of the projecting hills, one of which is very lofty, and is named Thorpe Cloud. It is every where deep and narrow, the river running ſometimes cloſe to the rocks on one ſide, ſometimes on the other, leaving barely a foot path. The cliffs on each are wild and groteſque to the laſt degree, preſenting all the variety of form and magnitude that fancy can conceive. Yew, aſh, whiteleaf, and other trees, grow out of the crevices, ſcattered in various parts, in one place forming a thick wood from the bottom to the top. After proceeding a little way, on the right, is a large, natural arch, in a projecting rock. This leads to a cavern in the rock behind, called Reynard's Hall, and to another, called his Kitchen.

Towards the upper end is another large arch and a cavern, called Foxholes. Beyond this, a turn to the right leads to a farm-houſe, called Hanſon Grange, while the ſtream conducts to Mill Dale. The rocks continue ſome diſtance farther, and then are loſt by imperceptible degrees.

The Dove riſes near Buxton. It is very clear and ſometimes deep, but generally ſhallow and rapid,

rapid, and has many ſmall falls. Trout, grayling, and cray-fiſh, abound here.

Shells and other foſſils, and petrifactions, are common among the rocks, together with coarſe cryſtals and red ochre. Lava has been diſcovered about Thorpe Cloud and other places; nor can there be any doubt of the action of volcanoes on many of the moſt ſtriking ſcenes in this track.

On leaving Dovedale, they viſited Mr. Porte's at Ilam. The gardens lie in a bottom ſurrounded by hills. The right-hand hill is a rock, at the foot of which the rivers, Hamps and Manifold, iſſue to light, within ten yards of each other, after being ingulphed at a conſiderable diſtance from hence, and alſo from each other. Preſently joining their ſtreams, they fall into the Dove, not far from this place.

In the rock above is a favourite ſeat of Congreve's, where it is ſaid he ſat and wrote his play of the Old Batchelor. The oppoſite hill riſes ſteep and high, and is clothed with pendant woods.

In the garden is a curious engine for ſupplying the houſe with water. There are two buckets, which work themſelves by their alternate riſe and deſcent, the full one emptying itſelf into a pipe communicating with the houſe.

About four miles from Ilam is the village of Whetton, a mile from which is a mill in the bottom, below which the Mainfold ruſhes into ſome chaſms in the foot of the rock, and is loſt, till it makes its appearance in Ilam gardens; as has been aſcertained by throwing ſome corks into the ſtream here, and catching them in a net at the ſpot where it emerges.

In

In the neighbourhood of Whetton is Ecton Mine, one of the richeſt copper mines in Europe. The hill on which it is found is ſeven hundred feet in perpendicular height. A Corniſh miner, in 1739, paſſing this ridge, accidentally picked up a bit of the ore, and thus opened a treaſure to the proprietor which, on an average, yields 10,000l. a year.

The miners work ſix hours at a time for a ſhilling; women by taſk earn from 4d. to 8d. a day; and girls and boys from 2d. to 4d. each.

Travellers generally viſit Aſhburn, and the celebrated picture of Raphael at Okeover. The church of Aſhburn was dedicated to St. Oſwald, by Hugh de Patiſhull, biſhop of Coventry, in 1241, as appears from a braſs plate ſtill extant, found ſome years ago in repairing the edifice.

In the church of Bentley is a monument to one of the Beresfords, which family has been ſeated here ſince the conqueſt, who had ſixteen ſons, eight of whom loſt their lives in the glorious battle of Agincourt.

There is a very pleaſant ride to Bakewell, through a continuation of ſublime or beautiful ſcenes. About a mile on this ſide, Haddon Hall, on the riſe of a hill, overlooking the little river Wye, preſents its venerable front. This houſe is caſtellated, and conſiſts of two courts. For many generations it was the ſeat of the Vernons, but afterwards deſcended by marriage to the Manners, and, for more than a century, was the principal reſidence of the Rutland family, till Belvoir Caſtle ſupplanted it.

Bakewell lies at the foot of the hills. The church ſtands on a little eminence, and makes a handſome appearance. The fort is of great antiquity.

tiquity. At the weſt end is a fine Saxon arch; and in the cemetery is an antique ſtone croſs, curiouſly carved. The chancel contains ſome tombs of the Vernons.

About two miles beyond Bakewell lies the village of Aſhford *in the Water*. An adjacent hill has a wall guarding a precipice, from which ſpot is a moſt enchanting view, over Monſall Dale, the river Wye, and its ſylvan banks. Creſsbrooke Dale, not far off, if cleared of wood, it is ſaid, would be a Dovedale in miniature. At Aſhford is a conſiderable work for poliſhing the native marble of the country.

Hardwick Hall, a noble old ſeat of the Duke of Devonſhire, is about ten miles from Matlock. It is built of ſtone dug out of the hill on which it ſtands, and has a lofty tower at each corner, and a ſpacious court in front. The apartments, which are very ſpacious, are decorated with a variety of portraits, and other choice productions of the pencil.

In one of the chambers is a bed worked by Mary Queen of Scots, while ſhe was a priſoner here, under the conduct of the Earl of Shrewſbury: it is in ſilks, worked on canvas, and ſet on black velvet. The chairs and hangings are alſo by the ſame royal hands.

Here the duke generally ſpends a few weeks in the ſummer, and indeed it is almoſt impoſſible to find a more deſirable or noble ſituation.

The next place they viſited was Chatſworth, lying in a bottom, amidſt plantations, and backed by ſteril hills. At the entrance of the park is a handſome houſe erected for the chaplain, who has alſo the living of the place. A very elegant ſtone bridge of three arches is erected over the Der-

went, and on the left of this, hid among the trees, is the remains of an old ſquare tower, moated round, called Queen Mary's Garden, or Bower.

Chatſworth Houſe was built in the reign of King William III. and was long conſidered as one of the wonders of the Peak. It is certainly magnificent; but it poſſeſſes few of thoſe architectural beauties which are now ſo conſpicuous in more modern ſtructures: nor are the works of art either numerous or choice.

The chapel is elegant, and contains ſome exquiſite carving by Gibbon, who loſt his life here by a fall from a ſcaffold. In the library are a few antiques; "but the manner in which the houſe is ſhewn," ſays Mr. Bray, "does not much prejudice a perſon in its favour *. The conceits in the water-works," continues he, "might appear wonderful, when they were made; but thoſe who have contemplated the water-falls, which nature exhibits in this country and in various parts of the kingdom, will receive little pleaſure from ſeeing a temporary ſtream falling down a flight of ſteps, ſpouted out of the mouths of dolphins or dragons, or ſquirted from the leaves of a copper tree."

At the extremity of the wood is a hunting tower, ninety feet high; but, notwithſtanding its elevation, it commands little proſpect on ſome

* We have more than once had occaſion to remark, that the impreſſion viſiters receive from the view of a place, is as frequently conveyed by the mode in which it is ſhewn, as by its native beauties or defects. A gentleman meets with a ſurly porter, an avaricious houſekeeper, or a begging, inſolent gardener: he is at once diſguſted; and retorts, very unjuſtly, the faults of the ſervants on the owner, or his ſeat.

hands,

hands, from the luxuriant growth of the trees. The houſe, the park, the river, the kitchen garden, lie immediately below. Beyond is Mr. Eyre's at Haſſop, with the plantations ſurrounding his houſe; Baſslow, Stony Middleton, and Stoke Hall.

Above the wood is a level ground, in which is a large nurſery of foreſt trees, which are planted out, as occaſion requires, in the hills above, where they ſhoot vigorouſly.

Returning by a boundary walk, they croſſed the rill from the reſervoir, which deſcends very rapidly for a hundred yards to the water temple. Paſs by ſome pieces of water to the grand canal, which is three hundred and twenty-five yards long and twenty-five broad, occupying the original ſite of a hill, which was removed to enlarge the view. From the end of this lake is a noble terrace walk leading to the houſe, ſeparated by a baluſtrade from a walk in the ſhrubbery below, which is parted from the park by a ſunk fence.

The great ſtables are built on a magnificent ſcale. The weſt and north parts extend two hundred and two feet; and the centre part of the ſunk front alone contains ſtandings for twenty-one horſes.

The alterations made in the grounds by the late duke, were under the direction of the celebrated Brown, and in ſome places evince his ſpirit and his taſte. Though it does not appear that the preſent duke has made many improvements in his environs, "he is not backward," ſays our author, "in diſtributing his money to the diſtreſſed. The poor, the widow, and the fatherleſs, bleſs that Providence which has be-

ſtowed ſuch wealth on one ſo ready to impart it." This is real praiſe; and the man who deſerves it need not regard the ſtrictures of critics on his houſe or his pleaſure grounds.

They now ſet out to viſit the Peak. Croſſing the river, they came to Stony Middleton, where immenſe quantities of lime are burnt for manure. On the north ſide of the town is St. Martin's Bath, nearly as hot as that at Buxton, incloſed by four walls, and uſed with good ſucceſs by the afflicted with the rheumatiſm. Several other warm ſprings riſe in the environs, and alſo a chalybeate one.

In the lead mines, on the other ſide of the mountain, about two fathoms above the ore, was a bed of Boulder ſtones, any one of which, being broken, is found to contain a certain quantity of ſoft bitumen, like Barbadoes tar. The water, drilling through this ſtratum, is liable to be ſet on fire.

On the north ſide of the mountain is a mine that cannot be worked, from the quantity of ſulphur mixed with the ore, which explodes as ſoon as it is ſtruck.

This is the entrance of Middleton Dale, through which the turnpike-road runs. It is a deep, narrow dell, between lofty rocks, which appear to have been rent by ſome convulſion of nature. A ſtreamlet runs down by the ſide of the road, great part of the way. At the time of the great earthquake at Liſbon*, the rocks here were ſo much agitated, that ſoil fell from their fiſſures on the workmen's heads, and explo-

* This awful viſitation of Providence was likewiſe felt in Scotland. See Pennant's Tours, Vol. I.

ſions

ſions were heard as if cannon had been fired; but no damage was done.

Here are ſome remarkable caverns. One of them is called Boſſen Hole; but the chief is Bamforth Hole, in Charleſwork, of great extent, and beautifully furniſhed with ſtalactitious petrifactions.

In this place it may be proper to obſerve, that, on Tideſwell Moor, ſix hundred feet have been ſunk in the toad-ſtone without finding the bottom of the ſtratum. Mr. Whitehurſt conjectures this to be lava, and to have flowed from a volcano, which diſgorged its contents between the ſtrata in all directions.

Middleton Dale terminates in the mountains of the Peak, bleak, open, and bare of trees; yet even here the plough has been ſucceſsfully introduced, and oats arrive at perfection.

About a mile and a half beyond Wardlow Turnpike, Tideſwell is ſeen on the left, and two roads turn off on the right. The neareſt goes from Tideſwell to Sheffield: the farther conducts to Caſtleton, a town at the foot of the hill, where the cavern, called the Devil's A—e, is to be ſeen.

The well at Tideſwell, enumerated among the wonders of the Peak, is at a ſmall diſtance from the town, and ebbs and flows at uncertain periods. Eden Hole,* another of the wonders, is about three or four miles diſtant, but deſerves little attention, being only a very deep chaſm in the earth, walled round, to prevent accidents.

* Some calculate it to be eight hundred and eighty-four yards deep, or more; others ſay the plummet ſtops at one hundred and ſixty. Perhaps the depth may be different in different places.

Tideſwell, except a few houſes, is rather a mean village. The church however is large, and contains ſome ancient monuments; but none for perſons of any conſiderable note.

In proceeding to Caſtleton, they deſcended a long and ſteep hill, from which there is a variegated and extenſive landſcape. Caſtleton is a poor, ſmall town, with a caſtle ſtanding on the hill above it, not eaſily acceſſible. The fortreſs, however, was not well calculated for defence, except againſt any ſudden aſſault, as it was neither large nor furniſhed with a well. It was garriſoned by the barons in King John's time, and was wreſted from them by Ferrers, earl of Derby. Tradition ſays it was built by William Peverell, natural ſon of the Conqueror. The walls of the keep, on the ſouth and weſt ſides, are ſtill pretty entire, and, at the north-weſt corner, are fifty-five feet high; but the north and eaſt ſides are much ſhattered. On the outſide it forms a ſquare of thirty-eight feet, with walls eight feet thick.

This caſtle was uſed for keeping the records of the Miner's Courts, till the time of Elizabeth, when they were removed to Tutbury.

The cavern at this place is an object of real curioſity. A rock, at the left of the entrance, riſes to a great height, and directly from the caſtle wall to the ground is eighty-ſeven yards and a half, with a ſlope on one hand of two hundred, and on the other of one hundred. In the mouth of the cave are ſome huts for packthread-ſpinners: this is forty yards wide and fourteen high. At the diſtance of one hundred and fifty yards from the entrance, you come to the firſt ſtream, the roof gradually ſloping to within two yards of its ſurface. This water is to be

croſſed by lying down in a boat, which is puſhed forward by the guide. You then come to an apartment of great extent, with ſeveral apertures atop. After croſſing the water a ſecond time, on the guide's back, you enter Roger Rain's Houſe, ſo called, from the continual dropping of the roof. Here you are entertained by a company of ſingers, who, having taken a different route, are ſtationed in a place, called the Chancel.

In the whole, the water is to be croſſed ſeven times, but ſtepping-ſtones are ſufficient, except at the two firſt paſſages. At the diſtance of ſeven hundred and fifty yards from the entrance, the rock cloſes ſo near the water as to preclude all farther acceſs. A bold adventurer ſome years ago tried to penetrate farther. He plunged in, but ſtruck his head againſt the rock, and fell motionleſs to the bottom, from which he was with difficulty dragged out. Attempts have been made to blaſt the rock, to open a farther communication; but with what ultimate ſucceſs cannot be determined.

"On coming out of the cavern," ſays Mr. Bray, "after having been ſo long abſent from day, the firſt appearance of light has an effect beyond deſcription. No one can ſee it without feeling a moſt grateful ſenſation."

At the foot of Mam Torr is another cavern, called Water-hull; but as the deſcent is very difficult as well as dirty, and nothing worth ſeeing at the bottom, they declined viſiting it. Here very beautiful petrifactions are found, in all poſſible forms and fancied reſemblances.

The hills, on the different ſides of the town, produce ſtone of very different quality. That on the north affords a delightful proſpect over Caſtleton

ton Dale and Edale. Oats are produced here even on the moſt unpromiſing ſpots. The property is chiefly veſted in the Duke of Devonſhire.

The foot of Mam Torr, or the Shivering Mountain, is about a mile from Caſtleton: its perpendicular height is ſaid to be four hundred and fifty-ſix feet *. According to vulgar tradition, it is conſtantly crumbling down, yet never diminiſhes. In the ſame chain is little Mam Torr, of inferior dimenſions and elevation.

On the top and ſides of the hill, on which they riſe, is a camp ſuppoſed to be Roman. It is of an oblong form, and lies between the two Torrs, and is difficult of acceſs. From this caſtrametation a ditch is carried down the ſouthern ſide of the hill, croſs the valley to Michlow Hill, about three miles off, and from thence it goes in a ſtraight line to Shatton, about three miles more. It is called the Grey Ditch, and poſſibly was a Roman prætentura. There is no tradition concerning it; but pieces of ſwords, ſpears, ſpurs, and bridle bits, have been found on both ſides of it. The Roman ſtation, called Brough, lies in the vicinity, at the junction of Bradwell-water with the Nooe. Brough Caſtle, as it is called, lies a little to the north. Numerous antiquities have been diſcovered in this neighbourhood, and many veſtiges of buildings.

A few years ago a large ſtone, lying on the ſide of the hill near the village of Edale, was removed, and under it was found fifteen or ſixteen beads, about two inches diameter, and about the thickneſs of the ſtem of a large tobacco pipe. One was of

* It is one thouſand feet above the level of Caſtleton Vale.

amber,

amber, the reſt of different coloured glaſs. They were amulets uſed by the Druids, of which many ridiculous ſtories have been told. They have been found in different parts of the iſland.

This being a mine country, many local cuſtoms are obſerved, and diſputes between the miners are tired at the Barmoot court, which is held about Lady-day and Michaelmas, or oftener if required.

Seven miles from Tideſwell is Buxton, whoſe bath has been celebrated ſince the era of the Romans, and to the preſent time ſupports its reputation. In gout and rheumatiſm, even when perſons have been crippled by thoſe painful diſorders, here they find a cure, and hang up the votive crutch.

The town lies in a pleaſant bottom, and, owing to the reſort of company, has been much enlarged and beautified. The bath is at a houſe called the Hall: it is in a room about ten yards long, five and a half wide, and of the ſame height, a ſtone bench running along one ſide and end of it. The bath itſelf is about twenty-ſix feet long, twelve wide, and four feet nine inches deep, paved at the bottom with flag ſtones: the water is little more than blood warm. The two principal ſprings riſe up through a kind of black limeſtone rock. An outer bath, ſeventeen feet long, ten feet broad, and four and a half feet deep, is filled from the inner one: the ſprings are capable of repleniſhing them both in little more than than two hours.

The water is ſulphurous and ſaline, yet not unpalatable: it neither tinges ſilver, nor is it purgative. If drank, it creates an appetite, and

is preſcribed in ſcorbutic rheumatiſms, and conſumptions.

St. Anne's Well furniſhes the water which is drank, ſecured by an elegant ſtone alcove. Here St. Anne had formerly a chapel. Several other warm ſprings riſe within a ſmall compaſs; and on the north ſide of the brook, oppoſite to the hall, is a chalybeate one, which, mixed with either of the other, proves purgative.

Beſides the hall, there are ſome other houſes of accommodation; and the reſort of company increaſing, the Duke of Devonſhire, who is owner of the bath, has projected ſuch buildings and improvements, as will be an ornament to the place, and tempt viſiters to reſort to Buxton for pleaſure, as well as health. The new creſcent is an elegant deſign.

This place is only a townſhip of Bakewell, and therefore prayers are read in the hall by a curate, daily, for which ſervice, a ſubſcription is raiſed. The company generally dine at a public table, paying only a ſhilling a piece for dinner, and the ſame for ſupper.

The ſituation of Buxton is the very reverſe of Matlock, whoſe beautiful ſcenery is ſought in vain. Here dreary hills ſeem to vie in ſterility; and the Wye is too much in its infancy, to be either large or picturesque.

About half a mile from Buxton, on the right of the Aſhburn road, is a large hill, from which limeſtone is dug, and burnt for manure. Under this hill is the cavern, called Poole's Hole, reputed one of the wonders of the Peak, but it is by no means comparable to that at Caſtleton.

The entrance is by a low arch, after which it expands. Different hollows go by the name of Poole's

Poole's Chamber, Cellar, &c. and the droppings from the roof, form maſſes of ſtone of ſo many various configurations, as by the aids of imagination to repreſent almoſt every thing animate and inanimate. When Mary Queen of Scots was at Buxton, ſhe proceeded as far as a pillar, which ſtill goes by her name; and few ventured farther; but beyond this is a ſteep aſcent, for nearly a quarter of a mile, which terminates near the roof in a hollow, called the Needle's Eye, in which a candle being placed, it has the brilliance of a ſtar.

Near this cave are found hexagonal cryſtals, but of a bad colour. Theſe are ſuppoſed to be formed in the winter, and, according to Dr. Short, the more cold and ſtormy it is, the larger and harder the cryſtalizations.

About a mile from Buxton, on the left of the Aſhburn road, is a hill, called Staden Low, between the road and which is a ſquare vallum, with an adjacent circle, mentioned by Dr. Stukeley. Under Staden Low, the rocks between which the river runs, forms a tremendous precipice, called the Lover's Leap. This with the Marvel Stones, Chee Torr, and the Druid's Temple, near Newhaven, all lie within a morning's ride of Buxton; neither of which, however, require a particular deſcription.

Bidding adieu to Buxton, they purſued the Sheffield road, over the high and barren moors, of which there is a long ſucceſſion, though not quite deſtitute of pictureſque objects. This town has for ſome centuries been famous for the iron trade, which is here carried on, particularly in the fabrication of tools, to an aſtoniſhing extent. The rivers Sheff and Dun unite near this place,

and a navigation is open to Hull. The population is computed at 40,000; and every perſon is fully employed.

The number of ſmiths and cutlers eſtabliſhed here, is mentioned by Leland. The grinders have very high wages, both on account of the danger of their employment, and the nicety requiſite in finiſhing edge tools. One water-wheel gives motion to a variety of grindſtones, which have different degrees of velocity.

Much buſineſs is alſo done in ſilver and ſilver plating; and to obviate the difficulties of this kind of manufacture, an aſſay has been obtained, which will ſave both expence and loſs of time.

Here is likewiſe a ſilk mill, on the model of that at Derby. A new church was built about the middle of this century. In the great church is a noble monument, to the memory of George Earl of Shrewſbury, in which family this manor was formerly veſted. The inſcription records his having the cuſtody of Mary Queen of Scots for ſixteen years. Sheffield now belongs to the Duke of Norfolk. The caſtle here was entirely razed, after the death of Charles I.

In proceeding to Barnſley, the woods of the Marquis of Rockingham are ſeen on the right, and on the left is Wentworth Caſtle, the ſeat of the Earl of Stafford, a noble manſion, elegantly furniſhed and embelliſhed with the works of art; while the pleaſure grounds and plantations reflect back luſtre on the houſe. The environs are indeed charming: the woods and water are ſketched with great taſte; and the eaſy acceſs which ſtrangers have to examine every beauty of the place, does honour to the liberality of the noble poſſeſſor.

Barnſley

Barnſley is a ſmall town, black with coal-mines and iron-works; yet, by way of contraſt, it has alſo a bleachery for thread.

Near the village of Sandall, in the road to Wakefield, was a caſtle built by John Earl of Warren, which afterwards deſcended to Richard Duke of York, the competitor of Henry VI. who loſt his life between this place and Wakefield, in the battle fought with Henry's queen. A croſs was erected to mark the ſpot where he fell, but it was deſtroyed in the civil wars.

On the bridge over the Calder, at the entrance of Wakefield, ſtands a chapel built by Edward IV. now converted into a warehouſe, and let for the benefit of the poor, to whom it belongs. In the front are the remains of ſome groups of figures and other ornaments, probably alluſive to the battle before mentioned, or to the cruel murder of the young Earl of Rutland, by Lord Clifford, which was perpetrated near this bridge.

Wakefield is a handſome, well-built town, and has long been noted for the clothing trade. The river is navigable from this place, and has been made ſo ſince about the year 1698.

The road from hence to Leeds is through a country black with coal-pits, and the ſmoke of fire-engines and glaſs houſes; but the ſoil is good.

At Leeds the clothing trade, the ſtaple manufacture of the kingdom, and which is a more genuine ſource of wealth than the mines of Peru, may be ſeen in all its glory. A handſome hall has been erected here for the clothiers, and it is aſtoniſhing how much buſineſs is done on

their weekly market days, Tueſdays and Saturdays.

About three miles off, are the ruins of Kirkſtall Abbey, a ſtately Gothic building, ſtanding in a vale, watered by the Aire. Enough of it ſtill remains to render its appearance venerable; yet a perſon who has any regard for ancient works of piety, cannot ſee, without pain, ſuch buildings converted to the ignoble purpoſes of a farm-yard, and cattle ſtraying through every open part of the building.

Proceeding to Harewood, they viſited the hall of that name, the ſeat of Mr. Laſcelles *, formerly of the Gaſcoignes. It is a large, elegant, modern houſe, ſtanding on an eminence, and from the ſouth front, overlooks a piece of water in the bottom. The whole is deſigned and finiſhed with great taſte.

Here are ſome remains of a caſtle, ſaid to have been founded in the reign of Edward I. but demoliſhed in the civil wars. In the church is a monument for that upright and firm judge, Sir William Gaſcoigne, who neither could be prevailed on to pronounce an unjuſt ſentence againſt Scrope, archbiſhop of Canterbury, nor was intimidated from ſupporting the dignity of the bench, by committing Henry Prince of Wales, for a contempt of the court. This great and good man, at whoſe fame venality will bluſh, and "tyrants tremble while they read," died in 1412

At Knareſborough are ſome remains of the ancient caſtle, ſtanding on a high, abrupt bank,

* Now Lord Harewood.

overlooking

overlooking the river Nid. It was built ſoon after the conqueſt by Serlo de Burgh, and after various antecedent revolutions, it was gallantly defended by the townſmen for Charles I. after the battle of Marſton-moor; but falling into the hands of Lilburn, the parliamentary general, he deſtroyed all the buildings within the walls, and expoſed the materials and furniture for ſale.

At the bottom of the town, beyond the bridge, is the famous dropping well, falling from a rock of coarſe limeſtone, in a perpetual ſtream of many threads of water, of a petrifying quality.

A mile from Knareſborough, near Grimble Bridge, is St. Robert's Cave, the habitation of a hermit of that name, in the time of King John; and rendered remarkable, during the preſent century, by the diſcovery of a murder committed there, fifteen years before, by Eugene Aram, a man of extraordinary talents, who ſuffered for the crime.

After viſiting Plumpton, Copgrave, and Scriven Hall, they proceeded to Ripley, a ſeat of Sir John Ingleby. It is famous for being the birth-place of Sir George Ripley, the celebrated chemiſt, who lived in the fifteenth century, and who is ſaid to have diſcovered the philoſopher's ſtone. A pig of lead was diſcovered here in 1734, with the following inſcription on it: Imp. Caes. Domitiano Aug. cos. VII.

Their next ſtage was Ripon, where ſtood an ancient monaſtery, founded by Wilfrid, archbiſhop of York, and once honoured with many privileges and diſtinctions. The church is collegiate, and very large. Under it is a narrow winding paſſage, called St. Wilfrid's Needle, heretofore ſuppoſed to be a criterion of female chaſtity,

ſuch as had made a ſlip, not being able to paſs it.

The market-place is very large, with a handſome obeliſk in the centre, ſurmounted by a bugle horn, the arms of the town. A horn is blown by the wakeman at nine o'clock in the evening. At this town, in 1695, were found many ancient Saxon coins, of the latter race of the kings of Deira.

About four miles eaſt of Ripon lies Newby, the ſeat of Mr. Weddell, on the banks of the Eure. The ſituation is low, but the grounds are laid out to the beſt advantage, and the houſe itſelf is diſpoſed and furniſhed in Adam's beſt manner. The collection of buſts and antiques is choice and extenſive.

Studley Park, celebrated as the moſt embelliſhed ſpot in the north of England, lies in this vicinity. The gardens are at a ſmall diſtance from the houſe, in a valley, ornamented with ſeveral pieces of water; and the hills on each ſide are covered with woods, in which are interſperſed temples and other buildings, ſo as to form excellent points of view, from the different walks, which are carried along the ſides and tops of the declivities.

The grand beauty, however, of Studley Park, is Fountain's Abbey, which now belongs to the domains. It ſtands at the upper end of a vale, commencing at the termination of the old gardens, and forms one of the moſt pictureſque and beautiful objects that any ſeat in England can command.

Fountain's Abbey was founded in 1132, by Thurſtan, archbiſhop of York, for monks of the Ciſtertian order. Its ruins are ſtill very conſiderable

able: the walls of the church, a large and lofty tower, part of the cloiſters entire, and the dormitory over them, of the kitchen and refectory, ſtill remain as monuments of the piety of our anceſtors.

Hachfall, a ſequeſtered and romantic ſpot, about five miles from Studley, under the ſame proprietor, partakes of the beauties of the latter. Here ſome fine walks are made, and ornamental buildings erected.

From Hachfall, it is three miles to the little town of Maſham, the market-place of which is diſproportionably large, and gives it a deſerted appearance. The church on the ſouth ſide is remarkably neat, and contains ſome handſome monuments.

The manor belongs to Mr Danby, whoſe improvements of the immenſe tracks of moors that lie behind his houſe, deſerve the higheſt panegyric. He has a colliery, which employs many hands, and the cottages of the workmen are ſcattered about on the moors. Some years ago he permitted theſe people to incloſe a field, contiguous to their garden, for the purpoſe of raiſing their own corn, and keeping a cow. In conſequence of this encouragement, induſtry has exerted itſelf with ſucceſs, and each collier has now his little farm.

In the road to Middleham lies Joreval Abbey, originally founded in 1145. Stone coffins have been dug up in the cemetery, which the farmers have converted into hog-troughs.

Paſs a handſome bridge over the Cover, which runs out of Coverdale, and ſoon after joins the Eure. In this dale are ſome remains of Coverham Abbey, in a diſmal ſituation, notwithſtand-

ing which, a dwelling houſe has been erected out of the materials.

From the bridge they had a view of the lofty ruins of Middleham Caſtle, overlooking the town. This pile was erected in 1190, by Robert, earl of Britanny.

The town of Middleham ſtands on high ground, commanding a view of the beautiful vale of Wenſley-dale. The meandering of the river through the moſt verdant paſtures, enriched with trees, villages, and pendent woods, form all together a moſt captivating ſcene. In the middle of the dale ſtands Bolton Caſtle and Bolton Hall.

A pillar on the hill, which fronts the houſe, deſerves to be noticed for its object. It commemorates the gratitude of a former owner, who buried under it a race horſe, by whoſe fleetneſs he recovered the eſtate which his deſtructive paſſion for gaming had once loſt.

In this pariſh lived that ſingular inſtance of longevity, Henry Jenkins, who died at the extreme age of one hundred and ſixty nine. After he was one hundred years old, he uſed to ſwim the rivers, and was called on as an evidence of a fact one hundred and forty years preceding. He was once butler to Lord Conyers, afterwards a fiſherman, and at laſt a beggar.

In the road from hence to Aſkrigg and Richmond are the falls of the river Eure, which almoſt exceed deſcription, and well deſerve the notice of travellers*.

Aſkrigg is a ſmall town, the inhabitants of which are employed in knitting ſtockings, of which they make great quantities. In the vici-

* See Pennant's Tour.

nity

nity are ſome remarkable waterfalls, particularly thoſe of Mill Gill and Whitfield Gill.

At Giggleſwick, a mile from Settle, is a well which ebbs and flows, and in this neighbourhood are ſeveral remarkable caves. Ingleborough, not far diſtant, it appears, was uſed as a beacon, and is well adapted for this purpoſe, as it is a mile in height, and three thouſand nine hundred and eighty-ſeven yards above the level of the ſea. The top is a level of nearly a mile in circumference, ſurrounded with the ruins of a wall, in the centre of which ſtood the beacon. The landſcape from hence is almoſt boundleſs.

On the tops of the hills, in this track, fires are lighted on the 1ſt of Auguſt, "the remains of a cuſtom," ſays our author, "of which the origin is unknown."

Returning to Ayſgarth, they proceeded through Biſhopsdale to Kettlewell. This is a narrow valley between two lofty hills, which frequently intercept the cheerful beams of the ſun. Kettlewell is a little town in this dale, leading into the wild and mountainous parts of Craven.

From hence the road to Malham is as romantic and dreary as can poſſibly be conceived. Nature here ſits in ſolitary grandeur on the hills, without the leaſt appearance of cultivation or dwelling for many miles. The cliffs, the dells, the ſtreams, have rather a horrific than a pleaſing aſpect.

A few miles beyond Malham, they fell into the great road leading from Settle to Skipton. The caſtle * of the latter ſtands at the end of the principal ſtreet, and, together with a conſiderable

* For a farther deſcription of Skipton Caſtle, ſee Pennant's Tours.

eſtate,

eſtate, belongs to the Earl of Thanet, as heir of the very ancient family of Clifford. The entrance is by a gateway, and the whole is fitted up in the form of a caſtle, though little of the ancient one remains. The houſe contains ſome curious paintings. Near this place are ſulphur wells.

From Skipton they proceeded through Otley to Leeds, paſſing the Chevin, a very ſteep and lofty hill, from which the landſcape is moſt delightful. "A fine day," ſays Mr. Bray, "enlivened the ſcene, and it was with reluctance I took my leave of it."

Paſſing through Leeds and Barnſley a ſecond time, they turned off on the left, to viſit Wentworth Caſtle, the ſeat of the Marquis of Rockingham. This houſe has a magnificent and extenſive front, ſix hundred feet long, but the ſituation is unfortunate, as it looks directly on a large hill. The hall is a very noble one, and many of the apartments are ſuperb, and ſuitably furniſhed; but the pictures are not numerous. About a mile from the houſe is a plantation of ſix acres, laid out in walks, with a houſe for occaſional entertainment. In the park are many fine points of view.

Proceed to Rotheram, long famous for its iron works; and ride by Kiveton, an old ſeat of the Duke of Leeds. Several of the apartments are ſpacious, and are decorated with a conſiderable number of pictures; but the houſe is little inhabited, and its appearance ſufficiently indicates its deſerted ſtate.

From hence to Mansfield, the ride is through Workſop and Welbeck parks, the ſeats of the Dukes of Norfolk and Portland, which are only ſeparated by a ſmall common.

Workſop

Worksop Manor lies about half a mile from the town. Some years ago the old manſion was burnt down, with all the furniture and pictures. A new one was begun, on a plan which would have rendered it the moſt magnificent palace in England; and the preſent building, though only one ſide of the intended quadrangle, is not unworthy the reſidence of the firſt peer in the kingdom. The front extends more than three hundred feet in length: in the centre is a portico with ſix Corinthian columns, ſupporting a pediment crowned with ſtatues. The ſtate apartments are ſpacious and elegant, and contain many choice productions of the pencil brought from other ſeats. The gardens are fine, and the park is about eight miles in circumference.

Welbeck, in the vicinity, is a Gothic building, formerly a religious houſe of the order of St. Auſtin. There are ſome valuable portraits here. The park is about the ſame ſize as the Duke of Norfolk's, and contains many noble oaks, among which, the celebrated one, called Greendale Oak, with a road cut through it, is ſtill to be ſeen with one verdant branch.

A few miles farther lies the little town of Bolſover, at the end of which is a caſtle bearing the ſame name, ſeated on the brink of a hill, commanding a great extent of country. This caſtle is now converted into an ill-contrived houſe; yet ſufficient veſtiges of its ancient magnificence remain. It is now the property of the Duke of Portland. It once belonged to the Cavendiſhes, ſome of whom are buried in the church, or rather an independent mauſoleum, on the battlement of which is the family motto, CAVENDO TUTUS.

Clumber

Clumber Park, the ſeat of the Duke of Newcaſtle, was the next place they viſited. It is a new creation; but not unworthy of the nobleman to whom it belongs, either in the internal or external decorations.

Proceed to Thoreſby, the ſeat of the late Duke of Kingſton, rather a convenient, than a magnificent ſeat. There are ſome pieces of water near the houſe, on which is a ſailing veſſel: the park is computed to be thirteen miles round.

Paſſing Palethorp, and the little town of Ollerton, they viſited Rufford, a ſpacious old manſion, belonging to Sir George Saville, the approach to which is through avenues of ancient limes and beech. Here James and Charles I. uſed occaſionally to lodge, when they came on hunting expeditions to the foreſt of Shirewood. The rooms are ornamented with a variety of paintings.

Leaving this ſeat, they ſoon reached Nottingham, a fair, well-built, populous town, with a caſtle, formerly ſo ſtrong, that it never was taken by ſtorm. After the civil wars, however, Cromwell ordered it to be demoliſhed. On the reſtoration, it fell into the hands of William Cavendiſh, duke of Newcaſtle, who began the preſent building, and left ſufficient revenues to complete it. In the park are ſome excavations in the rocks, ſuppoſed by Stukeley to be habitations of the ancient Britons.

The ſtocking manufacture is the principal ſupport of Nottingham, and in this branch it is unrivalled.

Two miles off is Cliſton, the ſeat of a very ancient family, of the ſame name, through the grounds of which the Trent runs. The houſe has lately been modernized.

Wollaton

Wollaton Hall, the ſeat of Lord Middleton, lies three miles from Nottingham, on the Derby road. It ſtands on an elevated ſpot, and makes a fine appearance at a diſtance. The building is ſquare, with a ſquare tower at each angle, adorned with pinnacles. The views from hence are extremely fine. Strangers, it ſeems, are not permitted to ſee the inſide, even when the family is abſent, a piece of gloomy inhoſpitality, which our author deſervedly reprobates.

Proceed through Bradmore and Bunny to Loughborough, and ſo to Leiceſter. From the laſt-named place to Market Harborough is little worth notice. In this neighbourhood is the celebrated water of Holt Nevil.

The next ſtage was Northampton, a fine town, ſtanding on a gentle aſcent, at the foot of which runs the river Nen, which is here navigable. The Roman ſtation, Eltanori, is ſaid to have been very near, and many veſtiges of that nation have been diſcovered in this vicinity.

Northampton has been the ſcene of many memorable events. Parliaments were frequently held here; and in the reign of Henry III. an attempt was made to remove the Univerſity of Oxford hither.

The caſtle, now only known by its ruins, was built by an earl of Northampton, in 1084. A ſmall portion of the outer walls ſtill ſerves as a fence to the area, now a field.

In 1675, the greateſt part of the town was conſumed by fire, but afterwards rebuilt with additional ſplendor. The king gave one thouſand loads of wood towards rebuilding the church of All Saints; and James Compton, earl of North-

Northampton *, was a liberal benefactor on this occaſion, forgetting the injuries his family had received in the civil wars, from the inhabitants of this place.

The churches of St. Peter, St. Sepulchre, and St. Giles, are of great antiquity, eſpecially the former, whoſe Saxon ornaments well deſerve the notice of the curious traveller.

Shoes and ſtockings are manufactured here to a conſiderable extent. The population is very conſiderable, and unfortunately every reſident has a vote in the election of members for the town, which has given riſe to ſcenes of venality and diſſipation, diſgraceful to a free country.

Six miles off is Caſtle Aſhby, the ſeat of the Earl of Northampton. It is a large pile, ſurrounding a handſome ſquare court, with a beautiful ſcreen on one ſide, the work of Inigo Jones.

About five miles to the weſt of Northampton is Althorpe, the ſeat of Earl Spencer. It ſtands in a low ſituation, but contains ſome noble apartments, and an almoſt unrivalled collection of paintings. The library is equally famous for its ſtore of choice books.

Not far from hence is Holdenby Houſe, built by Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, and, for a time, the priſon of Charles I. It is now in ruins.

In the road from Northampton to London, and about a mile from the town, ſtands one of the croſſes built by Edward I. in memory of his queen, which having been repeatedly repaired, is now in good preſervation.

* In ſome families there ſeems to be an hereditary dignity of mind. The Comptons have ever been diſtinguiſhed for gene, roſity and magnanimity.

Proceeding

Proceeding by Horton and Stoke Goldington, they came to Newport Pagnell, a town lying on the Ouſe, which in floods was almoſt impaſſable, till within the memory of man. Here, and in the neighbourhood, great quantities of thread-lace are made.

Leaving Newport, they travelled on to Woburn, a ſmall town, famous for the fine ſeat, park, and plantations of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey. The houſe was almoſt wholly rebuilt by the late duke, on the ſite where the ancient abbey ſtood, and is worthy of being the reſidence of one of the richeſt noblemen in this country. It is a large quadrangle, incloſing a ſpacious court. The pictures are numerous, and many of them are extremely fine.

About a mile from Dunſtable, the next ſtage, is a large, round area, of nine acres, called Maiden Bower, ſurrounded with a ditch and rampire, which Dr. Stukeley inſiſts is a Britiſh work, though the Roman road, and the number of coins found in it, ſeem to give it to that nation.

Dunſtable, the Magiovinium and Magintum of antiquity, ſtands at the interſection of the Watling Street and the Iknild Street. The preſent town is ſaid to have been built by Henry I. and was formerly famous for its priory. Here a neat manufacture of articles in ſtraw is carried on, which likewiſe employs many hands in the environs.

Paſſing through Market Street and Redburn, they came to St. Albans, a large town, rich in antiquities, which roſe out of the ruins of Old Verulam, originally a Britiſh, afterwards a Roman ſtation. Conſiderable fragments of the Roman walls ſtill remain.

The abbey church ſtands on an eminence, and is one of the moſt noble and venerable remains of the piety of our anceſtors of any in the kingdom. In it ſtood the ſhrine of St. Alban, ſplendidly adorned, and here lies the body of Humphrey, duke of Glouceſter, and many other diſtinguiſhed perſonages.

In the church of St. Michael is a monument to the memory of the immortal Bacon, Lord Verulam, with a fine figure of this great ſcholar ſitting in a chair.

St. Albans has been the ſcene of many notable exploits. Two bloody battles between the houſes of York and Lancaſter were fought here; a period of our hiſtory, which ought to make us reflect with gratitude on the happineſs we now enjoy, and reſolve to maintain inviolate the laws and liberties by which we are ſecured.

"And now," ſays Mr. Bray, "being come almoſt within ſight of London, I take my leave of the reader, ſatisfied if my endeavours to amuſe him have not been altogether fruitleſs."

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